# *The Second Volume*
OF THE
# Post-Boy
Robb'd of his MAIL:
OR, THE
# PACQUET
BROKE-OPEN.

To which are added several
Ingenious LETTERS
Lately sent to the Gentlemen
concern'd in this
# FROLLICK.

AS ALSO
COPIES of those *Private LETTERS*
which lately past between ——

With *Observations* upon each *Letter.*

*LONDON*,
Printed by *J. Wilde*, for John Dunton,
at the *Raven* in the *Poultrey*, 1693.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

To the Honourable

## *GEORGE GRANVILLE*, Esq;

*Honoured SIR,*

I Have long waited an Opportunity of laying ſomething at your Feet, that might not be a Scandal for you to Patronize; but I durſt never preſume to hope, That any thing that was wholly my own, wou'd not be ſo. Your *Wit*, your *Learning*, and your *Judgment*, that convinc'd, That Heav'n had form'd You for a *Mecœnas*, check'd my ambitious Deſire, of being the Firſt that made you ſo. Nor durſt I now have ventur'd, had I not built my Security on the Merits of thoſe that are concern'd with me in this *Volume*; and on a Hope, That Your *Generoſity* wou'd bribe Your Judgment to a Partiality for *my* Performance. And indeed, SIR, you owe this Perſecution of a Dedication to your Vertues; which are more conſpicuous in You, than in moſt of your Quality and Age.

You are not ſatisfy'd with the Dignity you derive from your Illuſtrious Anceſtors, without raiſing your own Character by your own proper Excellence; which is much nobler, than ſupinely to ſit down with the Advantages of Blood, and be proud of Another's Glory. For, as *Agamemnon*, in *Seneca*, ſaith,

*Qui genus jactat ſuum, Aliena laudat:*

And *Juvenal*, that was no Friend to Hereditary Honours, tho' he ſaid,

*Malo Pater tibi ſit* Therſites, *dummodo tu ſis Æacidæ ſimilis*, Vulcaniaque *arma capeſſas, Quam te* Thirſitæ *ſimilem producat* Achilles:

Muſt yet have granted, That *Vertue* joyn'd with *Birth* in *YOU*, illuſtrated each other, and ſhew'd, That the Spirits of the Primitive *Hero's* of *Your Family* were not yet decay'd.

*Fortune* and *Nature*, indeed, ſeem to have conſpir'd to have made a Happy, as well as Great Man, in *You*, SIR: For Fortune has given you *Quality* and *Eſtate*; and Nature, *Generoſity*, *Wit*, and a *Manly Beauty*;

*Beauty*; Qualifications that must render you the *Darling of Humane Kind*, and make you as Successful in the Hearts of the Fair, as certain of Obliging ev'ry Man of Sence to Love and Esteem you.

'Tis extremely uncommon, to have these Noble Endowments all meet in One Person; but almost a Miracle, to have 'em meet unmix'd with any Vices that may sully their Glories. But the *First* can't make You PROUD; nor the *Latter*, CONCEITED. For tho' you have *Quality*, you are Affable, and Easie in Conversation; and tho' you have so large a share of *Wit*, you are not Censorious, or Opiniated: And the sweet Softness of your Poetry, seems to derive it self from the sweetness of your *Disposition*.

This Mention of Your *Poetry*, SIR, wou'd engage me on the most entertaining Subject in the World, were I not afraid to venture on that Field,

*Per quem Magnus Equos* Arunci *flexit Alumnus*,

where the Great *WALLER* has fix'd

his mighty Foot-ſteps; 'twou'd be almoſt a Sacrilege, and a Profanation of that *Excellence* I pay ſo great a Deference to. 'Twou'd, at beſt, be but a high and unpardonable Preſumption, to attempt the Praiſe of You, SIR, who have been the Illuſtrious Subject of the Pen of that *Poet*, who is not to be follow'd by any but your Self; to whom he might have ſaid, as *Cicero* did to *Virgil*, *Magnæ ſpes altera Romæ*. No, SIR, I ſhall only beg leave ſo far to gratifie my Ambition, as to ſubſcribe my ſelf,

*Your Admirer,*

*and humble Servant,*

C. G.

THE

# THE
# PREFACE.

*WHEN we reſolved on the Publiſhing the Firſt Volume of the* Pacquet-broke-open, *we did not expect that a Book of that Nature wou'd meet with that unuſual Fate, to paſs the Teſt of the World without the angry Reflections, of both the* Wits *and* Bigots; *Nature cou'd not be truly repreſented without incurring the Cenſure of the former,* whoſe arbitrary fancy is the only Guide in judging: *nor the ſevere* Vices *of Mankind laid open, without offending the latter; who move by as falſe Directions in* Piety, *as the others doe in* Wit. *And indeed, we expected no more, than what came to paſs; for our* firſt volume *has met with unkind Treatment on both ſides, but yet not ſo prevailing, but that the Bookſeller has had Encouragement, to proceed in the Deſign; to gratifie the more Candid and Ingenious, that wou'd not bilk their Diverſion for the ſake of an* ill-natur'd, and perhaps groundleſs Cenſure; *and made Reaſon the Directrix of their Judgment as well as Devotion.*

*But to do both our ſelves, our Favourers and the Bookſeller Juſtice; it has been thought neceſſary to re-*

*remove all those Objections that have been made against the* former Volume, *by both these parties; at least, all that we cou'd upon inquiry meet with, and we here place them in that Order we find them (on our Request) transmitted to us.*

*To begin therefore with the* VVits, *as the more formidable Sparks; they first object,* That it is far inferiour to the *Turkish Spy*, and wonder that the Author of the *Compleat Library*, cou'd ever put it in Competition with that celebrated Piece.

*We first answer, that those Gentlemen might as well have said* Comedy *was better than* Tragedy, *or* Tragedy *than* Comedy; *since there is almost as much difference betwixt these two Books. And as it was without our seeking that they were compar'd by that ingenious Author, so we leave the Defence of it to himself; who perhaps had some Reasons unknown to us for what he said. Yet this we may venture to say, we hope without Offence to any, that as we generally* love Strangers, *better than our own Country-men, at least in their Performances: so we justly receive the ingenious* Mahmut *with the Religious Welcome of a generous* Hospitality, *without examining into his Faults; so we are unjustly apt to be too severe on those with whom we are better acquainted.*

*Next the* Excellence *of any* Book *or* Thing *is without doubt greater or lesser, as it is more or less adapted to the end 'twas design'd for. Their*

Ob-

*Objections therefore that tell us there is nothing in a great many of the Letters of the* laſt Volume, *amounts to no more, than that a* Uſurer, a Fool, a Fop, a Trades-man, &c. *write not with that Politeneſs and Wit, as may be ſeen in the Letters of Men and Women of the moſt refin'd Senſe, and gayeſt and moſt* eaſie turn of Language; *that is, that* Nature *is* Nature. *We are obliged to 'em for their extraordinary Obſervation, and in return aſſure 'em, that as it had been contrary to our Deſign (which was to repreſent the* Follies and Vices of Mankind *in that bare and inartificial garb they dreſs themſelves in) to improve thoſe Letters, which we found deficient in thoſe Particulars; ſo it had been to pervert Nature, which we humbly preſume no part of* Wit.

*If theſe Critics had furniſh'd us with any faults they had found in our* Reflections, *that they were not true and juſt, or that they were* Thread-bare and Common, *they had done ſomething, and then it had been our task to have defended our ſelves; whereas we think our ſelves not oblig'd to anſwer for that* Dulneſs, Nature *has beſtow'd on thoſe whoſe Letters were taken in the Mails we open'd. We might, indeed, have been a little more cautious and ſevere in our culling ſuch as we intended to Publiſh, if we had deſign'd to have preſented the World with a* Collection of none but witty Letters; *but our Intent was to lay open the* Secret Villanies of Mankind, *and that with the greateſt Variety we were capable of in thoſe Circumſtances; which was to be ſought from the Number of the*

*the Letters we inſerted: our Buſineſs therefore was to ſelect thoſe which might anſwer both ends by their* Brevity *and Roguery*; five Lines *in ſome furniſhing us with a uſeful Subject for* Moral Reflections, *which we hope are in no place ſo dull, as to merit the contempt of impartial Judges of* VVit and Senſe; *nor yet ſo airy, as to incur the juſt cenſure of the* truly Pious, *to whom we now come.*

*Theſe Gentlemen are offended at the Airineſs of ſome of the Letters, that is, we ſuppoſe, of thoſe written by* Atheiſts and Debauchees; *but they ought to remember, that to all thoſe Letters there are ſuch* Moral Reflections ſubjoin'd, *that might not only render thoſe Airy* Expreſſions *and Vices odious to indifferent Readers, but alſo to the moſt witty, and thoſe that pretend to* no guide of their Lives but Reaſon, *by ſhewing the Weakneſs of their Pretences, the Falſeneſs of their Reaſoning, and the Ridiculouſneſs and Irrationality of their Lives and Manners.*

Cicero *in his Oration for* Roſcius Amerinus, *ſays, that the Ancients ſcrupl'd to make any Laws againſt* Parricide, *becauſe they thought the Law of Nature was ſo Sacred in that Particular to every man, that it wou'd not reſtrain that Wickedneſs, which they thought none cou'd think of, but only give the deprav'd Minds of ſome of the moſt profligate the knowledge of a Crime they had not yet committed, and by that a Temptation to it. But the* Romans *conſidering that there was nothing ſo Holy and Sacred, that the Villany of Mankind might not ſome time*

*or other violate, made a Law againſt* Parricides. *If we miſtake not, our preſent Caſe is ſomething like this, our* bigotted Adverſaries *fear that theſe Letters that contain ſome airy Expreſſions, may injure the Minds of Youth; and therefore ſuppoſe that thoſe* Vices *had better been paſs'd over in ſilence, than laſh'd in ſo publick a manner at the expence of ſuch a hazard; but we, like the* Romans, *conſidering there was none ſo innocent, that were capable of reading our Book, but had at leaſt heard of theſe* Vices, *ſo common (and in that we are more juſtifiable than the* Romans *in this Particular) and public in their Practice; thought the Severity of our Puniſhment (by ſo juſt Satire on them) wou'd rather deter their Minds from them, and raſe not only the Impreſſions the Letters might make, but alſo thoſe more difficult to be remov'd, made, we mean, by Habit and Practice. At leaſt this was our Deſign, if it fail of its deſir'd Effect; we think our ſelves no more to blame, than the fore-mention'd Legiſlators, if ſpight of their Laws Children will ſtill be guilty of* Parricide.

*Next that we may do our* Bookſeller *ſome Juſtice, we declare no Man can juſtly reflect upon him for anything inſerted in any of our Volumes: for if they ſuppoſe it in his power to* correct and alter the Copy of his Authors, *as to expreſſion, they muſt be ignorant of theſe Affairs very much, who imagine that we wou'd permit him to be our* Superviſor, *and ſubmit all our Judgments of what's right and wrong to him; ſince we may very reaſonably ſuppoſe our ſelves ſomething the more competent Judges of*

*of Senſe and Manners than our* Bookſeller, *or any that have not met with thoſe Opportunities of the Education of Scholars, and the Converſation of the beſt; ſo that if the* preſent Undertaker *had perſiſted in thoſe Exceptions he made to* ſome Expreſſions *and* Letters, *we had diſpos'd of the Copy to ſome* leſs ſcrupulous Bookſeller; *he having them on the Condition mention'd in his Preface to the* laſt Volume, *not to new model them, but to Print them as they were. And this is* Juſtification *enough for him to any* reaſonable Man, *as we hope what we have ſaid is ſo for our ſelves.*

*There yet remains* one Objection *made by ſome who are afraid that our Frollick is a mere* Romance, *and that theſe Letters are not* really taken from the Poſt; *but all the products of ſome* particular Author. *All that we ſhall ſay to this is, that it is not in our power to make any Man believe, what he reſolves not to admit as a truth; and therefore every man may be, as he certainly will, his own Judge in this Affair, as well as in the* Wit and Performance.

*To make an end of our* Vindication of the former Volume, *that we may ſay ſomething in our* Preface *of this we now publiſh; we are ſufficiently ſatisfi'd in our ſelves with what we have done, ſince we have gratifi'd* Ladies *and Men of ſuch extraordinary Senſe and Wit (as thoſe that have ſent their Letters to us) ſo far as to make them think it no Diſcredit to 'em, to have their Letters inſerted with the reſt that our* Adventure

has

*has furnish'd us with; and question not but that it wou'd have pleas'd others too, had the Paper and Print been as good as this Volume, and the Book had as few Errors of the Press.*

*We shall therefore in few words consider the* present Volume, *as it is divided into* five Books. *The* First *ought to be kindly receiv'd, being the Product of a Stranger, and in our Judgment, not wholly unworthy of Reception. There are indeed in his Letters frequent* Metaphors *and* Allegories, *with not a few, nor we think impertinent, Interrogations.*

*A* Metaphor is, *as* Vossius *and all other Rhetoricians agree,* a Translation of a word from its proper to another Signification, with Beauty and Advantage; *but to use that of* Ennius *condemn'd by* Cicero *in his Third Book* de Oratore, Cœli ingentes fornices *is vicious; a Similitude and Analogy of the things being necessary to be observed; and comparing the Heavens to a Furnace lessens the* Idea *it shou'd magnifie. This being the virtue of a* Metaphor, *it must also hold in an* Allegory; *which is but a Conjunction of several* Metaphors. *In this we think our Traveller has seldom err'd, his Metaphors being neither so numerous, nor yet so disproportionable, as some of the ignorant tho' severe Judges of our former Volume often confess their Admiration of. The Morals and Reflections, I must confess, (except in the Narrations, where a number of them wou'd have been preposterous) are too thick in most of his Letters to please the major part of Readers; who are better satisfi'd.*

to

*to have one moral Reflection, and uncommon Thought spun out into twenty synonymous Expressions by amusing Interrogations, &c. too much* Substance *in* Sense *being to them like too strong a Dyet for a very weak Stomach, they cannot digest it.*

The second Book *is compos'd of Letters so stock'd with* Wit, *that we shall not fear the censure of the Critics, if we shou'd say that they excel all the Letters we have yet seen in Print: and this Applause we give them, here as well as in the Comments on them, will, we hope, satisfie the Reasonable, that they are not our own Productions, since we are not such vain Fops to extol our own Performances to that degree, and think our selves in a good Condition if we can but come off with a fair Justification of them.*

The third Book *we hope will make that part of the Ladies we always desire to please, Satisfaction for the many Reflections some of our Club have bestow'd on the more criminal of that Sex; which as of us, so of them is the greater part, and so carries away so general an Expression, as we have commonly given it. We aim at the correcting the predominant Vices of both Sexes, the prevailing of which has so much lessn'd that mutual Happiness Lovers met with in the Golden Age. We wou'd, if possible, persuade the Ladies to be a little more judicious in their Choice, and let not Fools bear off those Favours that are only due to Men of Sense, who best know how to value 'em, and return a Gratitude more proportion'd to their Excellence in Fidelity, Secrecy, and Love. The Passions of a Fool, as they are violent,*

*lent, ſo they are inconſtant and vain, they eſteem not the Favour ſo much as the glory of boaſting of it, and that to Sots of no more Senſe than themſelves; whereas the Man of Senſe is ever ſilent in this Caſe, unleſs it be to convey the Name of his adorable Fair one to Poſterity, and make it as charming as her Eyes. But I muſt confeſs, I with Indignation reflect on* Cowley's *ill Succeſs with the Fair, when I ſee ſuch egregious Fops prevail, and that with ſome Ladies that have both Wit and Senſe.*

*We hope* the Variety of the fourth Book *will make amends for all the Faults of us or the ſeveral Authors of the Letters, only we muſt advertiſe that the Volume ſwelling more than we expected, we were fain to take out ſome of thoſe Letters we had promis'd the publick, which ſhall be inſerted in the* next Volume, *as ſhall alſo the remaining part of the* Love-Letters, *with ſeveral other ingenious Letters, both taken in the Mail, and ſent to us, and thoſe Verſes mention'd in the* Compleat Library; *which were deſign'd for this Volume, but were fain to be left out for want of room.*

The fifth and laſt Book *is all ſent in to us by ſeveral ingenious* Gentlemen *and* Ladies, *with a great many more which cou'd not be this time inſerted. The four former Books were taken in the Mail, but this laſt conſiſts of the generous Contributions of the Witty Favourers of our Deſign, in which nothing hath encouraged us more than their Approbation.*

To

*To conclude, The Books of* this Volume *are not equally divided, and perhaps too disproportionable, but it cou'd not be help'd this time, the next we'll take more care in all things, if we can but meet with Candor and Pardon; which if we do, we'll Print* a Volume quarterly *till those* 500 Letters *are Publish'd we promis'd in our* first Volume, *so that as near as we can conjecture our* whole Frollick, *will be completed in* six Volumes, *the two first containing near* 200 Letters.

*The Letters that contain* a compleat Secret History of the last fifteen Years, *were design'd to have been inserted in the* second Volume, *with Observations upon each Letter. But for Weighty Reasons we judge it proper to defer the Publication of 'em till that* sixth Volume *that* compleats our Frollick.

THE

# THE Poſt-Boy Robb'd of his MAIL: OR, THE PACQUET Broke-open.

## VOL. II.

## BOOK I.

*In a LETTER to a Friend.*

SIR,

YOU ſend me Word you have received my Letter, with the Volume directed to you, and that you are ſatisfy'd our CLUB have made the beſt Uſe they cou'd of ſo extravagant a Frollick. I am glad you approve

*our Performance; because I know you a Judge of* Wit *and good* Sence. *'Tis as much as we desire, That the Ingenious should value our Thoughts, and the Severer excuse our Actions. We never expected to arrive at* Impossibilities, *by pleasing the various and opposite Relish of all Readers. We are not so ignorant of Mankind, to imagine, that the Fool, and the Man of Sence; the Grave, and the Airy; the Precise, and those of Looser Inclinations; Men of Servile Condition, and those of a Generous Education; Old and Young, Men and Women; and, in short, ev'ry Opposite, should have all the same Taste, and concur, in giving us an universal and unanimous Applause. This is more than the greatest* Genius's *of all Ages could ever compass; nay, more than they e'er pretended to, or desir'd; it being indeed a Scandal, to write to the Capacity and Gusto of some Men. Tho' the Variety of our* FIRST VOLUME *bid as fair as could be expected, for a general Satisfaction, there being* LETTERS *proportion'd to all Capacities and Tasts: Which gave Occasion to your Friend to make those Objections that are Answer'd in the Preface; which wou'd ne'er have been urg'd by him, if he had consider'd the*

*the Nature of the Thing, or had had a True Notion of Wit in all its Parts, and all its various Shapes and Uses.*

*Our Ambition to Please, therefore, being within much narrower Bounds, we are abundantly satisfy'd, that you, and some few more, Unbyass'd, as well as Competent Judges, are favourable to our Attempt, and allow a little for the Flatness, and want of Spirit, in some of so many Reflexions. I grant, 'tis now as common for the worst Performers, to quote My Lord* Rochester, *to this purpose, against Publick Censure, as 'tis for every School-Boy, (as the Incomparable* Cowley *observes,) to say with* Scipio, *That he's never less alone, than when without Company: But you must allow us to shelter our selves under it, from the Impertinence of the* Million, *since* Horace *and* Ben Johnson, *as well as that Witty Lord, have done it; the just Defences of oppressed Sense being no more to be avoided, because Fools pretend to the same; than Devotion and Religion, because Hypocrites and Knaves wou'd arrogate them to themselves.*

*I know the* Letters *of This* Volume *will give you greater Satisfaction, than those of the Last; because I am pretty well acquain-*

*ted with your Taſte, who love the ſprightlier Efforts of Wit, and ſerious, tho' ſometimes extravagantly ſurprizing, Conſiderations, preferring all things before* Humour, *which is generally inconſiſtent with the reliſh of Men of nice Judgments, Fools for the moſt part, making up the Characters of Humoriſts, and by conſequence, can, at beſt, but make us laugh; a Diverſion, perhaps, not ſo agreeable to Men of true Sence, as to the Vulgar.*

*In ſhort, my Friend, I know not what Satisfaction theſe Letters may give the Publick, but I'm ſure they gave us a great deal in their peruſal in Writing, when we deliver'd our ſeveral Judgments, and Remarks on each Letter, as the Subject, the Wit, or the Language gave Occaſion. I ſhall therefore proceed to give you an Account of the Progreſs our* Club *made in their Enquiries; and if I find equal Encouragement to what the* Firſt Volume *met with, I ſhall furniſh you with the* Whole, *as faſt as convenient Speed, and the neceſſary Delays of the Preſs, and Tranſcribing, will permit.*

*We never were more diligent in the purſuit of an Intrigue, or the Attendance at the Place*

*of*

*of Assignation, made by the darling Follies of our Youth, the* Fair Sex *I mean, them to meet together to pursue our present Affairs. For tho' the Season of the Year allow'd us but a short time of Night to repose in; and tho' we had, after our last Adjournment, trespass'd a little on that too, yet we were all stirring with the first approach of Morn, and settl'd to our Business before the Sun got up. Tho' our early Rising and continu'd Sitting together in the Summer-House, gave us some Disturbance before we had done, as I shall inform you in its proper place.*

*Being seated, and having taken each a Glass or two for our Morning's Draught, the first thing we took up was a Packet of a Dozen Letters, enclos'd in a Cover, and directed to Mr.* Bromly, *of* Gray's-Inn.

'What have we here, (said *Chappel*, who 'took it up,) a whole Bundle of *Bonds*, *Bills*, 'and *Judgments*, sent by the Post to save the 'Charges of the Clerks coming to Town the 'next Term? If so, (said I,) 'twou'd be as 'good a Prize for the poor Wretches that are

'fetter'd in 'em, as the Jews Money to our 'Predeceſſors, in Robbing the Mails.' No 'Comments, (interrupted *River*,) till we 'know the Truth of the Matter.' Right (aſſum'd *Temple*, who had now Broke-open the *Pacquet*;) for you ſee they are all Letters: ſo that I believe they are rather the 'courſe of an Intrigue with ſome poor Lady 'or other, who muſt now be forc'd to re-'deem the Effects of her fond Paſſion at the 'Expence of her Purſe, to ſatisfie the diſ-'carded Gallant, and ſecure her Reputation.' 'True (continu'd *Fountain*,) with a Contract 'under the ſilly Creatures own Hand; for 'which ſhe muſt diſmember her Fortune, to 'get rid of a Raſcal.' But let us ſuſpend our 'Judgments (ſaid *Church*) till we have heard '*Temple* read the Contents of the Cover, 'which will unriddle the Matter.'

Which he did in theſe Words:

LETTER

# LETTER I.

*Directed to Mr.* Bromly, *of* Grays-Inn, — *(as before mention'd.)*

*Dear Cousin,*

I Have, with much ado, gain'd of Sir *John* the Originals of those Letters for My Lord, which you desir'd me to endeavour: I have taken Copies of them, for fear any Accident should make these miscarry. Sir *John* values them, as an Inestimable Treasure, and allows but a Month for My Lord's perusal of them. All that he can say of the Writer of them, is, That he is an *Asiatic*, but he is not certain of his particular Country, which he cou'd never gain from him: Whether there were any Religious Superstition that made him keep that Secret, as the *Romans* of old did the true Name of the City of *Rome*, that the Enemy might not have power to Charm their Tutelar Deities from it, or what other Reason soever he had for that Caution. Sir *John* says farther, That he first was acquainted with him at *Amsterdam*; and in some time, being taken with these curious and uncommon Notions, and the sincerity and

agreeableneſs of his Converſation, he contracted an intimate Friendſhip with him: That he had ſhewn him Draughts of moſt of the conſiderable Fortifications of *Europe*; with an Account of the Power, Intereſts, and Preſent State of moſt of the Princes of it; and that in ſo compendious a manner, that the Whole exceeded not the bulk of a pretty large Pocket-Book. The Character was unknown to him; nor like either *Greek*, *Hebrew*, *Syriac*, or that of any other Language he was acquainted with, only by the manner of writing it from top to bottom, he judg'd it to be *Chineſe*. Nor were the Figures of the Fortifications according to our manner of Draughts, tho' he found by his Account of *Maſtricht* they gave a perfect Model of them. Sir *John* ſays farther, That he prevail'd with him to come into *England* with him; where, in leſs than a Years time, he gain'd the Maſtery of our Language, being pretty well acquainted with it before, declaring that he lik'd it better than any of the *European* Tongues, it being free from that ſoft effeminacy which is in the *Italian* and *French*, and not ſo rough and unpleaſant to the Ear, as *Dutch*, *Sclavonic*, and the *Teutonic*. All that Sir *John* adds, is, That he left *England* about Two Years before the late Revolution; and that he has had theſe Letters from him ſince his Departure; which was not without ſome ſeeming regret, Sir *John* having never been out of his company

company during his Abode, and Travels in this Nation. This is all I can inform you of, and I desire you to communicate it to My Lord, who is so curious in Enquiring into this ingenious Stranger's Condition. Which is all at present, from,

*Your Loving Cousin,*

Christ. Roberts.

'Now shall we (said *Grave*) have Metaphors, Allegories, Exclamations and Interrogations in abundance.' Right (pursu'd *Church*,) for that is the style of the *Asiatic Virtuoso's*.' At least (pursu'd *River*,) if we may credit all that goes in our Language for such.' It matters not (said I) whether these be the Knights Productions, which he ingeniously would palm on others for exotic Fruit, or really what he pretends 'em, provided the Sense be but fine; the Language pleasing, and the Notions surprizing. For my part (said *Chappel*) I can't swim with the Tide of Opinion, when it opposes my Reason; nor value that style in one of *Asia*, which I'd condemn in an *European*.' Opinion, indeed, (pursu'd *Fountain*,) is the Tyrant of the World:' And ought therefore (reply'd *Summer*) to be de-

'pos'd by the *Patriots* of *Sence* and *Reason.*' Right (aſſum'd *Temple,*) ſince 'twou'd have us admire that for Beauty in one, which is generally and juſtly eſteem'd a piece of unpardonable Pedantry and Stiffneſs in another.' 'Tis in vain (continu'd *Brook*) to pretend to ſtem the Torrent of the Publick with Reaſon, which always values our home-bred Sence, tho' better, leſs than Foreign, as well as other Commodities.' True, (concluded *Winter,*) unleſs cook'd by a Stranger, or in a foreign manner.' But you ſee the Knight's Friend is ſmitten with them, let us therefore conſider them.

## LETTER II.

*To Sir* John R——ts, *at his Houſe near* Bedford, *(to whom all the reſt were in the ſame manner directed,) giving an Account of a Storm at Sea, and of the Revenge of the* Spaniards.

——*From the wandring* Honan, *to the deareſt of his Friends, Sir* John R——bts: *Health of Mind and Body.*

I Am at laſt paſt from the threatning Terrors of the Deep, to thoſe at Land; and having eſcap'd the Violence of a Tempeſt on the

the Sea, am now again to ſteer my little Bark through the equal Storms of Mankind on Shore. The Waves indeed ſeem'd to exert their utmoſt fury; and I thought I might conclude, without the imputation of Fear, that I muſt there have ended all my Travels, and be wreck'd by thoſe impetuous Billows on the unknown Coaſt of vaſt Eternity; ſince the Mariners themſelves deſpair'd, and ceas'd to Swear, tho' they had for many years been familiarly acquainted with theſe formidable Tumults of the Ocean, and by repeated Eſcapes loſt all the Apprehenſion of them.

Nature indeed ſeem'd to be in terrible Convulſions, and all the Elements to ſtruggle for the Maſtery, with no leſs fury, than when mingled heretofore in their firſt *Chaos*, as if they were again falling into the like Confuſion.

The angry Surges mounted up to the Sky, and ſhoulder'd up our Ship too thither, as if they would have plac'd it in the *Zodiac* with that of *Jaſon*; but in a moment's time it hurl'd it down almoſt as ſwift as thought, as if twou'd fix us in the Sands below th' Abyſs of Waters. The very Heav'ns ſeem'd to deſcend at once in Rain, and with the Terreſtrial mingl'd the Etherial Waters. This doubled the darkneſs of the Night, till through the horrid Gloom a thouſand blazing Globes of Fire were ſhot, which whiz'd upon the Ocean; and

and the loud Claps of Thunder drowned all the roaring Waves.

Thus the Winds, the Waves and Thunder joyn'd together, and made the Seamen deaf to Orders. In vain the Maſter fumes, and emulates the Storm in Noiſe; 'tis all ſwallowed up in the Louder, and ev'ry one is fain to direct himſelf and his Comrade, and ſo the Ignorant confound the Skilful.

I tell thee, Friend, my Thoughts, on this Occaſion, were all ſerene and calm: Nor was Death ſo terrible to me, tho' dreſs'd in all theſe Horrors, as to diſcompoſe my Mind, which form'd a thouſand Reflexions on ev'ry Accident that happen'd. The Confuſion of our Ships Crew, and fruitleſs Orders of the Maſter, preſented to my Eye the Image of the SOUL, when by the Tempeſt of the Paſſions toſt; which drowns the Voice, and ſafe Directions of its Pilot *Reaſon*.

Again: The Storm that batter'd our Veſſel on ev'ry ſide with Death, gave me an *Idea* of the blind, impetuous fury of the lawleſs Multitude gathered to a Head in ſome diſtracted City; and our Ship ſeem'd like ſome Wretch, toſt to and fro in that wild hurly burly, till he fall a Sacrifice to the public Madneſs. But here, indeed, I thought my ſelf more ſafe, ſince many a ſhatter'd Ship reaches the Haven, and ſurmounts the Tempeſt, when few Men eſcape the enrag'd People, if once within their Clutches.

The

The other Paſſengers were not of my mind; a general Conſternation ſeiz'd 'em; all ran to Prayers, tho' ſome ne'er pray'd before; and as their Fears encreas'd, their Devotion grew louder; and all the Villanies they had acted privately, they declar'd in public.

The Miſer vow'd Reſtitution and Liberality; the Profane, Devotion; and the Lewd, Chaſtity: This terrible Hurricane of Nature, making all forſwear their own Natures and Inclinations. Among the reſt, I muſt not omit one pleaſant Adventure.

By me, betwixt the Decks, ſtood a Gentleman that had long been loud in his Repentance; but at laſt, giving now all for gone, cry'd out to his Wife within, with near Thirty other Paſſengers, *My Dear! Oh my Dear, forgive me! for I have been falſe, very falſe to thy Bed!* The poor Lady freely forgave him; but wou'd not be ſo free in her Confeſſion, whate'er ſhe was guilty of. I find, my Friend, One muſt be very Good, or very Bad, not to know Fear in Danger. I muſt confeſs, I could not but ſmile, to ſee how one threatning Moment made them contradict their whole Lives. How much more rational is it, to live ſtill conformable to the Law of Juſtice and Equity, as if each Hour were our Laſt? 'Tis a great Error, to place Death at a diſtance, ſince great part on't is gone e'en now, and it bruſhes us as it glides along; all

all our past Life being in the Arms of Death already, which gradually devours each Day, each Hour, each Minute. *Death* and *Nature* are better acquainted, than to be afraid of each other, where Nature is not perverted; then neither Storms, nor Tempests, nor the Dissolution of the World, can shake its Courage.

But, my Friend, before I quit this Head, give me leave to ask thee, What are all these Tempests and Hurricanes at Sea, as well as Land? And to what Purpose? Are they Necessary for the Preservation, Order and Oeconomy of Nature? Or, Are they the disorder'd Effects of the distemper'd Universe? Or, Are we the Tennis-Balls of the Divine Powers, and toss'd to and fro with these Rackets of the disturb'd Elements, for their Sport? Or, Are they design'd to frighten Mankind to the performance of that Duty he neglects? Certainly such Confusion can neither contribute to, nor be the Effect of Order: Nor can the Just Powers above sport with Humane Miseries: Nor can I think they wou'd always use such fruitless Means which never gain'd their End in the Reformation of the Vices of the World. Is Thunder the Revels and Rejoycings of the Sky, as your Guns and Bonfires are of *Europe?* Or, Is it the jarring Collision of different Elements, as of Fire and Water? If the Vapours exhal'd by the Sun be the Fuel

Fuel of this Fire, are not the Clouds enough to moiſten them, ſo as they ſhan't take Fire? Or, Are they plac'd above the Clouds? If ſo, how come they, when fir'd, to fall down to 'em, ſince Fire rather aſcends than deſcends? Pardon my Freedom; my Nature is curious, and deſirous of Knowledge.

Then for the Winds, tell me, my Friend, are they the Beſoms of the Earth and Air? Do they cleanſe and ſweep 'em? or rather, raiſe firſt what they afterwards carry away? Whence do they ſpring? from the Cavities of the Earth, or from the Middle Regions of the Air, or from both? Are they Creatures that live no longer than they blow? and generated as often? If ſo, 'tis ſtrange they arrive to ſuch prodigious force ſo ſoon after their birth, and periſh ſo ſoon after their robuſt ſtrength; tho' it verifies, That nothing violent can be permanent. But what is it that generates them? and what the Womb that conceives them? Is the Time of their Generation certain? and how long are they a Bringing-forth? But perhaps they are but the Actions of ſome other *Beings*, as our Breath is ours? One thing ſeems mighty ſtrange, That ſo Inviſible an Eſſence ſhould have ſuch Power over ſolid Beings, as to o'erturn Houſes, tear up Trees by the Roots, and toſs the Seas as Boys do little Balls. But theſe are Secrets in Nature we cannot know, till we have paſs'd the various Tranſmigrations

tions Fate has allotted us, through the whole Creation, and arrive at the Empire of Peace and Eternal Happineſs, loaded with all the Knowledge of our ſeveral Peregrinations through the Univerſe: Where I hope to ſee thee, my Friend, unſully'd with Infidelity to Man, as well as to the Supreme Deity.

I am now ſafely arriv'd at *Cadiz*, in *Spain*; whence I deſign for *Madrid*, *Sevil*, and ſome other Cities of this Countrey. I have, on my firſt Arrival, found your Character of this People verify'd. They are indeed Revengeful as the *Italian*, and Proud as *Poverty* and *Hypocriſie* can make 'em. Cuſtom, I ſee here, as well as in other places, makes the greateſt Abſurdities paſs for good Reaſon; and becauſe they have always been of this Revengeful Temper, they think it a folly to be otherwiſe. But their Revenge bears no Proportion to the Injury; for certainly nothing, in the ſtrictneſs of Equity, can merit Death, but the ſpilling of Humane Blood actually, or in the Conſequence. You're happily free from this Folly in your Clime, whatever elſe you labour under, tho' your particular Wiſdom may atone for a great many. Adieu, and love him that loves thee, tho' a Stranger. *Vertue* is confin'd to no Country, but common to all, and can't be but pleas'd with its like where-ever it finds it. Thou ſhalt hear from me again as ſoon

as ſoon as I receive thy Anſwer. I have enclos'd thee a Direction, the length of my Letter leaving no room in it.

Cadiz, *June*, 86.

'The little Concern the Seamen diſcover 'in the greateſt Storm, (ſaid *River*,) ſhews, 'That they that allow'd not the Mariners to 'be rank'd among the Living, meaſur'd their 'Condition by their own Fear, not the Mariners Thoughts.' Whatever their Thoughts 'are, (reply'd *Summer*,) mine will never 'judge the Benefits of Commerce and Tra'vel worth the Hazards and Fatigues it 'brings.' Commerce, (ſaid *Grave*,) is not 'for Neceſſaries, but Luxury:' And Tra'vel, (purſu'd *Church*,) not for Sence and 'Manners, but Foppery, Diſeaſes, and Fol'lies.' A love for Travelling, (ſaid I,) is 'but a Symptom of a Sickly, Reſtleſs Mind.' 'The Viſiting of all Places, indeed, (continu'd *Temple*,) as well as the Reading all ſorts of 'Books, diſcovers a Rambling, Inconſtant 'Temper.' Travellers (purſu'd *Fountain*,) 'encreaſe their Acquaintance, but have no 'Friends.' But, Gentlemen, (ſaid *Chappel*,) 'omitting your Reflexions of Travel, what 'think you of our Traveller?' For my 'part, (reply'd *Brook*,) I think his Ac-

'count

'count natural and lively, tho' the Stile 'be peculiar, and uncommon.' So much 'the more likely to pleaſe, (concluded *Win-ter*;) if it had no Beauty but that, 'twould 'give a value to't equal to the beſt Perform-'ers, according to the common way.

But now let's proceed to the next.

## LETTER III.

*Directed as the former, in Anſwer to a Reply to the fore-going Letter for Travelling, and againſt the Fear of Death.*

— *From the wandring* Honan, *to the deareſt of his Friends: Health of Mind and Body.*

THough I am ignorant of the Springs and Movements of *Fear*, and know not whether or no, upon a Surprize, there paſs any Inviſible Subſtance from the *Object* or *Occaſion*, to the Boſom, that ſtrikes upon the Heart, and forces the regular Motions of it into a more quick and uncertain Vibration; nay, ſome times, ſtops all Motion, as a Fall on the Ground does that of a Watch; yet I am ſure, the Effects of it are very ſtrange, ſince

ſince Fear alone has convey'd its ſubtle Power through the untouch'd Body, and drove the Soul from its preſent Seat, like Lightning melting the Sword within the intire Scabbord.

An Accident of this kind happen'd in this City of *Madrid*, the Day before I receiv'd your Anſwer to the Account I ſent you of my Voyage hither: A Spaniſh Don falling down dead at the very preſenting of a Piſtol at him; which, tho' it gave falſe-fire, made his timerous Soul fly from its old, to ſome new Habitation; and ſure his Puſillanimity merited none, but that of an Eunuch, or Hare.

Tell me, my Friend, whence *Fear* proceeds. Depends it on the various Mechaniſms of Mens Bodies? the inviſible Defects of their Organs? Or, Is the Matter, Subſtance, or what you pleaſe to call it, of which Souls are made, ſo different, that what ſeems to have the ſame Eſſence, ſhould yet be ſo oppoſite in Nature? Whence comes it, that this Man, arm'd with Courage only, ruſhes upon open Danger, unforc'd, and unconcern'd, when that Man can find no Bulwark againſt Fear within the moſt inacceſſible Fortification; nay, even on the Name of Danger? Are *Courage* and *Fear* the Effects of Education only, or of any Accident before or after Birth? Methinks I wou'd not have *Courage*, which raiſes us above the Attacks

tacks of Fortune, the Child of Chance, or Cuſtom; certainly ſo divine a Fruit muſt have a nobler Stock. Many, I know, are of Opinion, That we are all born Cowards; only e'ry One, as he's more or leſs familiariz'd to Danger, becomes more or leſs daring; as if *Courage*, like a Trade, were gain'd by Uſe; and a *Hero*, only he that had ſerv'd his Prenticeſhip in Danger.

I tell thee, Friend, I wou'd fain have Fear the Defect of Reaſon, did not thy Letter ſeem to tax thee with it. For what elſe could give thee ſuch dreadful *Idea*'s of the Loſs of Life, which is but a gilded Chain, that fetters us to Miſery? or, at beſt, but an uncertain Scene of fancy'd Goods? Or, were it what you ſeem to make it, a Real Good, 'twou'd be but a Folly to o'er-rate that Good you have not in your own Poſſeſſion; 'tis in the Hands of Fortune, and fickle Chance; 'tis but a borrow'd Robe, we muſt in ſpite of us, return, whene'er the Lender pleaſes. Who then would not aim to cloath his Soul in a Diviner Garb, at the Expence of this? KNOWLEDGE, I mean, that fits us for the Company of the Heav'nly Powers above the vaſt Expanſe which contains this Univerſe, and all its brighter Glories of Stars and Planets?

But perhaps I wrong thee, and thy Friendſhip makes thee fear for me, not for thy ſelf. It muſt be ſo, ſince I have known thee

Brave,

Brave, True to thy Friend and Word, which are not the Off-spring of a Coward Nature. Whence then cameſt thou to be ſo learned in this Paſſion? Was Speculation enough to furniſh thee with all that formidable Train of Fantoms, thou haſt with ſo much labour muſter'd up againſt my Travelling?

Thou do'ſt err, my Friend, and do'ſt but ill expreſs thy Love, by ſhewing ſo much Solicitude for my avoiding Death. *Death*, alas, is not to be fled from, and thy Wiſhes are vain, as well as unpleaſant to me. 'Tis, I confeſs, the common Error of Mankind betrays thee to't; each wiſhing to his Friend what himſelf thinks good, without examining whether it be really ſo or no; or, at leaſt, whether his Friend eſteem it ſo, obtruding the Diſh, and Religion he likes upon another, with a very troubleſom Civility and Love: This riſes from Self-Opinion, a Vice that ſpreads it ſelf too far among us. Thus, becauſe you think *Death* an Ill, you wiſh me Life; which I eſteem the greater Ill: for I think *Death* a Golden Key, that unlocks One of thoſe Thouſand Gates we muſt paſs from the *reſtleſs* and *whirling* Abode of *Fortune*, to that Eternal, Conſtant Manſion of Almighty *Fate*.

Beſides, thy Friendſhip ſeems to have outweigh'd thy Reaſon, when thou blameſt me for expoſing my Life to ſo many hazards, and dangerous accidents which Travel brings with

with it; for unleſs thou canſt prove, my Friend, that keeping at home wou'd better ſecure life, thy labour is all in vain. Can thy own Native Country protect thee from the attacks of Fate? Tho' he that keeps at home, diſcovers he had rather extend his days, than knowledge, yet can't he guard himſelf againſt a Thouſand accidents, that are big with Ten Thouſand Deaths, each action he does being capable of killing him. If he eat to preſerve Life, how many have been choak'd in the midſt of their friends at a Feaſt without any help? If you drink with your acquaintance, converſe in the World, a word miſplac'd, or miſtaken, engages you in a hot-headed quarrel, or gains a ſecret Stab. Converſation is infinitely more dangerous in *Europe*, eſpecially, than all the furious ſurges of the tempeſtuous Ocean. Storms give you warning, and threaten often more, than they perform; but Man o'the ſuddain, and with a ſmile deſtroys you.

In ſhort, my Friend, why ſhouldſt thou hug that with ſo much ardor which thou muſt one day leave to be enjoyed by ſome other, perhaps thy Enemy: thy Wife on whom thou doats with ſo much fondneſs, to ſome ill natur'd ſenſeleſs fellow: and thy Eſtate thou doſt improve with ſo much care and Induſtry, to thy Young ſpend-thrift Son, or to a hundred Whores or Knaves. The fondeſt doater muſt leave the ſoft darling boſom of his Miſtreſs,

ſtreſs, and inſtead of the twining circle of her warm-preſſing Arms, be coop'd within the cold embraces of dirt. All the gay Glories Luxury contrives to lull the mind from the thoughts of *Death*, will notkeepit at a diſtance, nor yet rebate the point of his dart, when once his unerring Arm ſhall caſt it.

Fear not therefore Death, nor ſeek to fly from what cannot be avoided, but rather as thou haſt hitherto done, Live ſo, that when he comes, you may embrace like friends, and not encounter like foes.

Madrid, *Auguſt* 86.

'Our Travellour (ſaid *Church*) has not 'yet gathered Obſervations enough to raiſe 'him above the Tyranny of cuſtom, tho' 'he ſeems to explode it, ſince with that he 'ſtigmatizes *Fear* as criminal Right (aſſumed *River*) nothing being ſo but what's 'voluntary, and in our diſpoſition. Courage being no more in our power (continued *Temple*) than Wit or Wealth, and Honour. But (interrupted *I*) Cuſtom may 'leſſen fear, ſtudy and converſation improve 'our parts, and Induſtry encreaſe our ſtore. 'That holds only with ſome men (replied *Brook*,) for ſome are ſo fearful that no uſe 'can embolden 'em; ſome ſo dull, no Study

'or

or Converſation can improve them, and ſome poor with ſuch a fatality, that no pains or induſtry can encreaſe their Store. One thing I have obſerv'd (ſaid *Summer*) that generally the greateſt Wits are the greateſt Cowards, and that *Hero's*, at leaſt thoſe that have no fear of Death, are not over furniſhed with Brains. There's a very good reaſon for that (replied *Chappel*) for the fool conſiders not the conſequences of Death, while the man of ſenſe, tho' he want temperance to live regularly, being a devote to pleaſure, yet ſees a probability of the truth of all the Church-men tell us. Or at leaſt (aſſum'd *Winter*) cares not to venture a certainty for a Whim, on ſo dangerous an uncertainty. 'Tis ignorance alone (purſu'd *Grave*) and darkneſs of a future State, that ſhocks the courage of a Man of ſenſe. For my part (concluded *Fountain*) all that I can gather from this Letter, is that we are certain Life trips away on ſuch nimble feet, that if we uſe not to day, we often want a to morrow.

LETTER

# LETTER IV.

*Giving an account of his falling in Love with a* Nun *at* Sevil *in* Spain.

*The unfortunate Wanderer to his dearest Friend, Health of Body and Mind.*

ABout a week ago I ſent thee a Letter from *Madrid*, where I then was, againſt the fear of Death: I now ſend this to contradict it all, and to tell thee, my Friend, I am now as fond of Life as any *European Libertine*. Woud'ſt thou know the mighty cauſe of this great, this ſuddain change? I am not aſham'd to tell thee, 'tis *Love* has wrought it.

I have ſeen in the *Molucca*'s, a certain Wood that burns, and ſparkles in the fire, without conſuming, and yet the ſofteſt fingers may crumble it to powder. Of this ſtrange Compoſition is my Heart, unmov'd in all the ſhocks of danger, in all the ſtorms of Seas, and Fortune: it trembles now, and ſhivers with the touch of a weak Womans Hand, more than an arrant Coward's in the face of danger.

I now repent my Travels, and had'ſt thou but plac'd Love among thoſe dangers, thy care of me furniſh'd thee with all, ſure my Prophetick Soul would have taken the hint

and ſtopt my farther Progreſs. But perhaps, my Friend, I magnify the Ills of Love by my impatience; Deſire delaid keeping my Soul on the rack. I remember a Learn'd *Arabian* us'd to tell me *That nothing cou'd be pleaſant without Love, that that made us reliſh Life, and taſt the ſweets of Living; that nothing cou'd be delightful where Love was not, and nought unpleaſant, rough or ſtormy, where e're that built its Halcyon neſt.*

He was an experienc'd Man, my friend, and ſure had paſs'd the pangs I ſuffer now, before he reach'd that Bliſs. Methinks I ſee, within the Scene of fancy, Ten Thouſand unknown pleaſures, advance on all the downy feet of happineſs. Imagination is at work, and opens new VVorlds of raptures I ne're view'd before, ſtrange and uncommon as that New Star in *Caſſiopeia*, and bright, and glittring too as that.

But that which daſhes all my hopes is that ſhe's a *Nun*: her Parents blinded by Superſtition, or by Intereſt, have ſhut the brighteſt glory of the World from it; And though Heaven gave her a Perſon fit to cure thoſe Wounds her Eyes have made, yet Bigottry or Avarice have oppos'd its aim, and ſcornfully return that Heavenly preſent made to Man without enjoying it.

My friend, I want thy advice, and wiſh thee to guard thy Eyes, and ſo thy repoſe.

Sevil, *September* 1686.

'Ha,

'Ha! ha! (ſaid *Grave*,) I thought the
'Wiſdom our *Aſiatic* had gain'd from his
'Travels, was much the ſame as our Gentle-
'mens that roam abroad, as well as his Na-
'tural Parts, Travelling and Love are follies
'fit for none but an errant Coxcomb. Prithee,
'*Grave* (interrupted *Temple*) thou art a ſcandal
'to our *Society*, always declaiming againſt the
'fair Sex; thou wilt get thee as bad a Repu-
'tation (purſu'd *Fountain*) among the Wo-
'men, as Mr. *Horner* in the Country Wife.
'Gad if he have the ſame advantage of it (re-
'ply'd *River*) we ſhall have cauſe to envy him.
'For my part (ſaid *Summer*) I'm reſolv'd
'not to lie under the ſcandal for the advan-
'vantage, and therefore I think our *Traveller*,
'if he met with nothing elſe worth his wh ile
'in all his Travels, is abundantly rewarded
'with finding the Bleſſing of Humane Life,
'*Love*. And for my part (continued *Chappel*) I
'like this Letter much better than the two for-
'mer, it breaths ſomething of Humanity.
'Right (aſſum'd *I*) for the others wou'd rarify
'our thoughts to thoſe of Spirits, before we are
'ſo But this ſhews that the ſtiff Gravity (pur-
'ſu'd *Brook*) of a Philoſopher is nveer Natural
'as long as Youth can feed deſire. Right (ad-
'ded *Church*) for thoſe ſeverer ſpeculations of
'Morality, are never truly reliſh'd, but when
'Age will no longer permit us to be active.
'Here's another Letter (concluded *Winter*,)
'on the ſame affair, that ſhews our Travel-

'lour will be no longer paſſive than needs 'muſt what ever his Age be.

## LETTER V.

*In anſwer to Sir* John's, *in Vindication of his Love.*

*The injur'd* Honan *to Sr. John* R---ts *Health.*

I Tell thee Friend I am in Love; and thou inſtead of giving me advice, laughs at me for it. I open my wounded Boſom to thee, and thou inſtead of pouring in Oyl and Balm, waſhes it with Vinegar and Salt.

Oh! learn better the Office of a friend, or I ſhall think thou art none, for thou muſt be very ill read indeed in the Laws of Friendſhip and in Man, if thou can'ſt think the ſufferings of a Friend a Subject for a Jeſt.

Haſt thou never been in love thy ſelf? ſurely no, elſe thou muſt needs have known, that nothing can be more ungrateful to a Lovers Ear, than to have his darling Paſſion ridicul'd and calld a folly, but there thou art under a vaſt miſtake, for ſure 'tis Wiſdom, and Vertue to Love an Object of ſuch Angelic frame, a Soul as Beautiful as her Body; ſhe's fair as Nature e're made Woman-kind, and Innocent as Infancy, Wiſe as *Theano*, the Wife to the great *Pythagoras*.

Ah!

Ah! my friend, 'tis well thou never saw'ſt her, thou coud'ſt not elſe guard thy heart from the power of her Eyes and Tongue. And though my paſſion curs'd her Parents Tyranny, to ſhut her from the enjoyments of the World, I oft confeſt ſhe's only worthy to be a Spouſe for Heaven; and Heaven muſt take pleaſure in that Form it made, and joy to view its own bright Glories ſo perfectly and in ſo pure a Mirror.

Tenderneſs and ſoft compaſſion compoſe her very Nature, for at the Story of my paſt adventures, whilſt I my hazzards tell, ſhe ſighs, and pants, as if impending danger threatn'd her ſweet ſelf, till from her Eyes there fall a Cryſtal Stream, which with her ſnowy Hands ſhe ſtrives to cover

I tell thee, Friend, her melting Sorrows give me wondrous Joy, and I am pleas'd to ſee her oft in tears on that occaſion, and therefore I oft repeat the hazzards of my Travels, her ſighs her heaving Boſom ſhews ſhe's touch'd with a concern for me, at leaſt it gives me the ſatisfaction of thinking ſo.

Juſt now my ſervant, whom I employ'd to enquire into her Circumſtances (for I durſt not yet own to the Prieſt, who carries me to ſee her, any paſſion for her, though he's a Boon Companion, and might perhaps indulge it) informs me that ſhe is not yet profeſs'd, though ſhortly muſt be, if not prevented by my Love, which yet I ne'er durſt talk of to her, having both the Prieſt, and

another *Nun* always preſent with us. But yeſterday, while the other two were Whiſpering cloſe, I ſtole a Letter through the Grate to her, which ſhe conveyed away with that dexterity, that ſhew'd the Contents wou'd not diſpleaſe her. In it I open'd all the mighty Pangs, and Agonies I ſuffer'd for her, and fraught it with all the Reaſons, my earneſt longings prompted to obviate all her Scruples. She bluſh'd, the charming Votreſs bluſh'd when ſhe received it, and turn'd away her Face to veil *the dear confeſſion of her eyes.* I ſaw her Lovely Hand ſteal it into her throbbing Boſom. But ah! my friend, thou canſt not gueſs what Joys, what Raptures, I felt at that diſcovery, as if my ſelf had been plac'd there, as indeed I was in *full* Imagination. I cou'd have gaz'd on her for ever, but that I durſt not fix my eyes too long, for fear of being diſcover'd.

Thus thus, Sr. *John*, thou ſeeſt how much ſoft Love has chang'd me ſince I ſaw thee laſt. What my own Native *Aſia*, with all her eaſe, and Luxury cou'd ne'er effect, this bright Maid has done. The Bulwarks of Philoſophy, with all the Pallizados of her Precepts, that us'd to guard me from the follies and knaveries of Mankind, are quite blown up, and all the ſtrong, regular Fortifications, rais'd by repeated and judicious obſervations are now diſmantl'd, and I'm become a naked *Prey* to inſulting *Love*, who, like a Tyrant, plunders all my Stores, leaves me not the Ammunition of one

one juſt thought, and all the goodly Cannon of ſeverer Wiſdom, he has long ſince and proudly born away.

Oh! my friend, what is this *LOVE?* Thou that art at leiſure to look into its Nature, tell me what is this *Mighty Rage?* Is it a power Divine? Is it the *Soul*, the *Eſſence*, or the *Treaſury* of *Pleaſure*? that diſpenſes its Balmy Portions all around to all things elſe, more or leſs, as they approach its Nature? Or is it a Diſtemper of the *Mind*? bred by a ſickly *Phancy*, and increas'd by *Imagination*? That *Deſpotic Former* of all Goods, and Pleaſures, which have that Stamp of Happineſs and Excellence, only which *Imagination* will beſtow? Or is it but a Feavour of the Blood? ſure it can ne'er be a Diſtemper of the *Mind*; for how cou'd I then breed it? who never ſurfeited on Pleaſures, nor diſſolv'd in eaſe my Body, or my thoughts, nor was e're inflam'd by looſe and wanton wiſhes. And yet Love won me at the firſt Encounter ſo quick, ſo fiercely from her reſiſtleſs eyes, the little God Shot his Victorious Darts, he ſtorm'd my Heart, and made me all his Prize. What e're it be, I deſire not to be free from it my ſelf, and yet I wiſh thee, if poſſible, to keep without its power; though in revenge for thy raillery on my paſſion I ſhou'd wiſh the contrary: and 'twou'd be but a friends revenge, to wiſh thee like himſelf. Adieu.

Sevil, *Octob.* 1686.

'Our amorous Traveller (said *I*) asks a very pertinent Question, which is not usual for a Lover to do, that is, what *Love* is? That is, whether it be a God Independent of us, or some Diſeaſe of the Mind or Body. 'Tis more like a Diſeaſe (anſwered *Winter*) being an infection taken from the ſight of a Woman. 'Tis plain (continued *Church*) 'tis no *Deity*, for 'tis a great lyar, repreſenting a Devil ſometimes as an Angel. If it be a *Deity* (purſu'd *Grave*) 'tis a female, becauſe 'tis ſo fickle, ſeldom laſting beyond enjoyment. His reign ought to be ſhort (anſwered *Brook*) 'tis ſo violent and Tyrannick. And yet as ſhort as 'tis (purſu'd *Summer*) it generally has Jealouſies, Fears, Quarrels, and Peace, and War, and Peace again, and ends in confuſion. Though 'tis the Child of eaſe (ſaid *River*) yet it hates ſloth. 'Tis a Warfare (added *Temple*) and yet hates War. Well Gentlemen (ſaid *Chappel*) you may have what thoughts you pleaſe of Love, but I think it the Union and Cement of the Univerſe, the kind relief of all our Ills, converting all to pleaſure. Love (concluded *Fountain*) is a perfect Philoſopher, bounding all its Treaſure within it ſelf.

LETTER

## LETTER VI.

*An answer to a Letter, concerning a Cabalistical Opinion of* Zilphs, *and* Salamanders, *a sort of Aerial Ladies and Gallants, or a species betwixt Angels and Men. Giving an account of his Dream of his Mistress, and his Opinion of these Beings.*

*The Amorous* Honan *to his Friend, Health of Body and Mind.*

WIthin a few days after I had dispatch'd one to you, in answer to the rallying Letter, I receiv'd one from you, on a very pleasant subject, which I the better reliſh'd, having met with some hopes of success in my Amour, which has calm'd all those tumults in my mind that wou'd not let me give ear to any thing that related not to the immediate concern of my *Love*, and scatter'd all my composed sedater thoughts.

I Read your Letter several times over, before I went to Bed, and thought much of it, and reason'd on the subject till I fell asleep. Where your *Zilphs* and *Salamanders* acted pleasant Farces in the Scene of fancy, perhaps to dispose my sleeping body for what follow'd, which, how much so e're it were a Dream, gave me real Joys. Methought the fair *Euthalia* (for that's my Votaresse's Name) lay,

with all the yielding Charms of a Willing Fair, upon my panting Boſom. Ten Thouſand bluſhes dy'd her Heavenly Face, her Eyes all languiſhing, and her Breaſts all bare, within her pretty Heart flutter'd about, as if 'twoud leave its ſeat, at the approach of the coming Joy, and e'ry real Grace of the true *Euthalia*, ſet off the Pompous Viſion. In ſhort, in the full height of Rapture, and Enjoyment, when the dear Fantom Clasp'd me cloſeſt to her, I wak'd, and found part of my Dream was true.

I had not long pleas'd my ſelf with the Thoughts of this Viſionary-Pleaſure, but your *Zilphs*, came into my Head; and I fanſy'd what had paſt, was the Contrivance of ſome Aerial Lady, to ſteal Immortality from me. If ſo, ſhe was a Politick Intriguer, that took a certain courſe to gain her end, when ſhe cloath'd her ſelf in ſo deſir'd a Form.

Be that as it will, ſhould Sleep ſtill preſent ſuch bright, ſuch charming Viſions, I ne'er ſhould think it the Image of Death; or if I ſhould, muſt think it excell'd all Life, but what the real Poſſeſſion of her gave.

As to your Cabaliſtick Fancy, there are ſome ſpecious Reaſons to amuſe us with a Probability. 'Tis a Science brought to you from the Eaſt; it owes its Riſe to *Aſia*, and its chief Progreſs too. As to the Particular you mention, of the *Zilphs*, *Salamanders*, *Nymphs* and *Gnomes*, Love to Humane Kind, becauſe

becauſe their Immortality depends on their Enjoyment of a Man or Woman, according to their ſeveral Sexes, which it ſeems they have; 'tis ſtrange that ſhould give Immortality to Spirits, (for ſuch you make 'em,) which gives Mortality to Humane Race. 'Tis alſo odd, that Body ſhould have any Influence at all upon a Spiritual Nature, not link'd to it by ſuch a Chain as is betwixt the Humane Body and Soul.

But perhaps Immortality is Myſtical, and only means, the Propagation of their *Species* which, like Leopards, are propagated by the Conjunction of two Animals of different *Species*. But to me 'twould ſeem more adequate, to make the Etherial Colonies all Females; and ſo without Copulation with Mankind, cannot keep up their Kind. But ſtill, how comes a Body to be able to get a Spirit? unleſs there be no ſuch thing as any Spirit pure and independent of all Body and Matter? or, at leaſt, if theſe Aerial People are only more fine and ſubtile Bodies.

As to my own particular Opinion of it, 'tis, That, if it be not true, 'tis a very pretty and diverting Notion, and gives us a nobler *Idea* of the Great Creator's Works, in placing Inhabitants in the Spaces of the Air. Nor is it incongruous to Reaſon, ſince the ſmalleſt things, a Leaf of the ſmalleſt Tree, has an infinite company of little Dwellers on it, only to be diſcover'd by a Microſcope, which has, in

the

the Leſſer World, *Man*, diſcover'd infinite Colonies of little Creatures, which run into the Pores, as Coneys do into their Boroughs; the very Blood, which to the Eye ſeems one continu'd Red Subſtance, takes its Colour from certain little Globules that ſwim like little Iſlands in't, ſtock'd, perhaps, with other leſſer People. Every thing below being thus ſtock'd with Inhabitants, ſhall we think the vaſt Expanſe of Air empty, and a deſart place without any Animals proper to its Nature?

But, my Friend, I am not yet in ſo ſerene a Temper, as to be able to diſcuſs this Point. My Mind's not yet at reſt: *Euthalia*'s within the Walls of her Convent, ſtill untouch'd by me; though propitious to my Paſſion, giving me a dear, obliging Anſwer to my Letter; yet dreſs'd in ſo much Modeſty, as ſhew'd ſhe ſtruggl'd much before ſhe could grant an Anſwer, and ſuch a one as might not daſh my Hopes.

In my next, I hope to give you an Account of my Happineſs, in the Poſſeſſion of my Fair One: If ſo, 'twill be the laſt you'll have from me, whilſt in *Spain*. Adieu; and preſerve thy Friendſhip firm, for him who gives thee all his Heart, and Thoughts that Love has not; that is, all that is in his power.

*Sevil*, Novemb. 1686.

'I have

'I have often (ſaid I) thought of theſe 'Cabaliſtic Notions of the *Zilphs*, *Sala-* 'mander, &c. with a great deal of pleaſure. 'Tis a good, ſociable Thought; and now, 'methinks, we ſhall not want Company, 'where-e'er we are, if we could have but a 'little more free Commerce with theſe Aerial 'Gentry. The Sages, indeed, (purſu'd *Tem-* 'ple,) are to blame, to give us no better 'an Account of this Unknown World, of 'fine, ſoft, downy Creatures, that fly with 'ſo much ſecrecy to our Embraces, as not to 'let the very Wife, (Who, One would think, 'interpos'd *Grave*,) ſhould be Jealous enough 'of her Conjugal Benevolence in Bed with 'her Husband,) know of the Theft, tho' 'lying cloſe by his Side. But of what Kind, 'I pray, (interrupted *Brook*,) are theſe kind 'Creatures, Spirits or Bodies? Oh! double- 'leſs, (anſwer'd *Church*) Bodies though of a 'more thin & ſubtle Nature than ours. Right '(added *Sumner*) and theſe Bodies being ſo 'very Pure and Noble, paſs through ſolid 'and groſs Bodies by their Pores like the '*Materia Striata* of *des Cartes* in the Load- 'ſtones. Well obſerv'd (purſu'd *River*) and 'by that means they came through a faſt 'Door, or Windo w joyn ng again as ſoon as 'enter'd, its Life and Eſſence, being like the 'Soul, *All in all, and all in every part.* As 'Water pour'd through a Sieve (purſu'd '*Winter*) paſſeth through the holes in drops,

'but

'but being once paſs'd through joyns again 'in one Body or Flood. What you make 'em (ſaid *Chappel*) like the Man *Bergerac* 'met with in the World in the Sun, who 'was of a Gigantick bulk, and compos'd of 'a thouſand little Gentlemen as big as a 'Piggs petty-toe, a number of which made 'up e ry Member, who cou'd eaſily ſeparate 'on occaſion, & paſs one by one thorough the 'ſmalleſt loophole, and jump then into their 'ſeveral Stations again. Our Travellor (con-'cluded *Fountain*) ſeems to be more ſerious 'on the point, and I wiſh he were in the 'right, if theſe Ladies wou'd relieve a poor 'Cavalier's neceſſity, when the Human 'Nymph is Cruel.

## LETTER VII.

*On a Duel, and Revenge, Occaſion'd by a Letter received on the Death of a Young Man Kill'd in a Duel.*

*The happy* Honan, *to his deareſt* Friend, *Health and Comfort.*

BElieve me Friend, I ſhare in thy grief for the loſs of thy Cozen, 'tis pity a ſmall folly ſhou'd be puniſh'd ſo ſeverely in him, and ſo many great ones eſcape in others; but that is the unaccountable order of Fate, little offen-

offenders dye, and great ones reap the Fruit of their Crimes, ſo that 'tis a madneſs to Deviate from the paths of Reaſon, and Juſtice for a trifle, which draws down certain miſery, when a ſtep beyond it to ſome bold Villany ſets us in the Enjoyment we aim at, and makes us paſs for Princes, or Favourites, and gains the Honour of Heroe's. So ſmall follies are moſt contemn'd, whilſt a Fool that's always trifling, paſſes for an Humoriſt and VVit. How many ſpend their days in VVhoring with other mens VVives; yet are careſs'd by the Husbands? but 'tis becauſe they gild the wrong they do 'em with the pretext of friendſhip; your Couſin ſhou'd firſt have won the Husband to a confidence, before he had attack'd the VVife, and he only wanted ſucceſs becauſe he wou'd not be baſe. He was a hopeful Youth, and had he guarded his wandring Eye from the forbidden fruit, or ſin'd with more Diſcretion, he had been more fortunate. I am to ſeek what to judge of the Lady; only it ſeems ſhe cou'd not truſt her own Virtue, ſince ſhe muſt diſcover his attacks to her Husband, and perhaps hop'd that diſcovery might have turn'd to better account, and rid her of her Husband, not her Lover.

How e're that was, 'tis a mad fooliſh thing methinks to make that Death by the Laws of private Honour, which the Publick only fines. Your Nation is not ſo guilty of Revenge as this where now I am, though this is more reaſonable in it: for here the injur'd

run

run no hazard, but have their illegal executioners of their private Doom, and kill by proxy. VVhereas you put the injur'd, and the injurer on an equal hazard.

I tell thee, Friend, Reason is the Weapon of rational Creatures, or ought to be at least of those, who pretend to a greater familiarity with it. And he that will not follow its prescriptions, is so only in his own Opinion, but to a wise Man as Barbarous, as the *Canibals*, or *Muscovites*, and in this more; for the first have no Quarrels but the Public; and the latter none but what the greatest *Knez*, and *Bojares* decide with a Whip on Horse-back; and yet Men of Courage, and Bravery in War.

Thou that art a Native of *Europe*, and well Vers'd in the History of it, canst better tell than I, whence this Barbarous Custom rose, and when, for I am sure 'tis of Modern Date, and tho' received by private Men, thought by the public so opposite to Humane Society, and Government, that the Laws of all Nations have declar'd against it. And that is an unaccountable point of Honour, my friend, that the Wisdom and Policy of the whole World, have thought injurious to its œconomy, and preservation. T'was indeed begot by private Lust, gain'd footing among an impolite and unconsidering People, and spread it self with their Barbarity so far over *Europe*. The *Greeks* and *Romans*, two Nations, that made the greatest figure among

mong the *Europeans* for Courage and Bravery, knew nothing of it, War in Defence of their Country, or for the enlargng its Glory. and Dominion, was all their Standard of active Courage. I know not any part of *Asia* infected with this Custom: and the *Chineſe*, a Wiſe, and Learned people, are wholly unacquainted with it. Which Nation have not many Years ago, given us a Nobler proof of Courage, and a more generous effect of a private Quarrel, which in ſhort is this. *Cheva* and *Xangu* two *Lyttia's*, or Noble Men of an Illuſtrious Houſe, upon a falling out, agreed that the Friends of each ſhould fix the Scaling Ladders againſt a Caſtle Wall poſſeſs'd by the Enemy, whilſt they two mounted, and he that firſt, and with moſt Courage Scal'd the VVall, ſhou'd be Judg'd the Conqueror. *Cheva* clapping his Hands on the VVall had 'em by the Defendants Cut off, and endeavouring by his Elbows to ſave his hold, his Head was divided from his Shoulders. At the ſame time *Xangu* got on the VVall, but after a reſolute defence againſt a Multitude was Slain, and liv'd not to ſee the advantage the public gain'd from their private Quarrel, in winning ſo conſiderable a Poſt from the Enemy of their Country. But this perhaps is a teſt too bold and dangerous for theſe Tilting Heroe's to bring their Courage to.

But e'ry Nation, as well as e'ry Man, has its Vice and Folly, here in *Spain*, as well as in

in *Italy.* Jealouſie and Revenge are Epidemic, and tho' I can't blame the ſuſpicious Guard they have o'er their VVomen, yet I can never approve of their publick Reſentments of their Matrimonial injuries: for they prefer open Revenge to their own Reputations, and had rather be known Cuckolds, than not thought Jealous and revengeful. The *Chineſe* are more prudent, who tho' they have a legal Power, o'er the lives of both the VVife, and Adulterer, yet generally chuſe rather to Sacrifice a private injury to a little pecuniary Mulct, than gratify their Revenge at the expence of a public Ignominy.

So much for the effect of *Hatred*, now I muſt give thee ſome account of the progreſs of my *Love*, & thou may'ſt ſee that I value thee much, ſince thy grief cou'd impart ſuch a concern about it, as to make me run through all theſe conſiderations againſt the cauſe of it, & forget that ſo long, which rules my very Soul. But the violence of the raging heats of deſire being now become more gentle and ſupportable by the ſoft and cooling breezes of kind hope, I can have Intervals of Quiet to think upon my friend. *Euthalia* hears my Sighs with pitty, and receives my Flames with Joy, and languiſhes with an equal deſire. The ſtormy Clouds of deſpair my Friend, are vaniſh'd, and all the Heav'n of Love is Calm and Serene, ſmiling on coming Joy. Expect not many Letters more from me hence; I am

I am for *Asia* by the first opportunity. The Sea is the surest way of escaping with my Prize, a Nobler far than *Paris*, once before ravish'd from *Europe*, *Euthalia* is not less Fair than *Helena*, yet more Innocent. But *Asia* need fear no War from this willing Rape; the danger's only mine, which I hope to avoid by an *English* Ship, I hear, is expected in *Cadiz* very suddainly.

Sigh not too much for the unhappy Youth that's Slain, but keep thy self from the same ill circumstances; and to prevent unlawful fires, seek some tender She, that's yet her own, and so become like thy wandring friend; Adieu.

Sevil.

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'You see, Gentlemen (said *I*) what sentiment our *Asiatic* has of our point of Honour; and how absurd a thing reason makes our Tilting to be. He has prov'd no more (answer'd *Temple*) than what we formerly agreed on, on the same point. But (interrupted *Grave*) 'tis well this Gentleman was leaving *Europe*, or that his Letter lay dormant till now, else he might have drawn all the Fencing-Masters on his back. Ay and Bullys too (pursu'd *Fountain*) who like not the Doctrine he Preaches, of venturing their Lives in the face of certain

'danger

danger. He has truly obſerv'd (continu'd *Winter*) that 'tis but a modern cuſtom; right (aſſum'd *Church*) for tho' it be now the receiv'd Standard of *Courage* and *Honour*, the Heroes of Antiquity had no ſuch teſt of their Valor. True (added *Brook*) which makes me ſmile to ſee *Lee* bring in *Hephaſtion* and *Lyſimachus* Tilting, in *Alexander* the Great's time about their Miſtreſs *Parſatis*; but 'twas the peculiar Quality of that Poet to pervert *Characters*, and confound the Cuſtoms of Nations, and times. 'Tis true the Ancient were not exempt from private Quarrels (ſaid *Summer*) but they were never decided by the Sword in the ſame manner, that our Duels are, which was the only practice of their *Gladiators*, for the public Solemnities like our Prizes. *Pompey*, *Cæſar*, *Craſſus*, &c. never decided their private Quarrels by a ſingle Duel, and *Salinator* very patiently bore the Repartee of *Fabius Maximus*, which would have been enough to have engag'd ſome of our *Beaux* of Commanders, with half a ſcore Seconds of a ſide, tho' the fate of a Campagne had depended on it, ſo far their private Punctilio's prefer'd to the publick Honour and Glory. *Cæſar* in his *Commentaries* (purſu'd *River*) gives us an example of two of his Soldiers, deciding a private Quarrel, for the publick Good, not leſs generous than this alledg'd by our Traveller, tho' not ſo Tragical to the Actors in it;

for

'for upon agreement that he that did the 'braveſt Action againſt the Enemy, ſhou'd 'be eſteem'd Victor, they left the Intrench-'ments of the Camp, fell on the Rear of 'the foe, did ſeveral Wonderful Actions, 'each reliev'd the other oppreſs'd, and made 'a brave Retreat into the Trenches in the 'view of their Army, and for ever after 'were good Friends: here their Mutual Cou-'rage and Anger made the Enemy ſmart for 'their falling out. For my part (concluded *Chappel*) as I can't but think him that is 'afraid of his Life in all Circumſtances, a 'Fool, and a Niggard of that he can't long 'ſecure by flight: ſo I muſt judge them Fools 'and Prodigals of it, that ſquander it away 'on every bawble of a Quarrel, which is now 'ſo common, that he that's not mad with 'the Multitude is deem'd a Coward, & the Po-'ets themſelves, whoſe very Swords are a Jeſt, 'put their chief Reaſon on the point of their 'Sword, if oppos'd in their performances. 'Tho' I confeſs they know how to time their 'Martial fury, both as to Perſon, & Place. But 'let theſe doughty Bullys of all Sizes for who 'are convincing the World of their Perſonal 'Courage, leave Tilting for Whores and fop-'piſh niceties, and march to the Warrs. *Eng-land* wants not public Enemies, and by 'conſequence they can't want work for their 'Swords. But I believe their Courage, and 'Reaſon much of a ſize; built only on the 'ſecurity of Art, and Aſſurance.

'Enough

'Enough of this (ſaid *I*) for here's a 'Letter will afford you a pleaſanter Theme 'then Death, and Folly If it contain no folly '(anſwered *Grave*) I'm ſure it muſt not 'be Endited by Mankind. But pray let's hear 'it. Which I read as follows.

## LETTER VIII.

*About the Soul. Whether it be not nearer a kin the Body than commonly imagin'd? and whether there may not be Bodily Enjoyments in Heav'n.*

*The Amorous* Honan *to the deareſt of his Friends, Health of Mind and Body.*

ART thou not tir'd with the many impertinencies I ſend thee? Has not the repeated Story of my *Love* made thee weary of my Correſpondence? I know the ſeverity of thy Nature, for that firſt made me love thee; I have reaſon therefore to fear that my frailty (to uſe the word thou wilt beſtow upon my paſſion) has weaken'd my Reputation with thee. But my Friend, tho' I ask many Queſtions, I am not talkative; tho' I enquire into many Secrets, I am no Divulger of ſuch: and tho' ſince I have been a ſlave to *Euthalia*, I have never Wrote to thee, without ſome mention of my Love; yet ſhall I not alwaies

always be thus troubleſome to thee. The racking Pangs, and killing Torments of a hopeleſs paſſion have almoſt left me, and will quite vaniſh in the Arms of my *Euthalia*. Then will my troubled thoughts be more ſedate, and furniſh me with ſomething more agreeable to thy humour, than a paſſion thou art inſenſible of, nay an utter Enemy to.

I know thou art uneaſie when thou art forc'd to Read ſuch trifles (tho' ſuch perhaps are equally the moſt ſolid of our ſtudies) for I have not forgot all thoſe rigid Principles I once embrac'd, tho' I confeſs I remember them only as Criminals do thoſe offences, whoſe guilt perſues their Conſciences.

Believe me, Friend, I look'd through the revers'd perſpective of *Reaſon*, when I conſider'd *Love*, and ſo diminiſhing the Object, cou'd not diſtinguiſh, between *That*, and *Luſt*, which commonly uſurps that Name, and diſguiſes it ſelf in his more Beauteous Garb. I ſaw what they had common, but was in capable of judging of their difference, till inform'd by the dear Eyes of my *Enthalia*. For there are Joys, my Friend, there are *Enthuſiaſtick* pleaſures in *Love*, which none but *Lovers* know; they are unutterable, and cannot be imparted with all their heightning circumſtances by narrow Language; and inexpreſſive Words: they are almoſt too vaſt for *thought*, and unexperienc'd Phancy, with all her magnifying Arts can never

never reach 'em. I grant indeed there's some small alloy in them, which borders upon *Lust*, but does not terminate there. Enjoyment feeds desire in *Love*, but extinguishes it in *Lust*; an evident sign of their opposite Nature, the Life of the first being the bane and destruction of the last.

Thou seest what a mighty Progress I have made in *Love*; how well already I am versed in its Nature. But this skill gives me pain, and the knowledge I have of the pleasures of *Love* makes me afraid to loose them, Death stares me in the Face, with all his grizly Terrors, and chills my Heart with fear, that all must end there. But yet methinks the Lovers Joys are so well proportion'd to the Human Nature, they shou'd survive the Grave. Can the *Soul* so vastly pleased with them here, be wholly insensible of them after Death? Shall we think the *Soul* and *Body* such opposites, that the first when separated values not what it wantoned in when joyn'd to the latter? Certainly what e're the unknown Essence of the *Soul* may be, it can't be opposite to the Body, to which 'tis joyn'd by that Divine Power, which delights not in contradictions, having establish'd a Harmony in all things, separating *Antipathies*, and uniting *Sympathies*, that the just Order of the Universe might not be disturb'd in any part, the jarring confusion of blended Contraries ended with *Chaos*.

This makes me think the Soul's but a purer

purer and more ſubtile Body; and that this Mortal Robe of groſſer Fleſh and Blood, is only laid aſide at Death, like an old Garment, unfit for it to wear any longer. If ſo, the Enjoyments of Lovers may be heightned, not loſt for ever. Sure I am, that my Soul is ſo tranſfus'd into *Enthalia*'s, that Death can never part them.

I now incline to think your Opinion of the Reſurrection true; becauſe it ſeems to confirm mine, That the Soul's Nature and the Body's, are nearer a-kin than is commonly thought; and, That our preſent Pleaſures have a greater Intereſt in the Soul, than to be forgot as ſoon as it has left the Body; ſince Happineſs above, as well as here below, ſeems incomplete when they are ſeparate: For if their Re-union added not to the Happineſs of the Bleſs'd, to what purpoſe ſhould it be? Send me, by the next, thy Thoughts upon this Subject; for thy Mind's at liberty, and unbyas'd by the weight of any Deſire. I wiſh thy Opinion may jump with mine; yet tho' we are apt to Believe what we Deſire, and are fond of perſuading others to the ſame; yet I would not have thee flatter me, tho' thy Arguments ſhould deſtroy this future Happineſs I have now built up.

To conclude: My Friend, I wiſh thee like my ſelf, in Love; but with One as Meritorious as *Enthalia*, Untouch'd, Unſully'd both in Thought and Deed. For, believe

me, whate'er the *Pythagoreans* may think, (for Love has made me quit ev'n them, when oppoſite to him; ſo ſubject is our Reaſon to our Paſſions!) ſo great a Good as Life could ne'er be given for a Puniſhment. We ſee, all that is *Good*, or judg'd ſo by the *Mind*, is meaſur'd by the Pleaſure it affords; which ſhews, that Happineſs, not Puniſhment, is both the End and the Aim of Life. Be thou therefore Happy, as I am. Farewell.

*Sevil.*

---

'Love, I ſee, (ſaid *Grave*,) that trifling
'Buſineſs of the Idle, has wholly poſſeſs'd the
'Brain of our *Stoical Pythagorean*. True (aſ-
'ſum'd *Winter*) and transform'd all his ſeverer
'Notions into the wild *Chimera*'s blind De-
'ſire builds up. It fares with theſe ſtiff
'Blades, (purſu'd *Chappel*,) when they fall
'in Love, as with the more Robuſt and
'Healthy Bodies, when they fall into any
'Diſtemper, 'tis generally Mortal. There
'they differ then, (interrupted *Brook*,) for
'you find our Traveller's Love's Immortal.
'You mean, (aſſum'd *Summer*,) he would
'fain have it ſo. But I can't ſee (ſaid *Tem-*
'*ple*,) how he'll reconcile his Opinion of the
'*Metempſychoſis*, which he ſeem'd to eſpouſe,
'to this Heav'n of continu'd Love. Nor I,

'(con-

‘ (continu'd *River*,) unleſs he wou'd have his
‘ dear *Euthalia* paſs thorough all the Female
‘ Beaſts, as *he* paſſes thorough the Male.
‘ If ſo, if ſhe happen to be a Cow, a Bitch,
‘ or the like, (purſu'd *Church*,) he may have
‘ many an honeſt Dog or Bull his Rival be-
‘ fore the end of their Journey. Ha! Gen-
‘ tlemen, (added *Fountain*,) when ſo violent
‘ a Paſſion as Love prevails, all the calmer
‘ Conſiderations of Opinion truckle to it,
‘ and Religion changes its Chamælion Face
‘ to what Colour that Spring-Plant beſtows.
‘ Thou ſpeak'ſt very feelingly (concluded I)
‘ of this Paſſion; but our Traveller then
‘ ſhould, methinks, have choſen *Mahomet's*
‘ Paradiſe; for there he could not miſs Cor-
‘ poreal Pleaſures, perhaps, with his *Entha-*
‘ *lia* too.

But now let's proceed.

'What's here, (ſaid *Grave*, taking up the next,) a Letter as long as a Bill in Chancery, or a Volum inſtead of a Letter? Perhaps, the Account of all the Raptures (reply'd *Winter*) of the Firſt Night's Enjoyment, with the exact number of the Nymph's Sighs, and dying Pangs. The truth on't is, (continu'd *Church*,) young Lovers are like young Debauchee's, theſe live ſo faſt, they ſeldom live long; and thoſe abound ſo in Ecſtaſie the firſt, and a few ſubſequent Nights, that within the ſpace of one revolving Year, they have ſcarce a remain of Deſire left; the loſs of which, is the death of Love. Ye're all miſtaken, Gentlemen, (interrupted *River*, who had now the Letter in his Hand,) for 'tis an Account of a thing ten times more terrible than are all the pleaſing Combats, or delightful Tumults of Love, and all its happy Tempeſts of the Soul, in which e'ery one who has Youth, deſires to be wreck'd; 'tis of Religion. The Knight himſelf has given it this Title following:

LETTER

# LETTER IX.

*And Account of all the Religions of* Asia *and* Europe.

——*From the happy* Honan, *to his dearest Friend.*

THE last Letter I receiv'd from thee, was just the Minute before my Flight from *Spain* with my *Euthalia*: So that I had no Time to Answer it then, at least, to your Satisfaction, in an Account of all the Religions of those Countries I have pass'd thorough; the Ship being ready to set sail, my Mistress waiting for my coming, and my self full of eager Desire and Expectation.

But I have not room here, to give thee an Account of my Adventures, in carrying of the Noblest Prize *Europe* e'er was Mistress of; and which the proud *Castillian*, with all his Boasts of *American* Treasures, can never parallel. I'll reserve that till our safe Arrival in *Asia*, being now at the *Cape of Good Hope*, whither we have had a prosperous Voyage; in which I have comply'd with your Desire, and drawn an Extract of all that I observ'd, worth taking Notice of, in the Religions of the several Nations I have visited.

This Place (call'd by the *Europeans*, the *Cape of Good Hope*,) furniſhes me with an Obſervation that I have not before met with: That is, That there are Nations which have no Notions of a Deity, nor any Footſteps of Worſhip and Adoration. Nature, indeed, has beſtow'd a Countrey on them, Rich in all its Circumſtances, a Soil that's pregnant in Metals, as well as all ſorts of Fruit. The *Dutch* have a Garden of about a League in compaſs, in which grow all the Simples, Trees, and Fruit, the whole Univerſe affords in greater Perfection than in their proper Climes. So that, indeed, the Natives might well take their Countrey for their Paradiſe, did they but improve it as it might, and then would be more excuſable for their Irreligion.

But as to my Account, I ſhall in it follow the Method of my Travels, without touching on any thing but what you deſire, the Religions of all the Nations that I have ſeen; and that as conciſely as may be, that Subject alone being ſufficient to exceed the bigneſs of a Letter. I ſhall begin with the Iſland of *Zeilon*, or *Ceylon*; and ſo with the Courſe of the bright Planet, and Store-houſe of Light, the Sun, come to your Native Countrey, and little World of *England*.

(1.) *Zeilon*,

(1.) *Zeilon*, as it contains ſeveral *Kingdoms*, ſo it has ſeveral *Religions*. For there are *Mahometans*, *Chriſtians*, and *Idolaters*. Theſe Laſt drink no Wine, no more than the Firſt; and differ not, in the main Principles, from moſt of the Eaſterly Nations. The *Bramins*, or Prieſts, are in great Veneration with them; who Believing the *Metempſychoſis*, never Eat of any thing that has ever had Life; living very regular Lives: But that which is odd in them, is, That they adore that Beaſt all Day, which they meet firſt in the Morning. A Worſhip not leſs Pleaſant than Extravagant, to have a freſh God for e'ry Day; and might make them at laſt, perhaps, adore the True One, if they lifted their Thoughts above the Beaſts; tho' 'tis true, that e'ry Creature has a Particle of the Deity in it; and ſo in varying their Worſhip from one to another, they may, at leaſt, adore a great many Particles of him. And, indeed, an *Infinite Being*, methinks, ſhould, at leaſt, have One Day given to the Adoration of each of its minuteſt Particles. But I juſtifie no Idolaters; becauſe, perhaps, they are not ſenſible of what I apprehend.

(2.) The Coaſt of *Coromandel* is furniſh'd with various Religions, *Chriſtian*, *Mahometan*, and *Idolatry*. Of the Firſt, there are Two ſorts; thoſe of St. *Thomas*, that are of the *Greek* Church,

and the *European* Christians, the *Portugueſe*, I mean. There are beſides, *Armenians*, but few of them. The *Idolaters* differ in nothing remarkable from thoſe of *Zeilon.*

(3.) *Bengal* is almoſt all *Idolatrous.* Adultery, tho' puniſh'd by Cutting off the Noſe, is yet very common; they being, like other Nations, better furniſh'd with Precept than Practice. If the Opinion of your *Nymphs* be not here, they yet adore the River *Ganges* with Divine Worſhip; and are of Opinion, That its Waters are ſo Holy, that it waſhes away all the Sins of thoſe that enter it. The Religion of this *River* is ſpread ſo far, that the King of *Narſinga* ſends to *Ganges* for all the Water he uſes in his Purifications.

*Water*, indeed, ſeems naturally to have an Affinity to Purgation; and might, perhaps, be of force enough to cleanſe the Soul, if the Spots it receives from Vice, were as eaſily waſh'd off, as the Impurities of the Body. But I can imagine no reaſon for the Adoration of a River, unleſs for its gratifying their Intereſt, who do it. If ſo, your *Londoners* have as much reaſon to be Idolaters of the *Thames*, to which they owe more Wealth, than the Inhabitants of theſe Parts do to the *Ganges.*

(4) The

(4.) The vaſt and powerful Kingdom of *Pegu.* is almoſt all Idolatrous. They are magnificent in their *Pagods*, having ſome of Beaten Gold. In the *Varella*, or *Temple of the King*, there are Three of Silver: and One of Maſſy Gold, in the Shape and Proportion of a Man, wearing on his Head a Crown of Precious-Stones; on its Fore-head, a Ruby as big as a Plumb; on each Side, a Pendant of ineſtimable Value; a Scarf about its Middle, and a Chain of Diamonds o'er it's Shoulders; beſides others of greater Value, of ſeveral Compoſitions. They believe, That the Chief of the Gods, (who has ſeveral Gods under him,) is the Author of all the Good that Mankind enjoys; but that he leaves to the *Devil* the diſpoſing of all Evil. And for this reaſon, they bear a greater Veneration to the Devil, than to God; becauſe the One will do 'em no Harm; and the Other muſt be appeas'd with Sacrifice, that he may not: All Men naturally taking more care to Appeaſe a Powerful Enemy, than be Grateful to an Obliging Friend. *Monday*'s their *Sabbath*, or at leaſt, their peculiar Day of Devotion. They have Five Principal *Holydays* they call *Sapans*. 1. *Sapan Giacchi*, the Pilgrimage of the King and Queen, in all their Grandeur. 2. *Sapan Carena*, in Honour of the Great Statue mention'd: To which alſo the Noblemen erect Pyramids of Cane, curiouſly and richly adorn'd.

3. *Sapan Giaimo Segienon*, in Honour of other Idols. 4. *Sapan Daiche*, when the King and Queen throw Roſe-water at each other; each of the Nobility having a Pot of the ſame, with which they waſh themſelves, by ſprinkling all over: nor can any paſs the Streets, without being waſh'd from the Windows. 5. *Sapan Donan*, when a Race is perform'd in the King and Queen's preſence, by Boats, as they paſs to *Meccao*; the ſwifteſt gains the Prize. Their Church-men are more rational, and are call'd *Talapoi*: They live by Alms, and preſerve a great Veneration to themſelves by their Exemplary Lives. They give the People not only a Sermon, when they come to Church; but go about themſelves to ſummon them, by the ſounding a Braſs Baſin. They meddle not with Points of Doctrine, (that, indeed, relating not at all to the Good and Happineſs of Life, but the contrary;) and believe Good Works more conducive to Eternal Happineſs, than *Faith*: The One being abſolutely Certain and Neceſſary; and the Other, Dark and Uncertain, and of no apparent Uſe. This makes them inſiſt on the Points of Morality, which conduce to the Good and Safety of Mankind in all its Parts. They are not therefore angry at thoſe who change their Opinions to Chriſtianity, if their Lives be afterdward pious and regular. They condemn and preach againſt the Offerings the Commonalty make to the Devil; endeavouring, tho' to no purpoſe, to extinguiſh

extinguiſh this Cuſtom. They go Bare-foot; live in Woods and Deſarts; Eat but once a Day. The Piety of their Lives gains 'em great Honours after their Death: Their Aſhes are ſcatter'd into the Rivers, and their Bones bury'd near the Place where they liv'd.

Certainly, my Friend, thou wilt agree with me, That theſe Men are Happy; living ſo exact to the Law of Nature Themſelves, and perſuading Others to the ſame.

(5.) *Siam* is one of the moſt Conſiderable Kingdoms of the *Indies*, and is all Idolatrous. Here, as well as in other Parts of the *Indies*, the White Elephant they think to contain ſomething in it Divine. Their Clergy, Regular and Exemplary in their Lives, have a kind of *Hierarchy* under a High-Prieſt, to whom they all pay Obedience: tho' his Authority in Spirituals be ſupreme, yet is as ſubject to the King as the reſt of the Subjects. The moſt Learn'd and beſt Qualify'd are choſe Prieſts, and Preach to the People on Feſtivals, and do Sacrifice to their Idols. 'Tis Burning Alive to have to do with Women in the Prieſthood; but thoſe that can't contain, may quit it, and be abſolv'd from their Vow of Chaſtity. Each Temple or Moſque has a Convent of Prieſts to ſay their Daily-Prayers; which they perform conſtantly, Morning and Evening. The Revenues of the Temples, the Charity of the People, and the Dona-

Donations of the Nobility, maintain 'em. There are alſo Nunneries of Old Religious Women, ſituate near the Temples, that they may be preſent at the Offices and Prayers there. A laudable Point of Religion, my Friend; and much more reaſonable than that of your *Europeans*, who ſeclude the Young as well as Old from theſe innocent Pleaſures Nature has ordain'd them. 'Tis true, theſe *Siamite* Devotee's make no Vow, nor have any particular Rule or Diſcipline; the Public Rites of their Church being ſufficient for the laſt; and the Impotence and Diſagreeableneſs of their Age, ſupplies the defect of the firſt. They believe there is One God that created the Univerſe; ſubordinate to whom are ſeveral other Gods, by whom the Supreme God governs the World. An Opinion, my Friend, not much differing from that of ſome of you Chriſtians; nor, indeed, from Reaſon. The Soul they believe Immortal: That on its Separation from the Body, it paſſes to Eternal Happineſs or Miſery, after various Tranſmigrations. Good Works, they hold, will ſave them; particularly their Charity, which reaches to the very Beaſts, *buying the Birds on Feſtivals, only to ſet 'em at liberty.* The *Metempſychoſis* prevailing here, as well as in moſt of the Eaſt: The reaſonableneſs of it I ſhall ſhew in *China.* In their Ceremonies, which are numerous, they uſe a great many Lights; they Pray for the Dead, and perform their

their Obſequies with great Solemnity. The more inferiour and ignorant People here, invoke the Devil; tho' that be a Corruption the Prieſts endeavour to root out, and no part of their Religion. They diſpute not with thoſe of contrary Religions, judging a Good Life will ſave in All. Nor do they ever quit their Religion, ſaying, They have receiv'd it by immemorial Tradition, from the Saints now worſhip'd by them as Deities. The Clergy in *India* it ſelf, are Thirty Thouſand. *Numerous, my Friend, but yet Regular.*

(6.) There is no remarkable difference betwixt theſe and thoſe of *Cambodia*, a little Kingdom feudatory to *Siam*. Only One thing is here worth Obſervation, That 'tis thought a horrid Sacrilege for the Clergy to intermeddle with Temporal Affairs: And that they have but One Moſque or Temple in the City.

(7.) *Malacca* is Chriſtian, inhabited by *Portugueſe*. Their Principles you know, and their Practice is much inferiour to the Idolaters.

(8.) *Patana* is moſt *Mahometans*: They judge Fornication no Sin; Adultery Capital: The Delinquent may chuſe the manner of Death; but a near Relation muſt be Executioner. The other Religions of this Country

are

are *Siamite*, (of which already;) and *Chineſe*, (of which anon.)

(9.) *Sumatra* is all *Mahometans*, as well as *Java Major* on the Sea Coaſt; the Inland People being Idolaters, and hold the Tranſmigration of Souls. The *Mahometans* of both have their ſeveral *Lents* and *Faſts*. (But more of the *Mahometans* hereafter.) The *Maduranſ* are alſo *Mahometans*.

(10.) The Inhabitants of the Iſle of *Baly* are Idolaters, adoring the firſt Thing they meet in a Morning: And the Women are oblig'd to burn themſelves with the Funeral-flame of their Husbands. A Principle that would be, perhaps, more reaſonable, if it extended only to Old Wives; it being a little hard, to oblige the Younger to quit Life, before they are paſs'd the Uſe of it.

(11.) The Great Iſle of *Borneo* is partly *Mahometan*, and partly *Idolatrous*. The *Idolaters* of this Iſland have One Opinion peculiar, *That the Sun and Moon are Huſband and Wife*, and that the *Stars* are their *Children*; aſcribing to each, Divine Honours, eſpecially to the Sun, whom they ſalute, at his firſt Riſing, with great Reverence, and with the Repetition of certain Verſes; as if they agreed with your Old *European* Poets, that made that Planet the God of Wit and Poetry.

(12.) The

(12.) The Islanders of *Celebes* profess Three Religions, *Christianity*, *Mahometism*, and *Paganism*: and as within an Age, they were all of the latter; so they were *Canibals*, devouring Men.

(13.) The Inhabitants of *Gilolo* and *Amboina*, are a mixture of *Mahometism* and *Paganism*: They Circumcise, and yet adore the Devil, or rather, some Spirits of the Air: One of the Chief of which they call *Lamithe*, that is, *Air*; who is dependent on One more Powerful than himself, call'd *Lanthilla*; and is inferiour to *Taulay*, the next in degree to *Lanthilla*. A general Name for their *Damon*, is *Nito*; whom they affirm frequently to appear to 'em like a Man: With him they consult, the Spirit in that form giving out his Oracles. They bring him to a Conference, by the sound of a little Tabor they call *Tyfa*, and with lighted Wax-Candles, and Words of Conjuration. The Remainder of the Sacrifice they at these times make him of Meat and Drink, the Congregation eat and Drink. All their Actions are preceded by consulting the Devil, and are of Opinion, that no Ill comes from any other *Being*; and therefore, that they ought to prevent it by Sacrifice to him; which they are very observant of, even in their Houses. And tho' they Circumcise; yet differently from the *Jews* and *Mahometans*, only slitting the prepuce

prepuce with a Cane provided for that uſe. Their Marriages are ſolemniz'd by a Dance to their *Nito*, and the Agreement of the Parties and their Friends: and diſſolv'd, by pouring Water on each other's Feet, to purifie them from all Impurities committed together, and the next Day are free for ſome other. A Cuſtome, perhaps, as rational as convenient; and practis'd by the wiſeſt Nations, tho' with ſome other Reſtrictions.

(14.) *Banda* is *Mahometan*, and have this peculiar Principle, That they think, that thoſe who Pray not for the Dead, ſhall have no Reſurrection; tho' they believe the Reſurrection in general. They are ſo Religious, they never do any thing till they have Pray'd in the Morning.

(15.) The *Moluques* are partly *Mahometans*; but joyn that with the Adoration of their Gods, from whom moſt of the Nobility derive themſelves. They have no written Law: Polygamy's lawful, and Adultery unpuniſh'd. One particular Cuſtome or Policy I can't omit, tho' not relating to Religion, that obſerv'd with a great deal: Every Morning, at Break-of-Day, a Drummer goes round the Town, and ſummons the Men to perform Family-Duty; it being the Publick Intereſt that the Inhabitants ſhould multiply. My Friend, What think'ſt thou, will the Wives of *Europe* judge this a barbarous Cuſtome?

(16.) The

(16) The *Philipines* are now moſt Chriſtian, and under the *Spaniards*

(17) I cou'd ne'er obſerve any great Devotion to any Religion in the *Japaneſe*, but they hate *Chriſtianity*, an infinite number of Pagods they have, each of which has 15. or 20. Prieſts belonging to him. They Pray for the Dead, and are divided into ſeveral Sects and Opinions, tho' they have no Diſputes of Religion: The Sects of the *Eccleſiaſticks* are twelve in number, eleven of 'em eat nothing that has had Life, and make a vow of Chaſtity ſo ſtrictly to be obſerv'd, that the leaſt breach of it is puniſh'd with the moſt Cruel Death imaginable, fixing them in the Earth up to the middle in a Road, and all the Vulgar Paſſengers are to ſtrike him in the Neck with a Wooden Saw, which makes him three or four days expiring. But, my Friend, think 'em not Chaſt for this, for tho' they puniſh them for following the Dictates of Nature with a Woman, yet they allow 'em the uſe of Men and Boys. Prieſts worthy ſo irreligious a Laity. The twelfth Sect may feed on what they pleaſe, and Marry; and are reputed the moſt Holy and Pure of them all. The Chief of them being alſo the Chief of all the Clergy of *Japan*. Some think the Soul immortal, and that the Body returns to it's firſt principle, Duſt and Aſhes. That the Soul goes to Eternal Happineſs or Miſery. And at its return into this World, meets with Good or Evil, according to the Merits

of

of its former Life. Others make no distinction betwixt the Soul of a Men, and that of Beasts, and perhaps may in that be in the right, if at least the Opinion of Transmigration be true, as we shall consider by and by. One thing is remarkable, that they punish Lying with Death.

(18) The Inhabitants of the Island of *Formosa* believe the World Eternal; and the Immortality of the Soul, on which account they set a Wooden vessel full of VVater in the House of the Deceased, that the Soul may purifie it self in it. They believe Reward and Punishment in the next Life, in proportion to their Good or Evil deeds. That to pass from this VVorld to the next, the Soul must go over a very narrow Bridge, made of Canes, from which the wicked fall into a nasty Miry place, there to remain for ever: and the Good proceed to a Mansion of Pleasure, much like to your Poets account of the *Elysian* Fields. *Murder*, *Theft*, *Adultery*, and other Crimes they think no Sins. The only Sins being the covering their Secret parts at certain times; to wear Silk when they shou'd wear Cotton; not to have destroy'd Children in their Mothers VVomb, who can't Lawfully bear a Child till Thirty or Thirtyfive years of Age. They adore several Gods, particularly *Tamagisanhach*, and *Sariachsingh*, the former abides in the South presiding, over the generation of Mankind, who receives from him all that's excellent in Body or Mind.

VVhen

VVhen it Thunders in the Eaſt, they ſay 'tis his VVife *Taxank punda* chides him from her abode there, for not ſending Rain to the Earth, which on her ſcolding he immediately does. The other God dwells in the North, and deſtroys all the benefits, beſtow'd by the former on Mankind, diſfiguring his Face with the ſmall Pox, and incommoding him with other inconveniency. They Adore and pray to both; one to protect, the other not to injure them. The two Gods of VVar *Talafula*, and *Tapaliape*, are only invocated by the Men. Contrary to the Cuſtomes of of the reſt of the known World, this *Iſland* has none but a Female Clergy. Theſe Prieſteſſes they call *Inibs*; whoſe Worſhip conſiſts of Prayers, and Sacrifices, the latter of Swine, Rice, *Areca*, ſome particular Liquor, Deers and Wild Boars Heads. After theſe Prieſteſſes have fed heartily on theſe Offerings, they proceed to Prayer, which is long join'd with ſeveral diſtracted Motions of the Eyes, till falling to the ground they make dreadful cryes, and ſhrieks: after this they lye immoveable on the ground extended. In this poſture they affirm 'tis that their Gods Communicate their Mind to 'em. After this they get up to the top of the *Pagod*, and walking from one end to t'other Pray, again; then ſtrip ſtark naked, ſhew their Privy parts to their Gods, ſtriking them with their hands, then call for Water to waſh themſelves in the face of the Congregation. Each houſe has its

it's Oratory, where all that is there ſpent, is offer'd to the Gods by the Women of the Houſe, upon whoſe ſickneſs the *Isibs* perform it with a hundred extravagant Ceremonies, for all which they have their Reaſons.

(19) We now, my Friend, come to *China*, which as 'tis a Country of a vaſt Extent, ſo there are various Religions: Idolaters I confeſs make up the greateſt part; but they are not ſo groſs as to Adore Stocks and Stones, or Images of Gold, *&c.* as if Gods, but only Reverence them, as the Repreſentations of their Divinities and Saints. They affirm that all things Viſible and Inviſible were made by *Heaven*, and in this not much different from you, which they expreſs by the firſt letter of their Alphabet. They believe that *Heaven* Governs the World by a Vicegerent, whom they call *Laocon Tzantoy*; for him they have the greateſt Veneration, next the Sun, and affirm him to be an increated Spirit. The ſame they affirm of *Cauſay*, that has an abſolute Power over all ſublunary things. The Miniſters of theſe three Spirits, they term *Tanquam Teiquam*, and *Tziquam*. The firſt preſides over the Air and Rain, the ſecond over the Generation of Men, and other Animals, the third over the Sea. Saints they have Canoniz d by themſelves, tho' not honour'd by Divine Worſhip. There are ſome of the moſt Ignorant and Vulgar, invoke the *Devil*, and uſe incantations.

cantations. The ſame is done in moſt Countrys of *Europe* by the Ignorant, either in fancy or reality. Some have this opinion of the Creation, that the Heavnes, Earth, and Water were Eternal, but ſo confounded together in a Chaos, that a Divinity only cou'd ſeparate them. How many of your Politer *Europeans* have the ſame opinion. They ſeem to make two Creation of Man-kind, one in *Panzon*, and *Pauſona*, made by the Supreme Deity, of nothing, the Race of *Tanhom* (produc'd by *Panzon*) and his thirteen brethren, being deſtroy'd after they had liv'd on the Earth for Ninety Thouſand Years, and a ſecond Creation of Man in the Perſon of *Lotzitzien*. They believe the Immortality of the Soul, and affirm that Heav'n Communicates its Eternity to it, in Happineſs or Miſery, after Death, according to e'ry ones Merit. They hold a Purgatory to cleanſe the Souls from the impurities contracted from the Bodies they inform'd, and that they can be reliev'd by the ſuffrages of the living, and have their ſet times of performing theſe Ceremonies. The *Metempſychoſis* ſpreads very far here, as well as others parts of *Aſia*. They have ſeveral Orders of Religious. They uſe Beads in their Devotions, and uſe not a few Ceremonies at the Funerals of the Dead. *Polygamy* is Lawful, as 'tis in ſome of your Chriſtian Countrys, as in *Æthiopia*, and the Country of the *Abaſſines*.

Before I proceed, I muſt offer two or three

three Reasons in defence of the *Metempsychsis*, or transmigration of Souls, an Opinion spread farther than any other in the World, in which my self was bred, tho' perhaps I have some doubts of some particulars of it. Knowledge is certainly a part of the Happiness to come, that is, to know the Nature of all things; the surest way, and perhaps the only is by Transmigrating through the whole Universe of Creatures: after which our business with the sublunary World being over, we may by degrees pass above the Etherial Heavn's, better qualified Companions of the Omniscient Deity, both for purity and knowledge. We observe all knowledge gradual; and it seems superfluous to me, to have any knowledge given us here, if upon Death all things are immediately made known to us, 'tis true one Life in a Humane Body is too little to know the Nature of Man, but perhaps 'tis obtain'd by many, in which the Physicians of *Japan* are so perfect that they'l distinguish Distempers by the beating of the Pulse.

(20) The Kingdom of *Decan*, is in the Governing part *Mahometan*, differing but very little from those of *Turkie* and *Persia*. Tho 'there are besides several that the *Europeans* term *Pagans*, of the several sorts we shall speak of in *Guzzaratta*.

(21) *Guzzaratta* is plentifully furnish'd with variety of Religions, my Friend, for besides

beſides the *Maſsometans*, who are not of the *Perſian*, but the *Turkiſh* Sect, there are ſeveral ſorts of *Pagans*, who are the Antient Inhabitants of the Country. The firſt Sect is the *Banian*, with whom Marriage is a part of Religious Ceremony, the bleſſing of the *Bramans* being neceſſary to it. They believe there is but one God, Creator and Preſerver of the Univerſe; yet they adore the *Devil*, becauſe they ſay God has given him the Government of the World, and power to do miſchief, and are very zealous in their Devotions. They make corporeal Purifications, a principal part of their Religion, performing them in the Water before Sun-riſing, holding in their hand a ſtraw given them by the *Braman* or *Prieſt*, to drive away the evil Spirit, he bleſſing, and exhorting them all the while. Theſe *Bramans* pretend a peculiar advantage above all other Creatures, being produc'd from the Brain of their God *Brama*, whilſt all beſide were deriv'd from his more ignoble parts. This *Brama* they ſuppoſe to have been the firſt Man produc'd by the great God of all *Wiſthul* or *Etuara*, from a Flower that ſprung from his Navel as he was playing with a leaf, he found on the vaſt abyſs of Water, before the Creation, with his Toe, having for his diverſion transform'd himſelf into a little Child. The firſt thing *Brama* did, was to give God thanks for making him a Rational Creature: which gratitude pleas'd God ſo well, that he gave him

him not only power to Create the World, but alſo to Govern it being unwilling to trouble himſelf with it. In the *Brama* therefore lies the diſpoſition of all things here below. 'Twoud be too long to tell you of the Rebellion of *Brama*, and his ſubmiſſion, his having five Heads, and of his Lieutenants in the ſeveral parts of the Univerſe, one of them by Name *Derwendre*, governing the eight Worlds Inhabited like ours. They believe a ſucceſſion of Worlds, that there have been ſeveral before, and will be after the diſſolution of this, which has a Million of Ages to come. They have a Notion of the primitive purity, decay, and periſhing Virtues of Mankind. The Auſterity of Life, gains the *Bramans* great Authority, which is encreas'd by their ſuperintendency over the Education of their Children. In all affairs they are conſulted like *Oracles* by the *Bramans*. They encreaſe the Superſtition of invocating their Saints by the Legends of Miracles they have. They hold the Souls Immortality, and Tranſmigration. This makes 'em buy the Birds the *Mahometans* take to give them their liberty, and have Hoſpitals for the Lame and ſick beaſts. A Charity I have heard you commend and confirm from your Scripture, ſaying that the juſt Man is merciful to Man and Beaſt. The *Bramans* in the *Malabres*, have not only the Virginity of all Marry'd Women Conſecrated to their getting, but alſo the firſt Fruit of their VVombs.

The

The *Banians* are divided into eighty two principal Sects, too numerous here to particularize, nay e'ry family almoſt has its peculiar Ceremony and VVorſhip. But all theſe are comprehended under 4. *Ceurawath*, *Samarah*, *Biſnow*, and *Geogby*.

(22) The firſt are preciſe and bigotted to the *Metempſychoſis*, ſo that the *Bramens* cover their mouths, leſt any Inſect ſhou'd caſually be deſtroy'd that way; and ſweep their Houſes frequently, for fear of treading on them. They keep neither Fire nor Candle, for the ſame reaſon, and are critically nice in all things, of killing any thing that has Life. Theſe differ from the other *Banians* in their notion of a God, cutting off his Infinity, and making all things depend on chance. They believe Faſting and Alms-deeds, the only good Works; & that all things Viſible are Animals, and have in themſelves the firſt cauſes of their production and Motion. Tho' they hold the Souls Immortality, they believe not Heav'n nor Hell, but a continual and endleſs Tranſmigration from one body to another. The Abſtinence of their *Bramens* is incredible, tho' true, particularly about *Auguſt*, when they alſo aſſemble, and to the congregation hold forth on the Lives of their Saints. All this Sect may be admitted to the Prieſthood, a Vow of Chaſtity, and that ſtrict Life being all their Ordination. The VVidows of this *Caſte* or Sect burn not themſelves in their

Husbands Funeral Pile: 'tis so odious to all the rest, that any Communication at all, on any account, is to be expiated by a public penance.

(23) The next *Samarah*, agree with the former in not killing or eating any Animal: they believe the World created, and preserv'd by an unchangeable first *Cause*. This *Cause* they term *Permisteer*, who having three Substitutes, who have their several Offices over the Souls, Life, and growth of Man, Beasts, and Fruits, and also over the Dead, as to examine them, and the instruction of the People, in the Commands of God, of which they have a Book. They believe that *Mais*, the third of the Substitutes, presents the Souls after they are purify'd by their several Transmigrations to God, who then receives them into the number of his Servants. This they have peculiar, that they carry their dying People to the Banks of a River, that they may there expire. The Women of this *Cast* Burn themselves with the greatest alacrity of any. *Buffiuna*, the second of the Substitutes, having in their Law promis'd her that has so great an affection for her Husband as to burn herself with him, that she shall enjoy him in the other World, a Life seven times as long, and with seven times the satisfaction. This last, my Friend, would make many of your *Europeans* undergo this fiery Tryal, if I mistake not.

(24) The

(24) The *Caſte* of *Biſnow*, agree with the other in abſtaining from all Animal food, and the deſtroying of any thing that has Life. Their devotion to their God *Ramram* is ſinging of Hymns in his Honour, and Prayers that he bleſs them and their Families. Theſe hymns are attended with Dancing and Muſick. This God does all himſelf without Subſtitutes. Their VVives are not burnt.

(25) The Sect of *Geoghy*, have no propriety, live in VVoods, and ſmall Villages, or Ruins of Houſes, where they VVorſhip their God *Brnin*, and his ſervant *Mecis*. They go into the Temples of no other Sect to do their Devotions, nor on any other occaſions. They are a ſort of Rambling Hermits, they are given to ſilence, leſt they ſhou'd defile themſelves by ſpeaking to other Men, they being conſecrated to their God *Brnin*. They believe this God of theirs, created, and preſerves, all things, and can reduce them all again to nothing: a Doctrine, my Friend, you can't condemn. They hold he's not to be repreſented nor comprehended: That he is a Light that can't be beheld: they hold not the Tranſmigration of Souls, but that immediately the Soul is conveyed from the Body to *Brnin* to live with him Eternally, and be united to that Light.

(26) The *Rasbontes* are a branch of the Sect

of *Samarah*. They hold the Tranſmigration, and ſeveral other things common to that Sect; this they have peculiar, That the Souls of Men go into Birds, whoſe flight and ſinging they ſuperſtitiouſly obſerve, believing that they give their Quondam Friends, by theſe means, notice of good or evil to befal 'em. Theſe, contrary to all the other *Banians*, eat Fleſh, and live by Blood and Rapine.

(27) Beſides the *Banians*, there is a Sect of *Pagans* call'd *Parſis*; Fire is ſacred among them. They believe but one God, preſerver of the Univerſe, immediately acting in all things his ſervants, whom they venerate, being to give an account of their ſeveral Offices. To ſeven ſervants of God, they allot the care of ſeveral things: of Men to *Hamaſda*: of Cattle, and other living Creatures of the Earth, to *Bahman*: of Fire to *Ardibeſh*: of Metals to *Sarywar*; of the Earth to *Epander*: of the Water to *Amverdath*: of the Fruits, and products of the Trees, *&c.* to *Ammadath*. But theſe ſervants have no power over them, but are only to give an account of their Condition to God. They have beſides twenty ſix other ſervants, which they attribute to various things, as to the Sun, Moon, and Stars, the Air, Rain, Fire, *&c.* One to hold the balance before the Judges of Mankind, *Mir, Reſus*, and *Saros*. Another to keep the Souls in Paradiſe. One preſides o're Military affairs, & is

Inter-

Interceſſor for Victory: another gives joy and ſadneſs to Mankind: one governs the Winds: one teaches the Law of God, and inſpires good Motions: another beſtows Wealth on Man: One gives Underſtanding and Memory: another ſuperintends Commerce: one is Goodneſs it ſelf, and ſo all the reſt are Deputies or Governors of one thing or another. They have no Temple, and hold a diſtinct Principle of all Ill.

(28) There are yet two other ſorts of *Pagans* in this Kingdom, the firſt called *Indous*, they kill, and eat all things but an Ox and Cow, and as they are Soldiers have few Points of Faith.

(29) The other are call'd *Jeutives*, who likewiſe inhabit *Golconda*, they are Ignorant, & have an implicit Faith in the belief of their *Bramins*: which is that at firſt there was but one God, who took others, that were firſt Men, into a participation of his Power, as their Heroic actions merited: and to theſe they pray. They believe the Immortality and Tranſmigration of Souls, and therefore hate effuſion of blood. Beſides all theſe there is another ſort call'd *Theers*, that have no Religion at all; not but that they have a notion of a Deity, but being the ſcum of the People, Executioners, Scavengers, *&c.* they practiſe no Religion. Theſe are all the moſt conſiderable Religions I have obſerv'd in the *Indies*. I ſhall now proceed.

(30) The *Perſians* are *Mahometans*, and hold the *Alcoran* as well as the *Turks*, and *Moguls*; yet I have obſerv'd that they are enemies to each other on account of difference of Opinion. This difference I learnt by my Converſation with a *Perſian Molla*, of a very ſenſible and generous temper. And tho', my Friend, Men are naturally fond of the Principle they are brought up in to Bigotry; yet this ingenious *Perſian* was above it, and gave me this account of the difference betwixt theſe great Propagaters of *Mahometiſm*.

It conſiſts in different Interpretations of the *Alcoran*, in not having the ſame *Saints*, nor *Miracles*, nor the ſame *Moſques* or Ceremonies. Further, the principles of their Religion differ. They Worſhip *Aly* the Nephew, and Son-in-Law of *Mahomet*, Husband to his Daughter *Fatima*, and his Sons *Haſſan*, and *Hoſſein*, and *Schich Sofi*, deſcended in a right line from *Muſai Kaſim* the Son of *Hoſſein*. *Sofi* firſt aſſerted the Right of *Aly*, and the uſurpation of the *Caliſate* by *Abubeker*, *Omer*, and *Oſman*, the three Father-in-Laws of *Mahomet:* and that God much offended at it, had rais'd, and qualify'd him for the Reſtoration of the Glory of *Aly*, and as a confirmation publiſh'd ſeveral of *Aly*'s Miracles ſuppreſs'd by the malice of the *Turks*. That the Interpretation of the *Alcoran* was given by *Aly*, which his ſucceſſor *Tzafurſa-*

*duct*

*duck* publish'd, which tho' contrary in many things to *Hanife*, whom the *Turks* follow, yet more rational. For this reason the *Persians* curse *Abubeker*, *Omar*, *Osman*, and *Hanife*, as Impostors, and make *Aly*, tho not God, yet very near him in Excellence, and say that God design'd the *Alcoran* for *Aly*, tho' by mistake it fell into the Hands of *Mahomet*. They say there is but one God, *Mahomet* the Apostle of God, and *Aly* the Coadjutor or Lieutenant of God. they preferring him even to *Mahomet*. They repute and Pray to several of *Aly*'s first successors, as *Saints*, in number twelve, to which they add the Institutor of their Sect *Sofi* above-mention'd. To the Sepulchers of all these they go on Pilgrimage, where the Pilgrims have a Certificate given them, that they are true *Persian Mussulmans*. This Certificate saves their Lives against the anger of their Kings, tho' it be for abjuring their Religion. The Commentators they follow are chiefly *Aly*, and *Tzafurzaduck*, the *Turks* follow *Hanife*: the *Usbeques*, *Tartars*, and *Indians* admit also *Hembils* and *Maleki*. I would fill a Volume to give you all the differences of Interpretations, they being as numerous, as Verses that relate not to Morality, in which I have observ'd most part of the World agree, as well as the *Mahometans*. Differing in their Saints, they must by consequence differ in their *Festivals*, the memory of the Death of *Hassan*, and *Hossein*, is Celebrated e'ry year, with great

Solemnity, in *Ispahan*, with the Presence of the King. Among other Solemnities, Men and Boys wound themselves, and spurt the Blood all about their Bodies, in memory of the Innocent Blood of *Hossein*, spilt by his Enemies: and they think this expiates some of their Sins, and gains certain Salvation if they Dye before the Festival is ended. I have observ'd, my Friend, that there are but few Nations, but have provided in their Religion, a Purification for the Sins they commit, expiating with a Trifle the greatest Villanies. Another they have of *Chidder Nabbi*, who with *Elias* they suppose to have drank of the Water of Immortality: which two they suppose still living, one in the Water, t'other on Earth, tho' invisible. They believe none can perish by Water that pray, and vow to *Chidder*, and in *February* is his Feast. After they have treated their Friends, they set a Wooden Dish full of Meat for *Chidder*: and if they find any footstep in the Room, or the Impression of Fingers in the Meal next morning, 'tis a sign he accepts it. These and the other Festivals of their particular Saints, are peculiar to *Persia*. All the Fables about whom wou'd be endless to repeat to you; and the manner of their Pilgrimages, several of which they have besides that of *Mecca* and *Medina*, common to all *Mahometans*. *Sofi* instituted a Fast of forty days very severe, to Dye in which is also certain Salvation. Polygamy is Lawful in *Persia*, as well as other places of *Mahometism*.

*tism.* Nor is the use of Men and Boys punish'd, and indeed, my Friend, why shou'd it be a crime here, which their Prophet promises them as a reward of Virtue in Paradise. Nay Incest it self is tolerated. Give me, my Friend, a Religion that places future Happiness, as the reward of Works, not Faith: the first agreeing with the Institutes of Nature, and the necessity of Society; and the last terminating in words only, an easie subterfuge for all manner of Villany, making them the darlings of Heaven, whose Actions discover them the enemies of Heavens noblest Work, human kind. The *Persians* place a great Faith in Astrology, thinking the professors of that Science the Mouths of Fate, and learn'd in the great Volume of the expanded Heav'ns. They contemn all the Ecclesiastick Ceremonies of the *Turks* instituted by *Abubeker*, *Omer*, and *Osman*, and *Hanife*: and tho' they purify themselves by Water, as well, as the *Turks*, yet after another manner. They turn toward the South, when they pray, and are very devout. They have also another Lent that lasts a Month e'ry year. They Dedicate their Children to their Saints.

Their Opinion of Corporeal delights in Paradise, with fine Boys and Beautiful Virgins with always fresh Maiden-heads, with the rest of the Legends of the Alcoran, you know; and are too long to insert here. Their Belief, and History of the Alcoran, being the

moſt Childiſh of any I have yet met with. Their Morality is good, but rather Advice than Precept, and is therefore in leſs eſteem. There are beſide *Mahometans* in *Perſia*, *Armenian* Chriſtians, whoſe Points of Religion you know better than I.

(31) Beſides theſe there are a ſort of *Pagans*, call'd *Kebbers*, who, as far as I cou'd diſcover, have neither Baptiſm nor Circumciſion, nor Prieſts nor Churches, nor any Books of Devotion; but only have a Veneration for Fire. They believe the Immortality of the Soul; and have a Notion of Hell, and the Elyzian Fields. When any one Dyes, they let a Cock out of his Houſe, and if a Fox catch him, they aſſure themſelves of the Happineſs of the Deceas'd. If this Trial fail, they have another more certain and infallible. They dreſs the Dead in their beſt Cloaths, and adorn'd with all the moſt valuable things he has of Jewels, *&c.* ſet him upright in the Church-yard, and if Crows, Ravens, or any other ravenous Bird pick out his right Eye, he's held a Saint; if the left, he's held one of the Damn'd, and accordingly Bury him with reſpect or contempt. The *Gaurs* are of the ſame Religion and Nation with the *Parſis* in the *Indies*. And having here done with *Perſia*, I ſhall defer a farther account, my Friend, till my next: having here ſent enough for once, tho' the variety of the Opinions of theſe ſeveral Countries, will, I hope, make

make amends for the length of the Narration.

What thinkeſt thou, my Friend, have not moſt of them ſomething that may make the True Profeſſors Happy hereafter? ſince there is almoſt none, but direct a Life according to the Laws of Nature? Why ſhould we think that the Deity, that is pleas'd with the wondrous variety of Nature, and Corporeal Things, ſhould be diſpleas'd with the variety of the Worſhips of the ſeveral Nations of the Univerſe, it being the Effect of that Difference of Apprehenſion and Reaſon he has imprinted in all Mankind? But my Narrative has been too long to allow me any room for Reflexions. Accept of the Endeavours of thy Friend, to contribute to thy Satisfaction; and wiſh him ſafe from the Terrors of the Deep, and the Accidents A-ſhore; for Love has made a Coward of me. The Great and Supreme *God*, that only knows which of all the religious Endeavours of the Children of his great Family of the World are moſt pleaſing to him, have thee in his keeping. My next ſhall compleat my Account of Religion. Adieu, in haſte; the Ship I ſend this by being now ſetting Sail from us to your World, whil'ſt we proceed to another: Whither, the Joy I have to return, is leſſen'd by the diſtance it ſets betwixt our Perſons, not Friendſhip.

'What-

'Whate'er the Travellers may tell us (ſaid *Temple*) of the Inhabitants of the *Cape of Good-Hope*, and ſome other of the *Indians*, not having any Religion, I can never believe it; and attribute it rather to their Ignorance of their Language, or the Natives Reſerv'dneſs in diſcovering of their Principles. Tho' the Notion of a God (purſu'd *Brook*) be not innate; yet the Mind is ſo evidently, and ſo many ways convinc'd of it, that I can't think any Nation without ſome *Idea* of a Deity. 'Tis ſtrange, indeed, (continu'd *Grave*,) that only one or two of thoſe numerous Nations that fill the vaſt Continents of *Europe*, *Aſia*, *Africa*, and *America*, ſhould be exempt from that which is ſo amply believ'd all the World over beſides. The Neceſſities of Life and Society (ſaid *River*) teach all ſome Principles of Morality. Nature, indeed, (aſſum'd *Winter*,) ſeems not to be at ſo low an Ebb in the moſt Barbarous, as to have left them without any Sentiments of Morality, at leaſt, any that I have read of. In that Point (added *Church*) I am afraid ſome of our *Europeans* may ſet up for the firſt Prize of Barbarity. Right, (continu'd I;) for tho' we have the Advantage of Precepts of moſt of the reſt of Mankind, yet are we much inferior ev'n to the Canibals of the *Caribee Iſlands*, in our Practice in all the Parts of Morality.

'In

'In *Japan*, (purſu'd *Summer*,) Lying is pu-'niſh'd with Death: And in almoſt all '*Aſia* (aſſum'd *Fountain*) they are faithful to 'their Friends; and in the Countrey of the '*Cafres*, in ſo remote a Part of *Africa*, they 'are faithful Servants, and fair Dealers. 'For my part, (concluded *Chappel*,) I think 'it is a noble and amazing Proſpect, to view 'the numerous ways Nature has taught 'Mankind to adore and honour its Maker; 'and to find for each ſuch Reaſons, and 'ſuch ſtrong Traditions.

'But, Gentlemen, we interrupt the 'Courſe of our Hiſtory of Religion; which 'thus is proſecuted in this Second Letter, ac-'cording to his Promiſe.

LETTER

# LETTER X.

*To Sir* John R——ts, *at his Houſe near* Bedford, *Theſe. A Continuation of the Hiſtory of the Religions of* Aſia, Europe, *and* Africa.

——*The thrice happy* Horan, *to the deareſt of his Friends: Health of Mind and Body, and Equality of Joy.*

HAving finiſh'd the remaining Part of my Narrative in my Voyage hither; I find, at my landing at the City of *India*, ſome Embaſſadors parting from hence for *France*; in which a Friend of mine going, has engag'd to tranſmit this from thence into *England* to you. I hope the Seas permitted the Ship I ſent my laſt by, to come ſafe to *England*, elſe this will be imperfect, having in that run through all the Opinions of the *Eaſt*, as far as the Bounds of *Perſia*. I ſhall now begin with *Cathay*, bordering on *China*.

(1.) The *Tartars* of this Countrey, and all others that have not receiv'd *Mahometiſm*, adore the *Sun*, *Moon*, &c. *Fire*, *Earth*, and *Water*. Which Worſhip, tho' erroneous,

ous, ſhews a Gratitude for the Benefits they yield to Humane Life. Each Morning, faſting, they offer their Food to theſe Deities. They believe there is One Supreme God; but worſhip him not, nor pray to him. Idols they place at the entrance of their Tents, and to him offer the *primitiæ* of Milk, Meat, Drink, and the Hearts of Beaſts: All which, when they have been plac'd before theſe ſilken and felt Gods all Night, they eat in the Morning. To the Emperor's Idol they offer a Horſe, after that to be rid by none. They are ſo devoted to the Traditions of their Religion, that a Breach of them is Death, or a Penal Summ of Money; tho' in trifling Matters, as touching the Fire with a Knife, medling with young Birds, *&c.* which are forbid. They ſet Mares Milk before the Dead; and his Friends eat a Horſe, and burn its Bones, for his Soul. The Hide they ſet upon a Pole, that he mayn't want a Tent in the next World. With him they bury a Horſe and Furniture, beſides a Mare, a Colt, and his Gold and Silver. They purifie every thing, by paſſing it between two Fires. Spirits they feed, by caſting Mares Milk into the Air, or pouring it on the Ground. Among their Religious Order, (many of which they have,) there is one, call'd *Senſim*, who eat nothing but Bran ſteep'd in hot Water. They believe the World was created, and the Tranſmigration of Souls. They oblige none by force to be of their Religion.

(2.) The

(2.) The other Regions poſſeſs'd by the *Tartars*, which ſpread from *China* along the great Ocean, North-Weſt of *Japan*, to the utmoſt Bounds of *Aſia*, over a vaſt Continent, round moſt of the *Caſpian-Sea*, and to the Frontiers of *Perſia*: ſome of which are *Idolatrous*, others *Mahometan*; ſome, but very few, *Chriſtians*, ſcatter'd up and down. In *Sanchion* there are ſeveral Monaſteries of Idols, to whom they dedicate their Children; and on Feſtivals, ſacrifice Rams, for their Preſervation. They eat the Fleſh, but preſerve the Bones, as holy Reliques. Before the Corps of a Grandee, they ſet a Table, furniſh'd with Proviſions; whoſe Odour, they ſuppoſe, refreſhes the departed Spirit, and heartens it againſt the burning of the Body: With which they caſt into the Fire the Pictures of his Wives and Servants, to ſerve him in the other World.

(3.) In *Tangoth*, all that is different, is, Their Idols have many Heads, and their Reliques are wall'd in.

(4.) In *Succuir* they offer Perfumes made of *Rhubarb*.

(5.) In *Candin*, they proſtitute their Wives, Siſters and Daughters to Strangers, in honour of their Idols.

(6.) In

(6.) In *Mangi*, the Sick vow to offer their Blood to their Idols, if they recover. To theſe Idols alſo they ſacrifice Rams with Black Heads; which, with Spic'd Drinks, they eat, with Singing and Dancing. They worſhip toward the North, and ſet their Temple-Doors open toward the South. This was all the difference I obſerv'd, as to the Religion of all the *Tartars*; except thoſe who were *Mahometans*, who are generally of the Sect of the *Turks*, and hold the Succeſſion of *Abubeker*, *Omar*, and *Oſman*; the Interpretation of *Hanife* and *Maleki*.

(7.) The *Circaſſians* (famous for Beautiful Women, and Ugly Men,) are a medly of Religions. They Baptize and Circumciſe; and are indeed compos'd of both *Chriſtian*, *Mahometan*, *Jews*, and *Idolaters*. As to their Religion (I mean,) they have One thing remarkable, That they never enter their Churches till they reſolve to leave off Vice; that is, till after Forty Years of Age: after which time, they rob no more. They ſeem to adore a Goat's Skin, which, at the Funeral of the Chief Lord of each Village, is ſet up at its Entrance. The Privities they cut off, and caſt againſt the Wall; and if they ſtick there, they worſhip them.

(8) *Arme-*

(8.) *Armenia*, *Syria*, *India*, *Ægypt*, *Arabia*, *Anatolia*, and all the reſt of *Aſia*, and Part of *Europe*, under the dominion of the *Turks*, are *Mahometans*, of the Sect of *Omar*: The difference betwixt which, and thoſe of *Haly*, I have given you in my former, at leaſt, as far as I cou'd learn, when I was in *Perſia*, from an honeſt *Molla*, or Doctor of the Law.

(9.) In *Nova Zembla* they have no eſtabliſh'd Religion, as I cou'd learn, but their Adoration of the *Sun*, during the Half Year of its preſence; and the *Moon*, and *North-Star*, in the time of its abſence. To theſe they offer Yearly Sacrifices of Deer; all which they burn, except the Head.

(10.) Among the *Samodies*, every Family, or Tribe, has its Temple, where they ſacrifice. The Eldeſt is the Prieſt, adorn'd with Fiſhes Teeth and Bones, and a White Garland on's Head. In their Divine-Service, inſtead of Singing, he Houls till he falls down as One dead: riſing again, orders a Sacrifice of Five Deer; then thruſts a Sword half way into his Belly, with ſeveral other Illuſions, their Religion conſiſting in nothing but Sorcery and Illuſions. With theſe we may joyn thoſe of *Lapland*, and moſt of thoſe extreme Northern Countries, which are wholly ſubject to the Juggling Tricks of their Wizards, and their whole Religion lyes in

in Incantations. Does it not ſeem ſtrange, my Friend, that Countries bordering on *Chriſtendom*, ſhould want Inſtructors in better Principles, ſince the Chriſtian Prieſts pretend to ſo much Piety and Zeal for the Propagating of their Religion. Believe me, Friend, they owe their Ignorance to their Poverty, and the Sterility of their Frozen Countrey. The Prieſthood would have convey'd the Light of the Goſpel to them, had not Nature deny'd 'em ſo much the Light of the Sun, that they are deſtitute of rich Metals to gratifie their Pride. And 'tis evident, 'tis no Zeal for Religion, but Gold, that makes the timorous Pedants paſs ſo many Seas to the New World of *America*, ſince they can have no Eye of Regard to theſe in far greater Ignorance nearer home. I ſhall ſay nothing of the ſeveral Religions of *Europe*, as to their Principles, except the *Mahometans*; an Account of which I ſhall now give you, tho', perhaps, you are better acquainted with them your ſelf. I know you are perfect in all thoſe that profeſs the Name of your Great Prophet, *Chriſt*. I will not therefore ſay any thing of *Moſcovy*, *Livonia*, *Lithuania*, *Poland*, *Tranſilvania*, *Moldavia*, *Valachia*, *Greece*, *Dalmatia*, *Germany*, *Hungary*, the *Low-Countries*, *France*, *Italy*, *Spain*, and the reſt of *Europe*; but end my Account with that of the *Mahometan* Religion, as ſhort and conciſe as I can.

(11.) The

(11) The great Repoſitory of the *Mahometans* Religion is the *Alcoran*, as the *Bible* is that of Chriſtianity. 'Tis divided into 124 Chapters, and he promiſes to him that reads this Book over a Thouſand times, a Woman in his Paradiſe, whoſe eye-brows ſhall be as wide as the Rain-bow; an extravagant Beauty, my Friend, nor much to be coveted, if all her parts were to be proportionable, unleſs he was to encreaſe to a like bigneſs. But this is not the only abſurdity, if we take the *Alcoran* in a litteral ſenſe, which the more Learned of that Opinion deny, making the whole but an *Allegory*. Their Law is divided into eight parts or Commandments. 1. That there is but one God and his Prophet *Mahomet*. 2. Preſſes the duty of Children to Parents, and defines it. 3. Of the love of Neighbours to each other. 4. Of Times of Prayer in their Temples, and how the *Mahometans* are oblig'd to pray five times every day. 5. That a Lent of thirty days is to be kept yearly and ſtrictly. 6. Preſſes Charity, and Alms-deeds to the Poor in a very emphatic manner. 7. Obliges e'ry one to Marry at twenty five years of Age. 8. Againſt Murder. To thoſe that obſerve this precept he promiſes a Paradiſe, which he either really or allegorically compoſes of all the effects and concomitants of luxury and eaſe, and all ſuch things as yield the greateſt pleaſure, and are of the greateſt value with

us

us here; as Precious Stones, purling Brooks, flowry Meads, Beautiful Women, with eternal Maiden-heads, Ganymeds, Gold, &c. For the Transgressors of this Law, he has prepar'd a Hell with seven Gates, where their Liquor and Food shall be Fire, where they shall be bound in Chains, and tormented with scalding Water. He teaches the Resurrection as well as you. The *Alcoran* besides all this gives several Judicial and Moral Precepts, as to abstain from Swines Flesh, and that of Beasts, that are not kill'd. Directs their Fridays Devotions (that being their Sunday) with a great deal against Adultery, Usury, and indeed all other Vices that pervert our manners, & render us less profitable to our Neighbours, and by consequence to Humane Society; the encrease and preservation of which was *Mahomet*'s peculiar Aim and Interest. He directs the Pilgrimage to *Mecca*, commends Friendship, is against Cowardice, and forgiving Enemies; and Teaches that none can Dye before their time, and none avoid Death when their time is come. A good precept, or at least a political one to take away fear of Death: 'Tis a thing no danger can bring before its allotted time, nor defer beyond it. The *Mahometans* also believe that all that Dye in the Wars, go immediately go to Paradise: a good encouragement to fight bravely, when the force of education perswades that the worst effect of War, Death, is so much better than the best of Peace, Life, and Prosperity

ſperity here. They are againſt all Images in Temples, eſteeming it Idolatry, think it unlawful to drink Wine. They believe a good life in all Religions will bring Men to Paradiſe, which wou'd ſeem to deſtroy their principle of forcing all to their Religion, did they not affirm that the *Muſſulmans* are all in a higher and more excellent Paradiſe than the beſt of the reſt of the World. They hold that *Moſes*, *Chriſt*, and *Mahomet* ſhall at the Reſurrection appear with three Banners, and the followers of them, rank themſelves under each. They believe Works merit Heaven: and that e'ry Man has two Angels, one on the right hand, and the other on the left. At the firſt ſound of the Trumpet of the Angel *Iſraphil*, they ſay, all both Men and Angels ſhall Die, and revive again at the ſecond, and then Mens Souls ſhall be weighed in the Scales by the Angel *Michael*. They hold that there is an Iron Bridge o'er which the wicked are convey'd, ſome into Everlaſting Hell, ſome into Purgatory. They think the Sun at's riſing, and the firſt ſight of the New Moon ought to be reverenc'd. They allow *Polygamy*: hold that one muſt waſh before he enters into their *Moſques*, and after performing any of the neceſſities of Nature: and that the ſpots in the Moon were made by the Wing of the Angel *Gabriel*, as he flew along by it. They believe the Devils themſelves ſhall be ſaved by the *Alcoran*.

They

They have other Tenents, but too long to be here inſerted, unleſs I deſign to make a Volume of a Letter. Beſides, I am perſuaded, you have better means of coming to a greater knowledge of this Religion than my ſelf, ſince I have heard that the whole *Alcoran* is tranſlated into your Language. I ſhall therefore end my *Letter* with a ſhort Account of the Religions of a great part of *Africa*, given me by a Friend that had viſited all the following Places: I ſhall only premiſe, That I leave out the Kingdoms of *Fez* and *Morocco*, and all the reſt that are *Mahometans*; ſince they differ in very little from the *Turks*, or one another, unleſs in the greater or leſs Magnificence of their Ceremonies, or Moſques; and thoſe Countries, as *Æthiopia*, &c. that embrace Chriſtianity; ſince the ſeveral Tenets of the Chriſtians of the whole Univerſe you have formerly ſhewn me a Collection of.

(1.) The *Lower Æthiopia* is Idolatrous, except ſome few Mahometans; yet ſome of them worſhip but One God. They have a ſuperſtitious Obſervation of particular Days of the Moon. They feaſt the Dead with Bread, and boil'd Fleſh. They put to Death Witches, Thieves, and Adulterers: Allow Polygamy; tho' the firſt Wife be Chief, and the reſt her Servants. They are cloath'd in White, when they pray to the Dead.

(2.) In

(2.) In *Angola* they worſhip Wooden Idols repreſenting *Negro's*; at whoſe Feet, on heaps of Elephants Teeth, are ſet the Skulls of their Enemies ſlain in War. They eſteem Sickneſs always the Effect of the Anger of their Gods; and their only Medicine to appeaſe them, is, by pouring on their Feet Palm-Wine. Their Dead they waſh, new-cloath, and bury with Proviſions of Meat, Drink, and Goods; and wet his Grave with Goat's Blood. Divination by Birds they much eſteem; and think Life, Death, Plenty and Famine, in the Power of their Prieſts, which gains 'em great Veneration.

(3.) In *Congo* they ſeem not much to vary in their Circumſtantials, only they worſhip ſeveral Birds, Beaſts, Herbs, and Fruit; have ſeveral Incantations, *&c.* but among them are a great many Chriſtians.

(4.) In *Loango*, to the North of *Congo*, they are Idolaters, and Circumciſe. Each Trades-man appeaſes his God with ſomething belonging to's Profeſſion; the Husband-man, with Corn; the Weaver, with Cloth, *&c.* They kill Goats, in Honour of their Idols, at the death of their Friends; and celebrate Feaſts to their Memory. They'll rather die, than touch any Meat their Prieſts forbid 'em.

(5.) At

(5.) At *Auzichi*, beſides the general Worſhip of the *Sun*, each Man has his particular Idol.

(6.) In *Guinea* they adore Idols of Straw. They blaſpheme God; and, by that, confeſs they believe One; laying all their Miſeries to his Charge, as their Author; and attribute all their Good to their own Induſtry. On Feſtivals, their Prieſts give 'em a Sermon; after which, he ſprinkles the young Boys with Water in which a Newt ſwims. They conſecrate to their Idol the firſt bit of their Food, and the firſt draught of their Drink. To appeaſe their angry God, they bribe his Prieſts with Gold. If they paint themſelves with Chalk, they think they ſerve their God devoutly. They conſult certain Trees, as Oracles; and the Prieſt, with his Wives, goes in Proceſſion, and caſts Wheat into the Sea, to appeaſe their God, and procure Succeſs for the Fiſhermen. One thing's extraordinary pleaſant; Here they bury Gods of Straw with their Dead, that they may accompany them in the other World. They hold it a Sin to Spit on the Ground. *Tueſday*'s their *Sunday*, and they uſe Circumciſion.

(7.) In *Madagaſcar* the Sea-Coaſts are *Mahometans*; the Inlands, *Idolaters*: And tho' they believe One God created Heaven

and Earth, have yet no Days nor Prayers dedicated to 'em. They are Circumcis'd: Hold Polygamy, and the Immortality of the Soul.

And here, my Friend, I'll make an end of this tedious *Letter*, with informing thee, that I am at last poſſeſs'd of all the Charms of my *Euthalia*. The rigour of her Vertue, or Religion, kept me from her Embraces till we arriv'd here; where a Prieſt of her own Faith licens'd us to unite our Bodies, as Love had before our Minds; for ſo much was due to the Scruples of my Fair One. Of ſuch prevailing force is the Ceremonious and Political Part of Religion, that it moſt commonly maſters Reaſon, and ſometimes the Paſſions. This perſuaded the *Charming Innocent*, That *Enjoyment* was a Crime before, tho' not after the Formal Ceremony of Marriage; as if Words were of more obliging force than Things, or Tranſitory Vows than Eſtabliſh'd Love. Deſire, Opportunity, nor Importunity, cou'd not beat her from her fanſy'd Vertue; and I was fain to be a Martyr to her religious Reſolves through all my Voyage. But now, my Friend, the old Veil of Virgin Modeſty is drawn, and all her Charms laid open to my View and Poſſeſſion: 'tis impoſſible to tell thee all the pleaſing Raptures they give me. I fanſie, ſometimes, *Mahomet* not ſo much to blame, in framing his Paradiſe of ſuch

Joys;

Joys; ſince Humane Nature ſeems unable to bear greater, without a Diſſolution.

*Love*, my Friend; and be happy in her you love: that you may perceive what a Happineſs thy Friend wiſhes thee, when he wiſhes thee like himſelf. I long to hear from thee: omit not therefore the firſt Opportunity; nor will I let ſlip any, of conveying my Diſcourſes to thee by Letter, and of talking my Mind, ſometimes, to the Man I love and value. Adieu.

'Thus we ſee (ſaid *Temple*) that the 'World is full of Religious Forms and Precepts: and that Nature, and the Common 'Reaſon of Humane Kind, has taught every 'Nation the Neceſſity of ſome Worſhip, 'tho' its Forms are adapted to their ſeveral '*Genii* and Inclinations. Each Nation, 'indeed, (reply'd *Grave*,) abounds vith variety of thoſe Theorems of Religion, (for 'ſuch I eſteem their Actual Worſhip, which 'has not an immediate relation to the Good 'of Society,) but I can find very few that can 'boaſt much of the Practice of what they all 'agree to be ſo very neceſſary. Religion, '(continu'd *Fountain*,) tho' ſuch a *Proteus*, 'to change its ſhape in ev'ry Countrey, will 'yet appear, on a narrow Inſpection, to aim 'at the ſame; *viz.* the Adoration of ſome 'Deity; with a Form of that Adoration,

'and the Good of Society. The Subject 'of which (purſu'd *Winter*) being ſo little 'known, at leaſt, with any certainty, Hy- 'pocrites, Impoſtors and Knaves, the eaſier 'impoſe upon the *Million* with Pious Pre- 'tences, for Real Villanies. Religion '(ſaid *Church*) is ſcarce more generally 'receiv'd, than the Deſpotic Authority 'of the Prieſthood, that diſpenſes it; and 'the Laity, for the moſt part, like the *Afri-* 'cans mention'd in this Letter, think to 'appeaſe their angry Deity, by bribing his 'Prieſts with Golden Offerings. Their 'Converſing with Sacred Things, (purſu'd '*Brook*,) perſuades us they ſhould be Holy; 'and conſequently, have an Intereſt in their 'Maſter----- However Barbarous (inter- 'rupted *Summer*) we may think the *Indians*, 'in religious Affairs, I am ſure, great part 'of *Chriſtendom* might learn one piece of 'Polity (if it merit not the Name of Piety) 'of them; *viz.* To confine the Clergy to 'Spirituality, and root out that Seed of Am- 'bition in Church-men, which has brought 'forth to *Europe* ſo many Crops of Slaugh- 'ter and Deſolation. Whil'ſt the dazling 'Hope of Preferment (purſu'd *River*) makes 'em, in all Nations, to complement their 'Intereſt; and do more than Chriſt cou'd, in 'reconciling *God* and *Mammon*: They are 'all *Origens* then, and ſo much in love with 'Temporalities, that Hell it ſelf muſt be 'Temporal too. I can't therefore (added

'*Chappel*)

'*Chappel*) but admire that wiſe *Indian* Nation, mention'd by our Traveller, who will not be brib'd by all their bigotted Devoir, due, perhaps, to Exemplary Piety,) to think it leſs than unexpiable Sacrilege, for the Clergy to have the leaſt Finger in the leaſt Temporal Affairs, tho' in the Palace of their King. You may turn your Conſideration (concluded I) from the Clergy to all of us, and yet find Religion made a Trade: We deal with God like Huckſters in a Market, bidding ſo much for ſo much: If God will do this or this, why then we'll promiſe Amendment of Life, Acts of Charity, &c. as if the neceſſity of our own Welfare depended not on the Practice of all the Precepts of Religion.

'But now let's to the next. What's here, (ſaid *River*,) a Letter for Retirement, after all his *Progreſs over the World?* And that very proper too, (anſwer'd *Chappel*,) having ſeen and experienc'd ſo great a variety of the Follies and Vices of Mankind: But I'll read it out, ſince I'm ſure he'll find but few of his Mind here.

# LETTER XI.

*For Retirement.*

——*The happy* Honan, *to his dearest Friend: Health of Body and Mind.*

DEmanding of a Learn'd *Arabian*, some Years since, Why he affected Retirement? He answer'd, Because in it he could study to be Good, *Hurry and Noise being no Friends to Contemplation.* He might have added, *Nor to Honesty:* For the secureſt way to defend our ſelves from Vice, my Friend, is to flie from it. The Converſation of Mankind is infectious; and he that lives in Buſineſs, and Affairs of any Conſequence, may indeed, ſometimes, be ſucceſsful, and gain the Prize of *Wealth* and *Honour*, but he can never be *Innocent*; the general Villanies of the World is ſuch, that it puts a Man on a Neceſſity of ſharing in them, if he will not be a Bubble to all Men elſe.

I have made a long Voyage round the Ocean of Mankind; which is never ſerene and calm: I have view'd the various Humours, Cuſtoms, Manners and Religions of great part of the World, but never cou'd yet diſcover thoſe Beams of Vertue, that ſhould invite me continually to bask and lye in 'em.

I ſll

I'll quit it therefore, and retire to ſome Corner of the World, the moſt ſecure from Noiſe and Ambition; where Nature affords a mean, but eaſie and wholſome Nouriſhment; and, where my very diſtant Neighbours are not yet corrupted by politer Villany, from their Native Barbarity, of knowing no Laws but thoſe of innate Juſtice. I tell thee, Friend, in that divine Retreat, I ſhall ſit aloft; and in the Arms of my *Enthalia*, find Joy and Pleaſures enough to fill my Mind: Innocent, and bleſs'd with Peace and Love, Fate ſhall find us always ready, tho' not deſirous of it.

Your Prophet *Moſes*, (a Man, indeed, Wiſe, if not Divine,) has given a perfect Draught of Humane Happineſs, in *Adam* and *Eve*, within the Bounds of one delicious Garden: Two compos'd it, my Friend; and when the World encreas'd to Four, Envy, Revenge and Murther enter'd, attended with their horrid numerous train of Vices, which multiply'd with Mankind.

I know thou art a Friend to a tranquil, eaſie Life, remote from the unruly Billows of the World. The Pleaſures therefore of Retirement, and the fanſy'd Advantages of Converſe, be in reality thy Lot; in which always remember thy Friend that values thee. Adieu.

India, 1688. *Your Stile.*

'I am ſo far from the Opinion of our Traveller, (ſaid *Chappel*,) that I think Society the very Foundation of Nature; ſince the love of Communication, the Bond and Chain of it, made God create all thoſe Myriads of Beings. And tis the known Opinion (aſſum'd *Brook*) of the beſt of Philoſophers, That God has thoſe Moral Qualities they call *Vertues*, tho' in an infinitely more exalted manner than Mankind. If we will but give our ſelves the liberty (purſu'd *Summer*) to conſider Humane Nature with a little more than ordinary Attention, we ſhall find it to be ſuch, that no one Man is ſufficient for his own Subſiſtence, Security and Happineſs; but that we all ſtand in need of each other's mutual Aſſiſtance. Right, (continu'd *Temple*,) and hence 'tis that thoſe mutual Offices ariſe, that paſs reciprocally from Man to Man. Of which (aſſum'd *Grave*) conſiſt thoſe Habits of the Mind we call *Vertues*. Without theſe, indeed, (continu'd *River*,) Life would not be Life: for there would be no living, if there were no Bond of Charity and Love betwixt Friends, Relations, Countreymen, and Fellow-Citizens, and betwixt all Mankind; if there were no Juſtice, nor any of thoſe Vertues that maintain the Union of Society. True, (interrupted *Church*) the very Subſiſtence and Continuance of that, argues againſt

'that

'that univerſal Villany our Traveller caſts 'on Mankind. From what you have ob- 'ſerv'd, (ſaid *Winter*,) we may gather, That 'as God, by his Will, has united Hu- 'mane Kind by Society, without which 'it can't ſubſiſt; ſo he ordains, That thoſe 'Vertues be moſt cheriſh'd and embrac'd by 'Man, which contribute moſt to that end; 'and thoſe Vices moſt avoided, that are moſt 'oppoſite to it. From what you have ad- 'vanc'd, Gentlemen, (ſaid *Fountain*,) you 'ſeem to make way for the Vertue of States- 'men, in ſpite of the Harangues of the 'Pulpit and the Poets againſt Courts and 'Politicians; ſince 'tis certain, the chief 'Care of *Society* paſſes through their Hands. 'Their Lives, and their Labours, with their 'pious Endeavours, without doubt, (con- 'cluded I,) if not directed by private By- 'Ends, are much more meritorious and ſa- 'cred than all the celebrated Harangues of 'the Friends of Contemplation.

'But now proceed we to the next.

## LETTER XII.

*Of* Conſolation. *In Anſwer to one of Sir* John's: *In which he inform'd him of a malicious Proceſs made againſt him by an Informer.*

Honan *to his diſconſolate Friend, Comfort and Deliverance.*

AFter much longing to receive One from thee before I left this Kingdom of *Siam*, I receiv'd yours, ſent by the Royal Embaſſie from *France* to this Court; by which I'm ſorry to find, that the Effects of Malice, and the Ills proper to the buſie and ambitious part of Mankind, could find thee out in thy Retirement, and force thee to an Occaſion of practiſing ſome of that Morality, whoſe Precepts you ſo much abound in: But it ſhews, That the very *Vicinity of Mankind is dangerous.*

Believe me, Friend, thy Letter has given me a near Concern for thee; ſince I was always of Opinion, That the tempeſtuous Ocean was far leſs dangerous than the Attacks of Villains: Of all which, certainly a profligate Informer is the worſt, and moſt dangerous Creature in any Nation; and there-

therefore, not only baniſh'd the Empire by the beſt of the *Roman* Emperors, but alſo, at this day, driven from all the wiſer and more juſt Courts of *Aſia*. But I hope this Letter will find theſe threatning Clouds diſpers'd, and the happy Sun-ſhine of triumphant Innocence ſurround thee, and render my Endeavours to comfort thee fruitleſs, the better way, as coming after the Storm is over, and you ſafe on Shore.

But, my Friend, why doſt thou permit ſuch horrid Scenes of Terror to preſent themſelves before thy Fancy? Methinks 'tis better to take the moſt pleaſant Handle of a dubious Event, at leaſt, to ſide with Hope. For why ſhould we call in ſupernumerary Ills, and antedate thoſe Sufferings which we ſhall too ſoon undergo; and by that means deſtroy the Happineſs of the preſent Time, with ſuperfluous Fears of Futurity? I can't perſuade my ſelf, that 'tis any part of Wiſdom, to be miſerable to day, becauſe thou muſt be ſo at one time or other. But I'll conduct thee, by a ſurer Path, to Indifference and Security. Haſt thou a mind to be deliver'd from all Solicitude in this Affair? Imagine the worſt thou fear'ſt, already come to paſs; diſſect the formidable Ill, and lay open to thy view its greateſt Terrors; then thou wilt condemn thy Fear, finding that what, when diſtant, gave thee ſo ſhocking an Apprehenſion, is either little, or of ſmall duration. Death is the extremity of your

Puniſh-

Punishment. Believe me, Friend, that's not a thing to be so much afraid of; since it puts us out of a capacity of any more Indignities. Never be disturb'd therefore at the Threats of thy Enemies; and since Innocence is not secure against the Attempts of Rogues, prepare thy self for the worst, both as to thy suffering, and thy defence against it. All thy Enemies can do to thee, is small, if thou can'st bear it; or short, if thou can'st not. In short, Plunge not thy Mind in this tumultuous Solicitude; since thou hast known before now, That Death, like the Sword of *Damocles*, hangs by a Horse's Hair over thy Head; and a Million of trivial Accidents may cut that Hair, before the Weight of the Sword break it. Besides, we die not all at once: Death, like Diseases, grows on us ev'ry Day, since 'twas born with us. Each Day we die: For each Day some part of our Life is gone; nay, as we increase in Stature from our Childhood, Life decreases in us; Death first robs us of our thoughtless Days of Infancy, and then of those of trifling Childhood, and fickle Youth; it still goes on, and never leaves us, till (like one of the *Indian Rasboutes*) it has rifl'd us of all we have. All our past Days are now no more; nay, we even divide this very Day, this very Minute I am writing, with Death; the ravenous Cormorant devours as fast as Thought.

Thus

Thus having plac'd the worſt before your view, you ſee what a Pigmy 'tis Fear has dreſs'd up in that Gigantic Form. But, my Friend, better things may happen; and the Villain may periſh, where he ſought thy ruine. My Mind preſages Good to thee; and I have often conſider'd thee; and nothing violent attends thy Fate, if my Obſervations fail me not. However, I wiſh thee Triumphant over thy Enemies, and Fortunate as well as Good. Adieu.

*India*, 1688.

'The Pain of Misfortunes are never truly apprehended (ſaid I) but when Experience teaches us: The Pangs of Mind which th' unhappy feel, are unknown, and incredible to thoſe that have no *Idea's*, but what Fancy gives 'em, of their Sufferings; the height of which they imagine only a bare Privation of Pleaſure. The Event (purſu'd *Temple*) ſhews they are extreme, when nothing but Death can eaſe them, and that only in fancy. *Epicure* (ſaid *Grave*) accuſes not only thoſe that fear Death, but thoſe too that covet it: For what's more ridiculous, than to have recourſe to Death to avoid Death? The truth on't is (aſſum'd *Fountain*) we ought neither to be fond of Life, nor yet

to

'to hate it. And I think that Saying of '*Pythagoras* (purſu'd *Winter*) extremely rea-'ſonable, That we ought no more than a 'Sentinel to depart from our Poſt, before 'we are reliev'd by that Power that ſet us 'there. Beſides, this contempt of Death '(added *Church*) which the Wretched ſhew, 'is the effect of Fear, not Courage; for be-'ing afraid to incur ſome Pains, ſome Igno-'miny, *&c.* they chuſe Death, as the leſſer 'Ill and Pain. A Man of Courage, indeed, '(continu'd *Brook*,) ought not to flie from 'Danger by the always open retreat of 'Death; but to face the Danger, and part 'with Life upon the Square. Our Hero's, 'indeed, have not that notionary Honour '(ſaid *Summer*) that *Libido Moriendi* men-'tion'd by *Seneca*, of killing themſelves like 'the Old *Romans*. There are ſome (aſ-'ſum'd *River*) that are ſick of doing and 'ſeeing the ſame things again and again; 'and do not hate Life, but have taken a 'ſurfeit of it; Philoſophy it ſelf leading us 'indeed to nauſeate the wretched Repeti-'tions we experience. Right (concluded '*Chappel*,) too much Thought makes it 'ſeem ſuperfluous, to run over continually 'the ſame things, to Wake, to Sleep, to 'Eat, to be Angry, *&c.* there is no end of 'em; but they meet in a wretched Circle; 'they purſue, and are purſu'd; Night treads 'on the heels of Day, and Day on thoſe of 'Night.

'Come,

'Come, enough of your Morals, (interrupted I,) and let us proceed to conclude 'our Traveller's Letters, for this is the laſt. 'Prithee read it out (cry'd *Fountain*) with 'an audible Voice. 'Tis another Leſſon of 'Morality, (reply'd I) with a tragical Example to confirm it.

## LETTER XIII.

*Giving a ſhort Account of the Revolution in* Siam.

Honan *to his deareſt Friend.*

I Have juſt time to ſend thee this very ſhort Account of a very great Revolution in this Kingdom, being juſt now going to embark for *China*.

The Greateſt, the Beſt, the Wiſeſt, and the Laſt of a long Race of Kings, is dead here; but whether fairly by Nature's Hand, or by that of the treacherous *Opra Prichard*, is a queſtion. His Deportment ſince the King's Death, would perſuade, that he dealt no better with his Maſter and King, than with his adopted Son; and that he that would cut

cut his way through the Heir's, would not ſcruple to purſue it through the Heart of his Maſter. He now poſſeſſes the Throne of *Siam*. The Foundation of it he has laid in Blood, not Juſtice: And tho' *Succeſs* may give his Villany the Name of *Vertue*, I'm confident 'twill be of no long Duration.

The *Barcalon*, Monſieur *Conſtance*, a faithful Servant to his Maſter, he has murder'd, in a baſe and barbarous manner, hanging the Head of the adopted Son of his King about his Neck, Day and Night, till he expir'd in his Tortures. Nor could his Lady eſcape the Torture and Chains, tho' to no purpoſe; diſcovering a Manly Soul in a Beautiful Body, in all her Sufferings. The King's Brothers then fell a Sacrifice to his Ambition, and a Princeſs of the Blood. No Sex nor Age exempted any that ſtood in his way to the Throne. The *Chriſtians*, particularly the *Engliſh*, ſuffer very much in their Goods and Perſons.

*Bancock* and *Morgen*, Two Forts in the Hands of the *French*, he aim'd at, in vain, both by Force and Stratagem, till he had agreed to convey all the *French* in *Siam* from thence in two Frigats belonging to the *French* Company.

This *Conſtance*, my Friend, was a *Greek*, and a *Chriſtian*; and from a ſmall Beginning arriv'd to that Magnitude; and deſerv'd it too, both for his Ability, Sincerity, and

and all other Vertues. He was a ſtrange Sport of Fortune, from a ſhipwreck'd Man, ſo many Thouſand Miles from his own Home, became the Favourite of a Miniſter of State in *Siam*; and afterward ſucceeded his Patron in his Place, was the wiſe Favourite of a wiſe King: And his Vertue and Wiſdom could not ſecure him from another turn of Fortune; which, with Life, depriv'd him of all the Benefits ſhe had before ſo ſtrangely heap'd on him. Yet he conquer'd Fortune and Ambition too, in the noble Reſolution he diſcover'd in the Bravery of his Death.

I flie, my Friend, with my Ineſtimable Treaſure, my *Euthalia*, from this inhoſpitable Coaſt; where Uſurpation thrives, Honeſty has no place. The Great God, that ſees the vain Turmoils of aſpiring Mankind, and daſhes all their Hopes with the deſtroying Thunder of his Will, preſerve thee Innocent and Low, whil'ſt he puniſhes the Ambitious with a ſpeedy Ruine. Adieu.

*Siam*, 1689.

'For my part, (ſaid *Chappel*,) I have as 'much to wiſh for as another; nor perhaps 'do I guard my Deſires with more Diſcre-'tion and Wiſdom; yet I never cou'd wiſh 'for Empire, Command, and thoſe Pinnacles 'of Fate. I m of your Mind (purſu'd *Grave*,)

'my

'my Aim's not that way. Nor mine, (added *Fountain*;) for I love my ſelf too well. All my Ambition (continu'd *Winter*) is, to encreaſe my Knowledge, my Health, and my Pleaſure, without one Thought of Authority. Right, (aſſum'd *Church*,) this awful Authority and Command over Fools and Knaves, is a thing is too dazling for the Eye of my Deſire to fix on. Mediocrity, indeed, (ſaid *Brook*,) fits me beſt, as to my Fortune and Humour. I have the *res non parta labore, ſed relicta*, of *Martial*; and if I can keep it but as I found it, I ſhall never be ſollicitous of encreaſing it. I admire the Choice of *Otanes*, (purſu'd *Sumner*,) who, tho' One of the Seven lawful Pretenders to the Crown of *Perſia*, choſe to ſurrender all his Pretenſions to the Crown, to his Competitors, on Condition, That he and his whole Family ſhould live in that Empire, without any Subjection to any Man in it, except the Ancient Laws of it, in a full Poſſeſſion of Liberty. A wiſe Choice, in my mind, (added *River*;) for the greateſt Prince has not only the moſt difficult Task, (nothing being more hard, than with general Applauſe to act the King,) but is alſo a Slave to a thouſand Formalities of the Great Ones, as well as ſubject to the reſty and fickle People. Honours, indeed, to an unconſidering view, (continu'd *Chappel*,) are dazling, and bewitching.

'But

'But to a nice Conſiderer, (concluded I,) 'fill'd with Dangers, Anxiety and Cares, ſet-'ting us for a common Mark of Envy and 'Fortune.

'We were juſt proceeding to another '*Pacquet*, when one of *Summer*'s Men came 'to him, to call him away to three or four 'Gentlemen that were come to call on him 'to go a Courſing that Morning, it being 'now betwixt Six and Seven a Clock. He 'left us, promiſing to put them off with ſome 'excuſe or other. After he was gone, an 'Under-Gardener made two or three preten-'ded Excuſes, to look for ſome of his Gar-'dening Implements; but we found, ſoon 'afterward, that it was to another Intent. 'We drank two or three Glaſſes about; and '*Summer* ſtaying ſomething long, placing 'our things in good Order, we took a Walk 'into the Garden, to breath a-while: Where 'we obſerv'd this ſame Gardener eyed us 'very much; but we took little notice of it 'at that time. In about an Hour's time, '*Summer* came to us, and ſo we return'd to 'our Buſineſs.

*The END of the* FIRST BOOK.

THE

# THE
# Poſt-Boy
## Robb'd of his MAIL:
## OR, THE
## PACQUET Broke-open.

## VOL. II.

## BOOK II.

SUmmer *having diſpatch'd his Friends, and come to us; we returned to our Buſineſs, and the firſt thing we took up, was another Pacquet, which having broke open, we found it conſiſted of ten Letters full of a great deal of Satire and Wit. They were all directed*

# LETTER I.

## *To Mr.* Felhouſe *at Mr.* Lauſon's *in* Suffolk-ſtreet *near* Charing-Croſs, London.

*Honoured Sir,*

I Have here with an hundred thanks return'd you your Friend's Letters; the Diverſion they gave me and my Brother in the reading, perſwaded us you wou'd oblige the World by a publication of them, eſpecially at this time; when Volumes of Letters of no great Value are publiſh'd with ſuch Applauſe, ſuch Letters as theſe wou'd make us amends for thoſe other numerous Trifles. No more, but that I am

*Your Obliged*

*Humble Servant,*

*E. Clerk.*

'We have indeed been peſter'd (ſaid '*Chappel*) with Letters amorous and gal-'lant, and your Collections of French Tri-'fles. But the pleaſantneſs of the whim is

'(con-

'(continu'd *Brook*) that ſome of theſe Epi-
'ſtle-mongers wou'd perſuade us 'tis for the
'information of Mankind, they publiſh 'em
'to inform the World, in what they confeſs
'is natural to e'ry one, ſince there is ſcarce
'any one but can write down what he can
'expreſs in Diſcourſe. It ſeems to me the
'higheſt Vanity in the Writer (ſaid *Sum-*
*'mer*) that a Man is capable of, for it ſhews
'a fondneſs of the moſt trifling of his Pro-
'ductions to an extravagance, that he can
'think that even thoſe merit the view of the
'World, and can at all contribute to his Re-
'putation. *Voitures* indeed (purſu'd *Temple*)
'were publiſh'd after his Death, and perhaps
'if he had foreſeen their Publication, he wou'd
'have prevented it by burning them. Theſe
'Gentlemen I know (continu'd *Grave*) al-
'ledge *Pliny* and *Cicero* for Precedents, but
'they are no more of a piece with thoſe, than
'their Condition in the World is. Right
'(added *River*) and ſo the Motives are va-
'rious. For the Reaſons of their Eſteem and
'Reception in the World (which theſe
'Sparks conſider not) is two-fold; firſt they
'were both Noble Men of *Rome*, whoſe Sta-
'tion in the Commonwealth cou'd not but
'furniſh their Letters with a great deal of
'the moſt valuable, that is, the moſt ſe-
'cret and private Hiſtory of their ſeveral
'Times, as their Epiſtles prove; in which
'there are many things material both to the
'Hiſtory and Cuſtoms of their Countrey.

'Beſides

'Beſides (interrupted *Church*) we are ſol-
'licitous to know the Humours, Inclinati-
'ons and ſecret Tranſactions of *Cicero* and
'*Pliny*, the moſt private Actions of Men of
'ſo great a Figure in the World, being in them-
'ſelves worthy to be known. Whereas I
'can ſee nothing in Nature (purſu'd *Sum-*
'*mer*) can recommend the little *Billet deux*
'of theſe Sparks to the publick, each con-
'taining ſome one wretched and extrava-
'gant Conceit, which is twiſted and turn'd
'a thouſand ways, to gain the Affections of
'a glorious Vizor-Mask. They endeavour
'indeed (added *Fountain*) to give the face
'of a Paradox and Novelty to their Letters,
'but with apparent deſign: and that amuſes
'the Reader at firſt, and ſurprizes his Judg-
'ment into a kind of Satisfaction; till on a
'ſecond peruſal, he diſcovers the fallacy, and
'finds they were written for no other end.
'Beſides (concluded I) if this frollick goes
'on, all the Sons of *Wit* about *Toms* and
'*Wills*, who have any amorous Intrigues,
'will be communicating their ſurprizing and
'occaſional Billets to all the Jilts in Town:
'and then the Lord have Mercy upon us.
'But now let's ſee what we have got here.

LET-

# LETTER II.

*To Mr.* Clement, *at his Chambers in the* Middle-Temple, London.

*SIR,* Turin May 1*ſt.* 1692.

IT is not an hour ſince I ſent a Letter to the Poſt for you. Since I find I have time, I venture to write a ſecond. In my firſt I gave you ſome Account of the *Alpes*; and the Effect which they have upon a Traveller the firſt time he paſſes them, how they ſurprize, amaze, tranſport him. In this I ſhall give you ſome Account of the Knight, the lowneſs of whoſe Soul, and the littleneſs of whoſe Underſtanding, will prove no leſs entertaining to you in their kind, than the height and extent of the Hills of *Savoy*. In my firſt I endeavour'd that my Expreſſions ſhould hold ſome proportion with the lofty Subject I handled. At preſent I change both Matter and Style on a ſudden by dwindling to the Conſideration of the Knight's Follies; as a Hawk that is towring in the upper Air, comes tumbling all at once from his height and his proſpect, to ſtrike at ſome *Vermin* below. He is one made up of ſtrange Contradictions, ill-natur'd, yet fooliſh; ill-contriv'd, yet effeminate; nauſeous, yet ſqueamiſh.

miſh. A fool whoſe height and end of Ambition is only to paſs for a Fop. And as now he is abroad, he has not one quality to ſhew him an Engliſhman, but his Inability to ſpeak any other Language: ſo I dare engage that when he comes home, he will have nothing to ſhew that he has been abroad, but his own nonſenſe, expreſt in bad broken Engliſh; the ridiculous Vanity and Affectation of the *French*, the Cowardiſe of the *Italians*, the Brutality of the *Germans*, and the Dulneſs of the *Dutch*.

But the Relation of his Actions will beſt deſcribe him, and oblige you to confeſs, That a merrier *Wight* has never been dub'd. *Tho' Princes like Fortune to ſhew their Power, take pleaſure in conferring Honour on Fools.*

In his Journey from *Lyons* to this place, he was as merrily attended as he was accouter'd. His Attendants were a *Switzer* his *homme d'affaire*, and *Petit Jean a Gaſcon* his Governour. For as when a Bear is led in proceſſion, a Monkey is ſtill at the head of him; ſo when the Knight was ſent to be ſhown about *Europe*, a *Monſieur* was giv'n as Guide to him.

His Accoutrements were no leſs extraordinary, over Coats and Cloaks ſufficient to ſet up a bankrupt Broker; he had a Grey-colour'd Cloth reſembling a *Capucin's* Cowl reverſt, with two glaſs Eyes in the Front. There was a very wiſe Diſpute betwixt *Petit Jean* and an *Alexandrian*, what ſhould be the meaning

meaning of ſo odd an Equipage. The *Italian* was of Opinion that it was to ſcare away Rogues, at which *Petit Jean* was ſcandaliz'd, that his Maſter need not wear a Vizor for that: That he had a face that could ſcare as well as anothers. Upon hearing of this, the Knight had a mind to divert the Company by rallying the *Alexandrian*. His Camarade made him a ſeaſonable Remonſtrance, That the *Italians* were people who underſtood no Raillery; and that the Knight's was ſo exceſſively dull, that all the world ſtill thought him in earneſt. That his only way of diverting us was to be ſerious. That nothing could make the Company more out of humour, than his Mirth; or make them more gay, than his Gravity.

But there are two things which are equally hard; to impoſe upon a Man of ſenſe, and convince a Fool. The Knight was reſolv'd to be witty, and in a *Latin Gibberiſh* furiouſly attck'd the *Alexandrian*. This pedantic Raillery had a ridiculous Iſſue. For as the Knight moſt barbarouſly broke *Priſcian*'s head, the *Italian* maul'd the Knight's.

The firſt night we lay at *Verpillier*, where as I arriv'd weary, and ſupp'd plentifully, I ſlept very ſoundly till midnight. When Sir *Jeremy* crying out in a frightful tone, *Mon Dieu! qui eſt la*, allarm'd and rous'd the ſleepieſt of us. There was amongſt us an old Stager, who had ſupp'd a little exorbitantly,

and upon *Cabbage Soupe*, *Aumellette* and *Frogs*, had ſwallow'd a great deal of *Cote rotie*, which fill'd his Garbage with a great many unſavory Vapours, which enrag'd at their Confinement, from time to time broke priſon, not without noiſe. In the mean time his noſe was no leſs obſtreperous, and ſeem'd to grumble at its oppoſite for its incivility. *Hinc illæ Lachrymæ.* The Knight whom Fear and Bugs had kept waking, thought ſome body was forcing the Door, and ſtill as the noiſe grew louder, cryed out in a horrid tone, *Qui eſt la! Eh mon Dieu qui eſt la!* The Company got up, and riſing heard the noiſe at a greater diſtance: demanding Lights, we ſoon underſtood the occaſion of ſo odd an Alarm. For the old Stager ſnor'd on, and the Knight was miſſing. When after ſome ſearch, the *Alexandrian* drew him out from under the Feather-bed, begging him after a moſt pitiful manner, to ſpare his Life, and to take his Money.

There is juſt now come a Meſſenger to bid me prepare for *Milan*. You ſhall have the ſequel the firſt Opportunity. I am, *&c.*

'The Hand I know very well (ſaid '*Temple*) and ſo do moſt of this Company, tho' 'the Wit of the Letter is ſufficient without 'the Authority of the Name. The Account 'of the Knight (purſu'd *Grave*) is extream-'ly pleaſant. Being one of thoſe merry Mor-

'tals

'tals (aſſum'd *Fountain*) that make a ridi-
'culous Figure in the World at the expence
'of their Father's Damnation. And (af-
'ſum'd *Winter*) by the help o' Travel, be-
'come noiſie and inſipid, pert and dull.
'And as they go abroad (continu'd *Church*)
'plain conceited Engliſh Blockheads, ſo they
'return affected taudry French Fops. This War
'has brought one Advantage (purſu'd *Brook*)
'to the converſible part of the Town, we are
'only now troubled with our Native Dulneſs
'without the importation of French Follies,
'the worſt, tho' the only Commodity our Tra-
'vellers commonly bring from thence. Nay,
'ſhou'd it continue ſome years (added *Sum-*
'*mer*) we ſhou'd have never a Sir *Fopling*, or
'a *Monſieur de Paris* left. But this Knight
'(interrupted *River*) ſeems to be a Copy of
'Sir *Hudibraſs*, for all his parts but his Cou-
'rage, which was undaunted (aſſum'd *Chap-*
'*pel*) in the hazardous Adventure of the
'Bear and Fiddle: where as our Wight was al-
'moſt ſmother'd in Feathers at the Allarm of
'a ſnoring Neighbour. Nature (concluded
'I) in her productions diſcovers a double
'Aim, a publick and private Good: when
'ſhe makes a Sot, ſhe contributes to the Di-
'verſion of the World, and the Happineſs
'of one private Man, ſince his want of Senſe
'is ſure to make his Fortune, if he ben't born
'to any.

'All this while *Grave* was reading with 'a great deal of Rapture another of theſe 'Letters, which on enquiry we found to be 'a ſatirical Eſſay againſt Marriage. But 'he wou'd permit none to read it out but 'himſelf, which he did thus.

## LETTER III.

*To Mr.* Bulſtrodder, *at* Colcheſter *in* Eſſex, *on his ſending him part of the Fable of* Belphegor, *being a Satire againſt Marriage.*

I Have ſent you the remaining part of *Belphegor*, and now it will not be amiſs to ſay ſomething of the whole. You will find in it ſomething of the ſolid Contrivance of *Machiavel*, and the jolly ſpirit of *Le Fevre*. And in my mind it is as much to be prefer'd before other Novels, as *Machiavel* and *Le Fevre* before the little Romantick Writers of the Times. But as roguiſhly as it is imagin'd by the *Italian*, as gayly as it is expreſs'd by the *French-man*; yet if you read it with application, you'l find in it a very ſharp Satire on Marriage. In which, methinks, it reſembles

bles what it expoſes. For, as Matrimony ſhows nothing but Pleaſure and Joy, to a ſuperficial View; ſo it diſcovers a Sting to the more ſtrict Obſerver. I hope your reading of it may have a good Effect upon you, and make you learn by *Belphegor* to avoid a Wife at any rate (and ſo far it will be ſafe *to be the Devil's Diſciple*) though like him you enter into the bodies of others for it. Marriage indeed was never in worſe Eſteem, than at preſent, when not only the wicked, but the Saints too cry out againſt it, as much as St. *Paul* did formerly; and it is reckon'd an equal Obſtacle both to *Lewdneſs* and *Piety*. It keeps a Man in *Eraſmus's Paradiſe*, as it drove him out of the true one, and will ſuffer him to approach neither Heav'n nor Hell. For Wives are now no more what they were meant at firſt. The Serpent in *Eve* perverted the whole kind; and therefore *Belphegor* was a very ſenſeleſs Devil for marrying one whom himſelf had debauch'd before. Heav'n at firſt made them the lower part of the Creation, but we have gone ſince, and made them the upper: Heav'n made them humble, obedient and innocent; but we have made them proud, imperious and falſe: Heav'n, as it did the reſt of the Beaſts, made them ſlaves to Men; but Men have made themſelves ſlaves to them. Nay, ſlaves to the very brutal parts: they are like Dogs led by the Noſe by them: there are ſeveral who are forc'd to pay afreſh for ev'ry happy

Night, almoſt as dearly as they did for the firſt.

For what remains, deſire our Acquaintance to have ſome pity upon a poor Devil perſecuted by that *greater Fiend* a *Wife*: deſire them to uſe him at leaſt as gently as *Lucifer*, and far more gently than ſhe did. To avoid her he fled to him, and was glad to be ſav'd ev'n by Hell; but to be damn'd by thoſe good Men that are foes to Matrimony, would grieve him more than all that he ſuffer'd by it, and he dreads their Tongues more than ever he did *Honeſta*'s. Do you too uſe him gently, and by your kindneſs oblige two perſons who will readily lay hold of all Opportunities of ſerving you, *viz.* your honeſt Devil,

*and your Friend*

*and Servant.*

'This Letter (ſaid I) is not leſs diverting and witty than the laſt, and is ſurprizing (aſſumed *Chappel*) that it can furniſh us with ſo many new and ſatirical Reflections, on a Subject that has been ban'dy'd ever ſince its firſt Inſtitution. True (purſu'd *Brook*) for *Adam* himſelf the very firſt day of his Marriage, began to complain of it. Right (interrupted *Grave*)

'after

'after his Spouſe had made him ſhake hands
'with her firſt Correſpondent the Devil: for
'Woman was not only the firſt Acquain-
'tance the Devil had here, but alſo the firſt
'that truck'd with him, giving the Happi-
'neſs of all Mankind for an Apple. 'Twas
'a pleaſant Revenge of *Protagoras* on his Ene-
'my, (continu'd *Temple*) in giving him his Daugh-
'ter in Marriage, telling one that ask'd him the
'Reaſon of it, That he could beſtow nothing
'on him worſe than a *Wife*. If that were
'pleaſant (added *River*) the Wiſh of *Dio-*
'*genes* was malicious, who when he ſaw
'ſome Women hang'd on an Olive-tree,
'cry'd out, Oh! that all Trees bore ſuch
'Fruit. The *Spaniards* (purſu'd Church)
'brag much of the Wiſdom of *Alphonſo* King
'of *Arragon*, who ſeems to have been better ac-
'quainted with *Aſtronomy* than woman-kind,
'for he with reaſon obſerv'd the Errors of the
'Ptolomaic Syſtem, tho' he was very pro-
'phane in his Expreſſion of them, when he
'ſaid he cou'd have given God good Advice
'in the making of the World, if he had
'been of his Council, taking the confuſion
'of the Syſtem for granted. But he was
'much out (interrupted *Winter*) when he
'ſaid the only way to make Marriage happy,
'was to have a blind Wife, and deaf Huſ-
'band; ſince tho' the Deafneſs of the Hus-
'band, might be ſome fence againſt the ſcol-
'ding of his Wife: yet her blindneſs cou'd
'be no ſecurity to him by freeing her from

'jealouſie, ſince Women have another way 'of diſcovering the ſlips of their Husbands, 'who can't eat their Cake and have it too. 'Marriage I find (purſu'd *Fountain*) is, as 'Socrates obſerves, like a Net to Fiſh: None 'of you are ſatisfi'd till you are in, and 'thoſe that are in wou'd fain get out again. 'Nay, the ſevereſt Railer of you all wou'd 'run all the hazard, if you had but an envi-'ting proſpect. For my part (concluded 'Summer) I'm not of that mind, I am con-'tent with my State, and can bill and ſing in 'my Cage, both with more pleaſure and more 'ſecurity, than among the wild Birds in the 'Foreſt.

'But here's a Subject of another kind (ſaid 'I) an Epiſtle Dedicatory. A thing (an-'ſwer'd *Grave*) more proſtitute than Wo-'man. But pray let's hear it (interrupted '*Brook*) before you eaſe your Spleen, it 'may furniſh you with new Matter. The 'reading it (ſaid I) ſhall be my task, ſince 'I'm a friend to Dedications.

LET-

# LETTER IV.

## An Epiſtle Dedicatory.

*To his much eſteemed Friend, Mr.* ——

*SIR,*

FEW things of this Nature come abroad without *Dedications*, and ſome glorious Title prefix'd. With One part of the Cuſtome I have comply'd, and rejected the other. For how ſhould the Quality of any Man ſupport the Reputation of an Author, when 'tis plainly ſeen, that without the help of a Statute it cannot ſuſtain its own? Beſides, if Great Men have no Merit, 'tis unfit to make them believe they have; (and a Dedication cannot be without ſome Commendation.) For their Condition alone makes them haughty enough in all Conſcience, and their natural Vanity is hardly to be endur'd. Then Poets, of all Men, ought to bear generous Minds; and Flattery only becomes a Slave's. But if, on the other ſide, they are truly Great; their very Stations are ſo conſpicuous, that all their Actions muſt be ſo too; eſpecially, ſince thoſe of the Great are of ſuch a nature, that they always affect the Light. For Magnificence, Bounty and Bravery, and the reſt of that Train, never fail to make them-

themſelves known: Nay, ſome of them are of that nature, that they never exiſt until they diſcover themſelves; and when they diſappear, they die. But as private Men are more obſcure, their Vertues are leſs remarkable. It therefore concerns the Juſtice of others, to take the more notice of them; ſince otherwiſe they muſt neceſſarily ſtill be hid, and want the nouriſhment of Praiſe. Yet be not allarm'd; for I ſhall not make you bluſh at the recital of yours. I ſhall not ſay one word of your Endowments of Body or Mind: For thoſe few who know you, cannot be Strangers to either. And to commend a Man's Vertues which are already obſerv'd in him, were not like a Dedicating Author. For ſuch a one generally extols People moſt, for good Qualities, which are leaſt of all taken notice of in them; and which, to ſpeak plainly, are not to be found in them. For otherwiſe, where would the Obligation lye to him? or, where the Pretence to the Guinea's he aims at? Since that Dedication is beſt rewarded, which, as *Leely* did, paints People handſomer than themſelves; imparting a great many Graces to the Pictures, tho' Nature perhaps bungl'd when ſhe drew the Men. A Dedication, indeed, is often a downright Bargain; and the Trader in Wit, like other Traders, with a great deal of Humility and Sugar'd Words, for Gold or Silver which he wants, lets his Honourable Culleys have the counterfeit Vertues

Vertues which they want. Have we not lately beheld a notorious Fop, for one poor parcel of Guinea's, turn'd into a Wit and a *Beaugareon?* Have not our modern Sons of *Apollo*, done what his Daughter *Circe* did formerly, when ſhe reſtor'd the Companions of *Ulyſſes* to their primitive Shapes; and by the Power of Words, made perfect Hero's of thoſe who were Brutes before? But here let me expreſs my Joy, for that I have now an opportunity of following the Faſhion, without the Vice; and commending thoſe Vertues in you, which the World could never obſerve in you, and yet, which you do not want; I mean, your Truth, your Faith, and your Friendſhip. For there's a great deal of difference between theſe and thoſe other Vertues, which are the uſual Subjects of Dedications. For Beauty, where it is, muſt appear, tho 'tis ſometimes mask'd; and Wit and good Sence, tho' they're ſometime clouded, like their God the *Sun*, muſt now and then break out. But Faith and Friendſhip are modeſt and ſecret Vertues; and they who in the Eye of the World pretend moſt to 'em, of all Men uſually want them moſt. Have not I my ſelf ſeen the greateſt Profeſſors deſerting their Friends, as eaſily as they abandon a Miſtreſs? And as the very laſt Proof of her Love, has been the only Argument to make them forſake her; ſo the moſt generous Experiments of the other's Friendſhip, have been the greateſt

greateſt Motives to induce them to hate them. For Hate is the uſual Return of all, who are unwilling to make any other. But then on the other ſide, Do not I know one, who has been a real Friend, without public profeſſing? Who has been generous ev'n in his Diſſimulation, and never diſſembl'd any thing ſo much as Indifference; ſince it was for the Intereſt of his Friend to be diſſembled? VVho has perform'd, without too much promiſing before, or without any boaſting afterwards; VVho, in ſerving his Friend, has been ſo far from regarding himſelf, that he has never ſo much as been vain upon it? And can I know this, and not be unjuſt; nay, ungrateful, in not declaring it, when I alone can declare it? Eſpecially ſince this is a Commendation which need not make you bluſh, nor the Reader angry. For it does not exalt you above them all, but only equal you with the Good; and none who own themſelves of that number, can e'er be diſturb'd to find it augmented. But if any one, upon reading this, will affirm, That to make up a Friend, ſeveral extraordinary Qualifications are requiſite; let him, as he numbers them, compoſe your Panegyric. I never deſign'd to do that here: I only wiſh, That this Letter may ſtand, as a thankful Acknowledgment of your Friendſhip to me, and a faithful Record of my own to you.

Iam, *SIR, your Faithful Friend, and Humble Servant.*

'I muſt

'I muſt confeſs (ſaid I) the Faults our 'ingenious Author has found in our general 'Dedications, can't be deny'd: Flattery is 'generally the Aim and whole Matter of 'them; yet even there, in its greateſt fault, 'methinks 'tis uſeful; and the Praiſe of a 'Virtue a Man has not, ſtares him in the 'Face, and lets him ſee how much better a 'Figure he would make, if he would em-'brace it. But then (interrupted *Chappel*) he 'impoſes on Poſterity, (that is, if his Pane-'gyric reaches it,) in repreſenting a Fool, as a 'Man of Sence; or a Miſer, as one Generous; 'a Debauchee, or Bulley, as a Man of Ho-'nour and Sobriety. That's a fault, I 'think, (reply'd *Brook*,) of no very ill con-'ſequence; ſince it gives them more than 'their due, and is, at moſt, but a pious 'Fraud, to make Poſterity believe our Age 'better furniſh'd with Hero's than 'tis in 'reality. 'Tis to be wiſh'd, indeed, (pur-'ſu'd *Summer*,) that Men of Sence and Wit 'had better Encouragement, than to be forc'd 'to proſtitute their Praiſe for a Reward. 'In this (ſaid *Temple*) the Sons of *Apollo*, 'and the Sons of *Melchizedech* are on the 'ſame bottom; both forc'd to diſpenſe Di-'vine Things, Praiſe and Sacrifice, for Gold; 'the poor Prieſt and the poor Poet having 'their Prayers and Panegyrics at the Ser-'vice of any Benefactor. For my part, '(interrupted *Grave*,) I like this Epiſtle bet-

'ter

'ter than any of the kind I ever ſaw; there's
'Wit, and neatneſs of Expreſſion in ev'ry
'Line: And the modeſteſt and juſteſt
'Praiſe (aſſum'd *River*) that can be fram'd:
'And, indeed, I think the Reputation of a
'True Friend, is beyond that of all the
'noiſie and forward Vertues of the Great.
'As 'tis more Uncommon, (purſu'd *Church*,)
'ſo 'tis more Noble and Excellent. Nay,
'it contains all others, (continu'd *Winter*;)
'for he that's a True Friend, muſt be Gene-
'rous, or he can't aſſiſt his Friend in Di-
'ſtreſs; and Brave, or he can't defend him
'when attack'd: and ſo through the whole
'Circle of the Virtues. Right, (concluded
'*Fountain*,) he muſt be a Man of Honour
'and Reſolution, that compoſes a True
'Friend, and remits nothing of his Love
'and Fidelity in Misfortunes: For the dif-
'ference of Fortune, is generally the Sword,
'that violently cuts in two the Gordian
'Knot of Friendſhip, and unravels the Web
'of the faſteſt-wove Affections. In ſeeming
'therefore to give him the leaſt Praiſe, our
'witty Author has given him the greateſt;
'and in avoiding his Panegyric, has made
'the greateſt, and that with an Air of a
'great deal of Sincerity.

'But, Gentlemen, (ſaid I,) not to dwell
'on this excellent Letter, (tho, I confeſs, it
'merits more than we have ſaid of it;) yet
'tis time now to proceed to the next.

'And

'And this, I'm ſure, (aſſum'd *Temple*,) will 'divert you: For 'tis an ingenious Account 'of the *quondam* Camp at *Hounſlow-Heath*, 'of pious memory. We were all deſirous 'to hear ſomething on a Subject ſo fit for 'Satire, from ſo able a Hand. *Temple* there-'fore read it out with an audible Voice, 'as follows:

## LETTER V.

*To Mr.* Rogers, *at his Houſe near* Chicheſter.

*Being a pleaſant Account of the* quondam *Camp on* Hounſlow-Heath.

*SIR,*

IN Compliance with your Deſires I write to you, [redacted] I know what or how. For it is the hardeſt thing in the World, for one who has ſo much Averſion from Ceremony, to write to one with whom he has ſo little buſineſs. I cannot ſo much as begin, without telling you, that I know not how to begin. And ſuch is my hard Luck, that I cannot make uſe of the old laudable Way of *England*; in which the honeſt Blockheads, our Anceſtors, kept Correſpondence; *viz. My kind Love remembred*

unto

*unto you, hoping that you are in Good-Health, as I, God be thanked, am at this preſent.* For alas, Sir, I am confounded ſick at this preſent, and groaning under the Effects of a Bout which I had at the Camp t'other Day. Well, if thoſe Bullies do but as much Execution upon their Enemies, as they do upon their Friends, they may be always aſſur'd of the Victory. I was once thinking to write News to you; which is the general Refuge of Dullneſs. But I ſoon found that to be impoſſible: For, I preſume, it would be none, to aſſure you, that I have an extraordinary ſenſe of the Civilities which I have receiv'd from your Relations and you; and for Publick News, I am wholly a Stranger to it. I have not ſo much as heard of *Buda* nor *Lorrain* this Three Weeks; nor do I frequent the places where their Actions are related with as much Noiſe and Smoak as they are done. I am almoſt a Stranger to the very Names of the barbarous Generals, who but mention'd, wound our Ears. But tho' I can give you little Account of the Camp which lyes before *Buda*, I can give you a large Account of the Camp that lyes before *Hounſlow*. Never was the Face of War more beautiful. Never were its Parts more regular, or its Lines more exactly proportion'd. The Artificers who fram'd the Pavilions, and the larger Tents, ſeem like ſo many *Vulcans* to have entangl'd *Mars* and *Venus* together. But it will be needleſs to ſay much

much of them; for you have had an imperfect View of them your ſelf. But to come to the Men, the Ten Thouſand Lads, who were drawn thither this Summer, to Drink and Whore in a Body. For the Devil an Enemy have they, but himſelf and the Fleſh; *to whom they eſteem it glorious to yield, and triumph the more they are beaten.*

Why ſhould I deſcend to Particulars, and inform you, how ſuch a one was drunk dead upon ſuch a Night; how ſuch a one receiv'd an incurable Clap upon ſuch a Night. In the groſs, they are exquiſitely wicked, and ſo exercis'd in all ſorts of Lewdneſs, that one would ſwear the Devil was a General-Officer. They fill their Brimmers as unanimouſly as they load their Muſquets; which they diſcharge upon themſelves, with a deſign to make other People fall. And it is not unfrequent, that the P--ikes of a whole Regiment are advanc'd at the ſight of One Petticoat. But notwithſtanding their Lechery, there has been ſmall Propagation among them, unleſs of the Pox, the Mange, and ſome ſcurvy Animals, which, not degenerating from their Parents, live by Blood; and rather than fail, unnaturally devour thoſe Parents. To prevent which, they frequently do with them, as with ſome of their illegitimate Off-ſpring, and make other People keep what they have ingender'd. Their Agitants are a ſad Teſtimony of this. For if you ask any of them what makes him

ſhrug

ſhrug ſo? I have been at the Camp, he replies immediately.

But 'tis time to remove from thence, to the Town. Wou'd you know how this place ſtands affected this long Vacation. There is a circular ſucceſſive Order in all things. In the Spring we were plagu'd by Controverſie. From *Eaſter* to *July*, Law and Equity rag'd, and were more vexatious than the extremity of the Weather. And now, Sir, Diſeaſes and Doctors take their turn. And 'tis not one Farthing matter; for there are none but Clerks and Citizens left here. Upon which theſe laſt are grown as proud, as if the Gentlemen were gone for ever. The Cuckolds walk in State, and toſs up their Horn'd Heads, like ſo many Deer that have lain a long time unmoleſted. But Rutting-time, to their damn'd diſturbance, will come, and reduce the luſty out-lying Deer within the Walls of their well-ſtock'd Park, the City. At that time, I ſuppoſe, we may ſee you: In the mean while, you will be ſo kind as to write to, *SIR*,

*Your Humble Servant.*

'This Letter (ſaid *Temple*,) tho' ſhort, 'is full of Variety and Wit. 'Tis the *La-* 'conic Stile, (purſu'd I,) beautify'd with the 'Wit of *Athens*. 'Tis, indeed, (continu'd '*Fountain*,) like the Miniature of a great 'Painter, that within a narrow compaſs

'preſents,

'preſents, with ſo much Life, the exact 'Proportions and Nature, which others 'take up many larger Tablets to expreſs. 'His Obſervations on the Camp, (ſaid '*Grave*,) I moſt like; for they were ſuch 'a Generation of effeminate Debauchee's, 'that had nothing of the Soldier but the 'Cloaths and Vices. They had, indeed, 'all the Vices (aſſum'd *Winter*) of the *Aſiatic Legions* in the time of the *Romans*. 'And that (purſu'd *Church*) without the Ho'nour and Hardſhip of conquering that place. 'They inverted the Order of other Soldiers, '(continu'd *Brook*) and as they were pay'd 'before-hand for the Service they were to 'do hereafter: So (aſſum'd *Summer*) they 'abounded in the Vices of Conqueſt, be'fore they had underwent the Fatigue and 'Danger of Battle. But let us ſpare 'em, '(interrupted *River*;) ſince to their Eaſe, 'their Luxury and their Factions, we owe our 'Delivery. Agreed, (concluded *Chappel*;) 'ſince as wicked as they were, they cou'd 'afterwards fight for *Religion*; and therefore 'let's call a new Cauſe.

'Gad, here's another (anſwer'd *Temple*) 'ſomething a-kin to the Gentlemen 'of *Hounſlow*: 'Tis a Letter from, or an 'Imitation of a Letter from a foppiſh old 'Sharper. We deſir'd him to read it; but 'he ſaid he'd preſerve his Lungs till it came 'to his turn again; therefore *Grave* took it, 'and read as follows:

LETTER

# LETTER VI.

*To Mr.* Robert York Junior, *at his Father's Houſe near* Richmond *in* Yorkſhire. *From a foppiſh old Sharper of the Town.*

*Dear Bob,* *Jun. 1ſt.* 1692.

'TIS upon Compulſion I write to thee; for I am extremely ſtraitned for want of Money. I may with Religion affirm, that I have not two Guinea's in the World. Since therefore want muſt ſhortly make a Dun or a Beggar of me, 'tis beſt to make choice of the leſs Inconvenience of the two, and rather ask for my own than anothers; therefore, let me entreat thee, dear *Bob*, to diſpatch away the ſmall Summ which I won of thee, and urge thy Brother to a ſpeedy payment of his Debt. As I came acquainted with him through your means, and threw on tick with him on your Account, you ought to take a little pains to ſee me ſatisfi'd. For he is a very untractable Dog, and has lately avoided me with more care, than I would that frightful Animal, a Sergeant. Thou knoweſt, little *Bob*, that I have nothing to ſubſiſt upon but a good Hand, which may in a ſingular manner be ſaid to feed my Body;

dy; and if we may be allow'd to quibble, *Bob*, the long Vacation is none of the beſt times for conveyancing. A merry *Main* is the whole Joy of my Life, a *Box* my only Treaſure, and a convenient *Bale* the Conſolation of my Soul, my Subſiſtence, my Support, and my very Subſtance But alas! alas! *Bob*, all theſe have forſaken me now; for I am got among Dogs ſo dull, that they have not ſenſe enough to be cheated, for they can play at nothing above blind-mans-buff; which, to make a true eſtimate of things, they play at all their live-times. They are indeed perfect beaſts, meer *fera natura*, and an old cours'd Hare is not more ſhy of a Lurcher, than a Squire of *York-ſhire* is of one of us. I have help'd to compleat the Ruine of the Duke of *B.* and ſeveral Men of Senſe beſides, with half the pains which I have fruitleſsly taken to bring them to play. Yet let not what I have ſaid make thee diffide in honeſt *Jack*. For thou art my Boſom-Sin, my Darling Iniquity, *Bob*; and I will prove as true to thee, as the Devil himſelf does to Vice, as true as falſe Dice do to me. I think I have made a ſufficient diſcovery of my kindneſs, by making you the Secretary of my Heart; by unfolding my Conſcience to thee, and laying open ſo many blots in it. By inſtructing you in the gentle-craft of topping and palming, *Bob*; by initiating you in the noble Myſtery of Legerdemain, and ſhewing you how to do the tricks of our Art, as Nature

ture does her feats inviſibly. By teaching you to diſtinguiſh between high, low, and doe; to chop, to change, to command them all; to govern Fortune her ſelf, to fix and ſettle her there where ſhe is moſt inconſtant, ev'n in play. For what has been ſaid of other wiſe Men, may be more properly affirm'd of us, that we are all of us the makers of our own Fortune. But then are we a great deal more certain of her than are the reſt of the Sages. She often deſerts them after ſhe has for a long time favour'd them, and 'tis the only bitch in the World that proves coy after Enjoyment. But for our parts, when ſhe offers to be gone, we take her as 'twere by the hand and hold her faſt, we ſtruggle with her, and force her to be kind. Thus, *Bob*, have I given thee the moſt ſignal proof of my Friendſhip, by introducing thee to my Miſtreſs, the very Miſtreſs that keeps me. It now lies in thy part to make a grateful Return, by giving me a favourable and a ſpeedy Anſwer. I am, *&c.*

'This muſt (ſaid *Chappel*) be an imi-
'tation of a Sharper, not a Reality ſince their
'Senſe as well as Fortune terminates in a
'Box and Dice. Yet (aſſum'd *Brook*) like
'the Painter mention'd but now, 'tis ex-
'treamly like, tho' infinitely handſomer than
'the Original. The hand diſcovers it (ad-
'ded *Summer*) to be the ſame as the former.

'If

'If the Hand did not (aſſum'd *Temple*) the 'Wit does. Right (continu'd I) for beſide 'the Nature ſo truly drawn, there is a cer-'tain Vivacity in the Wit, and Expreſſion, 'that ſeems peculiar to him. The Moral 'Reflections (purſu'd *River*) have ſo ſurpri-'zing a Garb, that their Dreſs is as new as 'themſelves. His Reflection on Fortune 'in my mind (added *Church*) excels that 'of *Balzae*, ſo much commended. *Fortune* '(ſays *Balzac*) is *a Whore that lies* 'with *Footmen*. *Fortune* ſays, our Author '(aſſum'd *Winter*) *is the only Bitch that* 'proves coy after *Enjoyment*. They are both 'excellent (ſaid *Fountain*) and I know not 'which to prefer. All that I ſhall ſay (con-'cluded *Grave*) is that I think he has given us 'a lively Repreſentation of, and an excellent Sa-'tire on theſe Vermin of the Commonwealth, 'who live by the various Inclinations of a 'luxurious or fooliſh People.

'Here is (ſaid *Chappel*) a Letter that is 'Excellent in another kind, 'tis ſomething 'more grave, and fill'd with admirable Mo-'rality. That then (ſaid *Winter*) ſhall be 'my task to read. Which he did as follows.

## LETTER VII.

*To Mr.* Rawlins, *at his Chambers in* Grays Inn. *Being a Letter of Friendſhip and Advice.*

*Dear Jack,*

AFter you left me on *Friday*, I began to grow thoughtful, which at length grew up to a Melancholy, beyond what you ever felt, or I can expreſs. I remain'd like one who, as the People ſay, has neither Life nor Soul in him. And indeed I had left mine behind me. Some wou'd fancy this a little too loving for a Friend; but you, who would be thought ſo good a one, muſt not be of their Opinion. I have been endeavouring ſince I came hither to confirm my ſelf in the good Reſolution I had taken, of making ſome continuance, and enjoying a little reſt here. But to arrive at quiet requires more trouble than my preſent Conſtitution will diſpenſe with. The way to it, like that to Heav'n, is a narrow and thorny way; and Humane Nature is damnably inclin'd to take the other, and *rather choſes improvidently to run through Pleaſure to Pain, than to crawl through Pain to Pleaſure.* For my part I ſtrait grew weary of ſtriving

ving againſt my Inclinations, and at length gave way to the prevailing Current. After all the little Philoſophy and Pains I had taken with my ſelf, after all the little Progreſs I had made, one Thought of thee tranſported me immediately back to Town again.

*Thus when a Slave againſt the Stream,*
*With ſtraining plies his Oar,*
*Indulging Labour in the Extreme*
*In hopes of Eaſe on Shore.*

*If once the God impetuous grows,*
*The Wretch contends in vain,*
*And the ſtrung Skiff that ſlowly roſe,*
*Runs whirling down amain.*

The Summ of all is, that I muſt either ſee you here or at *Putney* ſuddenly, or elſe at *London*; the Tide will ſerve on *Friday* exactly at ſix a Clock in the Morning. Let me know your Deſign by the Meſſenger, for I have order'd him to call for an Anſwer to morrow morning. I long to know the Succeſs of your Viſit; you muſt be ſure to multiply it, and reſolve to diſſemble well, or not at all: That is, you muſt reſolve to be a thorow pac'd Hypocrite, or effectually virtuous. For doing things by halves may cauſe a diſcovery.

Whereas Hypocriſie when it is home, tho' the lewdeſt of ſins, is with Men Religion, and that *which makes it Diabolical with Heav'n*, viz. *the greatneſs of the Vice, makes it Virtue with us.* Indeed there is a baſeneſs in this laſt degree of it, which I hope you are too honeſt to diſpenſe with (yet you are to diſſemble trouble for an ill-ſpent Life, and an honeſt Man may ſooner bring himſelf to diſſemble Trouble, than any thing elſe; becauſe it muſt be a trouble to him to diſſemble) and therefore endeavour to be really pious; but then endeavour to be throughly ſo, and let your Faith have an influence upon your life. *For a conſcientious Debauchee is the greateſt Monſter in nature.* He is a Trimmer in Religion, and holds the Balance even between God and the Devil. And whereas the Atheiſtical Libertine is happy here, and the Saint will eternally be ſo: this Wretch both is and will be eternally miſerable. And as he is more miſerable than the Saints are in this Life, becauſe they have Heav'n to comfort them in their Afflictions; ſo he will be far more miſerable than the Atheiſt in the other. For as thoſe who die for fear of Death, often meet with a worſe ſtate, than that which they ſhun; ſo his fear of Hell, will make his Damnation the greater. For ſinning againſt inward Conviction, which the Atheiſt does not; his Crime is the greater, and his Puniſhment

muſt

muſt conſequently be ſo too. But ſuch Doctrine from me muſt ſurprize you, and you will be apt to fancy, that ſince my coming to *Kingſton*, I am from a Fiſher-Man grown an Apoſtle.

*Kingſton on* Thames, July 28. 1692. *I am your Faithful Friend.*

'This Letter (ſaid *Temple*) breaths 'ſuch an Air of Sincerity, that it diſco-'vers a Friendſhip, as uncommon as his 'Wit. And in that (purſu'd *Grave*) a 'much better Qualification; for (aſſum'd *Fountain*) the Rarity of an Excellence 'exalts its worth. True (continu'd *Win-'ter*) for *Wit* is more common than Ho-'neſty and Friendſhip. Beſides (purſu'd '*Church*) that which makes it the more 'extraordinary in him, is that *Wit* in Man 'as well as Woman is generally the Pimp 'to their Vices, and the ſureſt way to di-'rect them from the plain path of Hone-'ſty. True (added *Brook*) Wit furniſhes 'a Woman with Aſſurance in her Intreagues, 'and in jilting the Man that doats on her.: 'And (aſſum'd *Summer*) gives a Man a Le-'chery in impoſing on the ſimplicity of 'his Friend. Theſe falſe ones of both Sexes

'(ſaid I) may have a flaſhy cunning which 'may paſs for Wit, but I'm ſure they can't 'be over-furniſhed with Reaſon and I thought, 'ſince that wou'd give 'em ſuch an *Idea* of 'Honour, Diſſimulation and Ingratitude; 'that a generous Mind (and ſuch muſt all 'be that are truly inform'd by Reaſon) can 'never digeſt the latter, nor chooſe but im-'brace the firſt. One thing I muſt obſerve '(interrupted *River*) that our ingenious 'Author ſeems to me at leaſt to be in an Er-'ror, in affirming that an Atheiſt as well as 'an Hypocrite ſins not againſt inward Con-'viction, ſince there is no Man but muſt 'within himſelf think there is a God. No, 'the Error may be yours (concluded *Chap-'pel*) for he means not thoſe that pretend to 'be ſo, and are not, who are but Hypocrites 'to the Devil himſelf; but thoſe that are re-'ally ſo: but whether there are any ſuch 'is yet a queſtion diſputable I confeſs, *& ad-'huc ſub judice lis eſt.*

'Before *Chappel* had done, *Fountain* had ta-'ken up a Letter, being an Account of ſome Af-'fairs at *Venice*, and wou'd needs have read it, 'but the Company prevail'd that no others 'ſhou'd intervene till we had ended this 'witty Pacquet; and therefore *Brook* took up 'the next, and read as follows.

LET-

# LETTER VIII.

*An Extract of a French Letter, giving an Account of* Madrid, *and the Countrey about it.*

*Dear Tom,*

TO begin with general things, The Soil is Sand with a mixture of Stone; and all its product ſerves rather to ſhew the lazineſs of its Inhabitants, than its own Fertility.

Their Waters are more full of Sand, than the Piſs of one that has the Stone; and as they are extreme ſubtil, they quickly corrupt; a very good excuſe for the *Germans* there.

As for the other two Elements, they are quite confounded. For the Air is nothing but Fire, ſo that unleſs for Salamanders, it is impoſſible to breath freely at *Madrid*. Nothing palliates this exceſſive Heat, but a certain Wind, which they call *Gallego*; which on the other ſide is ſo very ſharp, that the opening of a window when it blows, is enough to make a Man Paralytic; and it often tranſports the Pox from a Brothel to ſome neighbouring Church. Therefore if any one happens to light of a grain or two

of it, let him know for his Comfort, that it is as well to be gotten amongſt the godly, as among the lewd.

You may imagin perhaps that this Infection in their Air, may be corrected, by the Perfumes of the fam'd Paſtils of *Spain.*

At *Madrid* the Paſtils of the day are only the Ordures of the night; and the naſtineſs of forty Thouſand Whores, both profeſs'd and Matrimonial; and a hundred Thouſand pocky Devils who are the Chief Members of the Commonwealth. In *London* there is a place call'd the *Common-Garden*; All *Madrid* is a common Privy, which has no voider but the Sun. And if it be true, what ſome old Philoſophers ſay, that the Stars are nouriſh'd by the Vapours of the Earth; I'le ſwear there is no place in the World, where they fare ſo ill as they do at *Madrid.* I have my ſhare of this Banquet, upon which Conſideration I may brag, That I am ſate down at the Table of the Gods, and that I receive the ſame Suſtenance twice.

I will now ſay ſomething of the cauſe of this Naſtineſs, *viz.* their Women. They ſay the greater part of them are Jilts; and that the chaſteſt never Marry, till they have anſwer'd a civil Queſtion before hand. As long as they went mask'd I thought them handſome; but ſince by the King's Order, they have gone uncover'd, I have chang'd my

my Opinion, and I believe that the Piety of the good King found out this, and preſcrib'd it as a Remedy for the Lechery of the Town. Not but that their Faces are hid without either Vail or Mask. For they are ſo damnably dawb'd, that Nature cannot appear through the Artifice. The old Women take it as a Compliment to be call'd Whores; and the young ones take no more pleaſure in being thought Virgins, than they do in really being ſo; this point of Honour being a ſign of their want of Beauty and Merit.

Amongſt theſe Diſorders there are great Virtues: They have an incomparable Zeal for planting the *Roman Catholic* Religion, where there are Mines of Gold. Their Valour is ſo great, and their Warlike Enterprizes ſo extraordinary, that the *Germans* and *Italians* have much ado to execute them for them. If Juſtice is not done as it ought to be, 'tis not for want of Officers, for there are here more Serjeants, than other Citizens. But all the good that they do, is to live by the Sins of others; their deſign not being to correct Vice, but to make their Advantage of it. And if ev'ry Serjeant had a Rogue by the hand, it would be no eaſie matter to diſtinguiſh them. The honorary Mark of theſe Officers of Juſtice is a Rod, which they call *Vara*; as they do their Yards that they uſe in their Shops: To ſhew that

Juſtice like Cloth is to be ſold at *Madrid* by falſe Meaſure.

I would willingly ſay ſomething of the reſt of their Virtues, but they are ſo difficult to apprehend, that I want time to ſtudy them. Yet they ſay, that as each of us has a good and bad Angel attending him; ſo their Virtue is always accompanied with ſome Vice. Their Temperance is never without Avarice; their Civility without Deceit, their Devotion without Hypocriſie, nor their Humility without Treachery. If they faſt, 'tis for want of Money or Health, and to follow the preſcription of the Phyſician, rather than the Order of the Church. If they pardon Injuries, 'tis for fear of being beat in revenging them. If they are liberal, 'tis ſtill with Deſign, and always in order to get by it. If they pray to God, it is not ſo much to ask pardon for their Sins, as Opportunities to commit new ones.

If I ſhould affirm that there were no Thief in *Spain*, I ſhould be in the right, provided it were taken in the ſame Senſe, in which it was formerly ſaid, that there was no Adulterer at *Sparta*; becauſe ev'ry Conjunction was there Legitimate, and paſs'd for Marriage. Here ev'ry thing is Free-booty, ev'ry one declaring his Neighbour his Enemy, that he may have right to plunder him.

If

If any one ſhould ſay, That there were neither Whore nor Thief in his Family; they would preſently take him for a Foreigner, and call him *Gavacho.* [*An opprobrious Name which they give to the French.*] To one who once boaſted of this Advantage, his Mother with a Box on the Ear reply'd, How Raſcal, is it thus, thou deny'ſt thy Father that begat thee, and thy Mother that bare thee? They puniſh Thieves here no more than Murtherers.

For if Execution were done generally upon the laſt; 'twould be requiſite to hang up all the Phyſicians; if upon the firſt, the King would go near to be left without Subjects. But to chaſtiſe one part and pardon the other, would be to make exception of perſons, and do juſtice with a ſort of injuſtice; whereas by impunity to all, ſhe ſeems to be impartial.

I have heard ſome devout Sermons here, but never any that ſtruck at the ſin of the Fleſh. For (ſay they) to harp upon that ſtring, would be to move the People to Sedition. Who are not oblig'd to believe it mortal, unleſs God were as willing to pardon it, as they are to commit it. When the young Women hear the Fathers cry, That the fooliſh Virgins of the Goſpel were damn'd; they believe it was rather, becauſe they were Virgins, than becauſe they were fooliſh; or that they were reputed fooliſh, only becauſe they were Virgins.

For

For they have a merry interpretation of that Expreſſion, of not putting Oyl in their Lafmps. Yet this muſt be ſaid in behal of *Spain*; That a Witch or a Conjurer never was heard of there. For the Devil is afraid of contracting with a Spaniard; refuſing to believe either his Words or his Oaths. For they have no puniſhment for the perjur'd there, but a Muct of twenty five Royals; upon the payment of which, they are re-inſtated in their Honour, and as good Gentlemen as ever.

Notwithſtanding this great Confuſion of Vices, God who is pleas'd with extraordinary Diſpenſations, does not fail ſometimes to produce a Saint amongſt them; and as among all the Apoſtles, there was one *Judas*; So it's no wonder if amongſt ſo many *Judas's*, there is ſometimes an Apoſtle. The ſtuff of which God makes a Saint at *Madrid*, is a Perſecutor as St. *Paul*, a Denyer of God as St. *Peter*, an Uſurer as St. *Matthew*; a Whore, as *Mary Magdalen*; a Murderer, as St. *William*; and a hang-dog, as the *Good Thief* in the *Goſpel*; In a word, there are none but Converts at *Madrid*, no *Original Saints*, none who like St. *John Baptiſt*, were ſanctifyed in the Mother's Womb. For here they all enter into it by ſin. Adieu.

The

The Company were extremely pleas'd at this Letter, and read it over twice: and then------

'Tis a ſevere Satire indeed (ſaid *Chappel*) on the *Metropolis* of his moſt Catholic Majeſty. And what's much (purſu'd *Brook*) not one *Hyperbole* in it. Prithee, thou doeſt extend the Satire (interrupted *Summer*) beyond the very bounds of the Author's Intention. For my part (ſaid *Temple*) I am ignorant of the Vices of *Madrid*, but I am pretty well acquainted with thoſe of *London*; and if thoſe exceed theſe, they muſt be beyond all Satire, and nothing will reclaim 'em but the fate of *Sodom* and *Gomorrha*. If the Chaſteſt of *Madrid* (ſaid *Grave*) anſwer one civil queſtion before Marriage, our City-Damſels will anſwer an hundred. Ay, (aſſum'd *Winter*) before their Parents think them capable of Marriage. Nay, we have ſome (purſu'd *River*) that like *Quartilla* in *Petronius Arbiter*, can't remember that ever they were Maids. Prithee, why ſo ſevere (interrupted *Church*) on the kind-hearted pretty ones of the City? ſince their eaſineſs ſaves a provident Man many a pound in chace of a Jilt of Quality. Right (aſſum'd *Fountain*) and therefore for their ſakes we'll ſpare the reſt of the Cits, from the *Intriguing* Prentice

'tice to the Plotting Alderman, from the 'Wits of *Grubſtreet* to thoſe of *Greſham* 'Colledge: and to omit all the ſeveral 'Ranks and Orders of Cuckolds, Bankers, 'Bookſellers and Uſurers; from the Serje-'ants in their Blue Coats, to the Lord 'Mayor on Horſe-back. And all this '(concluded I) honeſt *Fountain*, for the ſake 'of their good-natur'd Spouſes, Siſters and 'Daughters. Gad they're extremely be-'holding to thee, Boy. Since therefore the 'City is ſo much in your Books, we'll 'proceed to the next.

LET-

# LETTER IX.

*To the Lady* A——

*Madam,*

THO' your Laſt was extremely obliging; yet the Praiſes which you ſo handſomly gave me, did not ſo much prove my Merit, as ſhew your Own. Your Praiſe of my *imaginary* Vertues, declar'd but my want of *real* ones. For the Politeneſs of your Letter, made me ſo ſenſible of the Defects of mine; that at the ſame time that it loaded me with Praiſe, it cover'd me with Shame. And therefore, Madam, let me tell you again, That in what I ſaid of you, I was not Generous but Juſt. And here you have driven me upon a tender Point, *viz.* Of derogating from my own Praiſe, and detracting from that Action which you impute to me, as extraordinary Virtue. But I hope you will be convinc'd, That the Air of the Court has not yet blaſted my native Sincerity, nor made me Gallant at the expence of Truth; ſince I have the rudeneſs to contradict you. The Repetition of your Invitation, more than makes amends for the coldneſs of my Brothers: But at the ſame time that it obliges, it troubles me to think that I cannot accept of it. I paſſionately love the Country,

trey, but cannot poſſibly come thither; tho' both the Spring and *your ſelf* invite me. Methinks, the vileſt Inſect which Nature has lodg'd in the Fields, is in a more deſirable State than we are, whom our Employment chains to the Town. *The very Serpent ſtill remains in that Paradiſe, out of which it hath caſt us.* For if it had not been for the Deceit of the firſt Serpent, there had been neither Soldier nor City. Thus you ſee, Madam, to what a Condition my unhappy Circumſtances reduce me, *viz.* Of envying a Creature, which Humane Nature abhors. For that, about this time, can leave its Hole, to lye basking on Sunny and Flowry Banks; and throwing off its old one, can aſſume a Coat as freſh and gay as the Seaſon. But I muſt deſpair of getting out of the Town; and my old honourable Livery, (which I hate yet more,) to enjoy a free Air, and as free a Proſpect. So that I almoſt eſteem it a Bleſſing, to be drawn out, ſometimes, to *Hide-Park*, for the Diverſion of the King and the Rabble. But here I am ſenſible I have err'd, in indulging Thoughts and Expreſſions purely Poetical. But ſince my Subject requir'd it, I am confident you cannot but pardon me. For to ſpeak as one ſhould do, Who muſt not ſpeak in extraordinary Terms, of the *Countrey*, of the *Spring*, and of *YOU?*

*I am Your's*, C. A.

This

'This Letter raviſh'd the Company with Pleaſure, it being ſo extraordinary in its kind; we had it therefore read over ſeveral times, ſtill affording Pleaſure. At laſt (ſaid I) for God's ſake, let's have it no more; for if you ſhould read it till we are weary of hearing it, we ſhould here end our Enquiry, and make all our Pleaſure terminate in this one Letter. Never, certainly, was a bare ceremonious Letter (ſaid *Temple*) penn'd like this. No flat repeated Compliments, (purſu'd *Grave*,) as common as Diſſimulation. So ſweet, ſo eaſie, ſo natural 'tis all, (continu'd *Fountain*,) that it gives a beauty even to *Ceremony*. Ceremony, in my mind, (aſſum'd *Winter*,) is Ornamental, if not Neceſſary, in Humane Converſation, as well as in Religion. Right, (purſu'd *Church*,) both without wou'd look too brutal and levelling. The *Italians*, (continu'd *Brook*) a polite People, and who know the Advantages of Living as well as moſt, abound with it. And the *Chineſe*, (added *Summer*,) whom we may call the *Aſiatic Italians*, come not behind them in that Point. In the *Italian* (ſaid *River*) 'tis unpardonable, becauſe 'tis all to amuſe you without any reality; tho', I confeſs, the *Chineſe* Travellers aſſure us, 'tis otherways there, and that tho' they are extremely Ceremonious; yet they never take it amiſs, like the *Italian*, if you accept of

'their

'their Compliment. But as I can never allow of the Exceſs of Ceremony in Religion, (concluded *Chappel,*) becauſe it ſwallows up all the more ſacred part; ſo I can't admit of it in Converſation, to that extravagance: Thoſe Two Nations affect it, ſince it lays aſide all Sincerity, and feaſts nothing but your Ears, as the Anti-Feaſts of old did nothing but your Eyes.

'Let's therefore proceed. Alas, (ſaid I,) we are now come to the laſt of this Pacquet, which has afforded ſo much extraordinary Wit. This therefore (purſu'd *Chappel*) ſhall be my Task to read.

Which he did as follows.

LETTER

## LETTER X.

*To Mr.* B—— *Theſe.*

*SIR,*

THO' for what I drank with you on *Wedneſday*, I pay'd but Half a Crown down; I am not likely to come off ſo cheaply. For I am forc'd to Bleed, Purge, Vomit upon it; and to throw my ſelf upon the Hands of a terrible Doctor, who proves often-times Mortal, tho' the Diſeaſe be Curable. But I have this one Comfort in my Adverſity, That I may expect your Company, without coming to you for it. For, to tell you the truth, I hate your End of the Town; where we can never be alone, but are perpetually diſturb'd by People who are much my Averſion. I am out of conceit with almoſt all the whole Roll of Captains, Lieutenants, and Enſigns; a ſort of People created to make the King live quiet, and plague his Subjects. *I hate a Fellow with an empty Head, who is proud of the Ornament of his Ar--*; who tho' he is call'd *Hector*, is no Hero, and has nothing invincible but his *Ignorance.*

But to return to my buſineſs: I have more Diſeaſes upon me, than the Man has Wounds in the Almanack. *B*——'s Inflam-

mation.

mation continues. *R*-----'s Flux is very ſevere upon him: He is, indeed, ſtill one of the Living, but he looks like one of the Dead; and talks like one juſt going to the other World, or newly arriv'd from thence, *viz.* with a Voice as hollow and faint as a Ghoſt's. So that in coming to ſee us, you viſit an Hoſpital. Do it then, if it be but to convince the unbelieving World, that thou ſtandeſt poſſeſs'd of One Chriſtian Vertue. It concerns you, to ſhew that you have a little Charity; ſince it appears by thy Life, that thou neither haſt Faith, nor Hope.

*I am*, &c.

'Here ends (ſaid *Temple*) a *Pacquet* of 'the wittieſt *Letters* of any we have yet met 'with. The Author of them, indeed, (con-'tinu'd *Grave*,) has diſcover'd himſelf Maſter 'of a vivacity of Thought and Expreſſion. 'And dreſſes the looſer Sallies of Youth '(purſu'd *Fountain*) in ſo gay and charming 'a Garb; That 'tis enough (aſſum'd *Win-'ter*,) to make the Heart of a Stoic a Convert 'to pleaſure. And then he deſcribes the 'Follies of them (continu'd *Church*) with 'ſo ſharp a Railery, that the Wit makes the 'moral Inſtructions they contain, fix them-'ſelves in the Memory. Methinks I ſee '(ſaid *Brook*) one of our thoughtleſs young

'Sons

' Sons of *Mars* ſtrutting juſt as he deſcribes
' him, with a ſcornful Eye caſt all a-round
' him; As if (aſſum'd *Summer*) there were
' a Terror in his Lac'd or Embroider'd Coat
' and Saſh, to command an aweful Reve-
' rence. This laſt Letter, indeed, (added
' *River*,) in my Mind, tho' the ſhorteſt, is
' not the leaſt witty. 'Tis throng'd with
' the ſparkling Gems of a quick Fancy,
' (purſu'd *Chappel*,) and each Line has its
' Ornament, a new Thought. In ſhort,
' (concluded I) what you have ſeen, will
' ſave me the labour of telling you of the
' Wit of the Author: I ſhall only add, That
' all his Wit makes him not conceited.

THE

# THE SECRET HISTORY OF *CORNARO VILLICANO*, DOGE of VENICE: AND SEGNIOR *FERNANDO*, His BROTHER.

*In a LETTER to a Friend.*

'This, I find, (ſaid I,) is deſign'd for 'Publick View. Right (continu'd *Chappel*,) 'we ſhall therefore ſerve the Author in pub-'liſhing of it. ----- But let's hear it firſt.

*Honoured SIR,*

I Have at laſt, in Compliance with your frequent Importunities, reſolv'd to give you a full Account of that Story, which I have often hinted to you by Parcels. You muſt

muſt not think that I will ſend you any politick Obſervations I made, during my Abode at *Venice*; nor an Account of the Progreſs of the Arms of that *State*, in the *Morea*, or the *Negropont*: much leſs any wondrous Conjectures about their farther Deſigns on the *Turkiſh* Dominions; or whether a Peace with the *Port* would be as agreeable to them, as to their Confederate the Emperor of *Germany*. But I need not have urg'd this, ſince I am ſenſible, that you are too well acquainted with the jealous Reſerv'dneſs of that People to Strangers, to expect any ſuch Matter from me. And truly I remembred the Reprimand of *Plutarch*, to thoſe *that were too curious in enquiring into Secrets they have nothing to do with*; and therefore would not give my ſelf the trouble of buſying my ſelf, only to obtain an Affront, by prying into that which I perceiv'd they deſign'd to hide from all but themſelves. As for thoſe *Politic Stratagems* I ſhall touch upon here; as they were the Effect, ſo they were the Companions of Amorous Intrigues, and cou'd not be ſeparated, without making the Narrative lame.

No, No, my Friend, I was for ſpending my time more to the purpoſe, than to intermeddle with the *Actions* of the SWORD, or the *Contrivances* of the GOWN. *Venice* will ever afford a Thouſand more diverting Entertainments to

to a Stranger, as long as 'tis ſo well furniſh'd with ſuch Kind, Obliging *Bona Roba's*; with ſo many *Maids*, *Wives* and *Widows* as Civil as Fair. Among which, 'twas my Fortune to be acquainted with a Lady whoſe Beauty, tho' great, was inferior to her *Wit*; and whoſe Quality, tho' of the higheſt Rank, could not equal her Charms: But that which brought all theſe rare Accompliſhments to the Knowledge of Mankind, was her Amorous Inclinations; being better ſtock'd with Love, than all the reſt; fonder, for a while, of her Adorer, than the giddy People of a Novelty. But ſhe was too Witty to be Conſtant; becauſe that furniſh'd her with Cunning, to vary her Pleaſure, without the Ignominy of Scandal, generally the effect of Rambling Deſires.

In the *Zenith* of my Favour with her, I was bleſs'd with this following Relation, in a more taking and agreeable Air, than I pretend to give it you. For you may eaſily imagine, that the Roughneſs of the *Engliſh*, and the cold Indifference of a *Letter*, will never be able to reach thoſe Beauties it had, when deliver'd in the moſt ſoft and melting Language, and by the prettieſt and moſt raviſhing Tongue in the World. That which encourages me moſt, to impart theſe Secret Intrigues to you, in ſo public a manner, (in ſpite of the general Diſ-belief of all theſe kind of Narratives,) is, That I find none

none of thoſe monſtrous Abſurdities, which other Hiſtories of this nature are fill'd with. Here are no Kings, *peeping through their Fingers, to ſee themſelves be made damn'd Cornudo's*; and other more ridiculous Tranſactions, which ſome of our mercenary modern Scriblers pretend to particularize. Here you will find nothing but what is natural, and very probable; the neat Contrivances of *Love*, and the Quinteſſence of the *Intrigue*: and all this deliver'd to me by One who acted in a great part of them, and was Miſtreſs of a cunning inquiſitive Wit, to ſearch out what ſhe was not immediately concern'd in. So that I am not driven to that wretched neceſſity, of divining *uncertain* Cauſes, from *dubious* Effects; or, of giving an Account of Things, which cou'd not in reaſon be ſuppos'd to be known to any but the individual Actors in them, whoſe Intereſt it was to have the whole Affair conceal'd: This has been the fate of all thoſe who have hitherto attempted theſe *Secret Hiſtories*, who have made bold to ſacrifice the Juſtice and Reputation of *Princes* to their own private Malice, or to gratifie the Violence of a prevailing Faction; and therefore have not ſcrupl'd to broach the moſt Circumſtantial Particulars of things that could never poſſibly be known, if true.

Having premis'd this, I will detain you no

no longer with a needleſs Harangue; but immediately, without farther Ceremony, bring you to the buſineſs.

It was my fortune, in my *Giro* of *Italy*, to paſs ſome Weeks at *Venice*; when Segnior *Cornaro Villicano* was *Doge*, or Duke of that City; to which honourable Retreat, or rather Priſon, he was remov'd from *Generaliſſimo* of their Forces. Being poſſeſs'd of this Dignity, he had time to think of ſomething elſe, beſides the Forming a Camp, the Attacques of a Town, or the Ambuſcades of the Field. Perhaps you may think now that I mean *Religion*? But, ſweet Sir, I humbly deſire you would not ſo pervert my *meaning*: For the *Venetians*, how Magnificent ſoever their Churches may be, are too ſenſible of the ill Effects bigotted *Zeal* has had in the other Parts of the World, to let their *State* be open to any Danger on that Side, which is ſo well ſecur'd from the envious Blows of Fate every other way. And to ſay truth, I I am of Opinion, That to this Indifference which they have in the Affairs of the next World, they owe their flouriſhing Grandeur and Security in this. *Venice*, by theſe Counſels, having continu'd in this auguſt *Port* for near One Thouſand Years, it being, in the time of *Charles the Great*, able to cope with that Monarch, as ſucceſsful as he was.

It

It was not *Futurity*, therefore, that entertain'd our *Doge*, during his Magnificent Retirement; but what the *preſent Time* afforded moſt worthy of regard. For he reſolv'd, ſince he had in his Youth contributed ſo much to the Deſtruction of Mankind, (I mean, by the neceſſary Effects of War,) he wou'd now, to his power, repair that paſt Damage, in caſting in his *Mite* toward the Generation of more. State-Affairs he ſeem'd as little to care for, as the Jealouſie of their Conſtitutions cou'd deſire: Tho' ſome were ſo unreaſonable as to imagine, that he deſign'd, by the eaſieſt and moſt impolitic Paſſion, to cover over his violent Ambition; believing that he thought it his ſecureſt way to gain an unbounded Dominion, by ſhewing a neglect of even that which the Law allow'd him; and that nothing could take away a Suſpicion from him, more than his acting the *Lover*; ſince 'tis generally thought, that *Love* and *Ambition* are ſeldom ſuch good Friends, as to inhabit the ſame Breaſt; the Dalliances with the Fair, enervating the aſpiring Endeavours of the *Statet-man*.

But the more modetate Sort, and they who had a particular Eſteem for the *Doge*, judg'd their Cenſures to proceed from the Cautions and diſtruſtful Temper of that People, rather than from any Reality, or juſt Cauſe. Tho' it muſt be confeſs'd, That

his fraternal Fondneſs of his Brother *Ferdinando*, made him ſo far innovate, as to endeavour a frequent Converſation with him: and, which was more, preſs his greater Advancement; tho' the Relations of all former *Doges* were not only kept from them, but abſolutely debarr'd from all Offices and Commands.

To this unadvis'd Love for his Brother, I attribute the ground of all the Fears and Apprehenſions of that People, and of all thoſe Diſturbances which follow'd a little before I left that City: When the Noiſe of a *Plot* againſt the *Commonwealth*, was become the public Diſcourſe of all the Town; and ſeveral of the Noblemen were ſecur'd, as guilty of ſome horrid Conſpiracy. Some who had convers'd with their own Hiſtories, fear'd it might, at the bottom, be ſome Deſign of the preſent *Doge*, to imitate *Julius Cæſar*, and convert their *Ariſtocratical Monarchy* into an *Abſolute Tyranny*. For *Venice* had been ſubject to not a few Changes of Government ſince its firſt Foundation, from *Consuls* to *Tribunes*, from *Tribunes* to *Dukes*, from *Dukes* to *Annual Tribunes*, from thence to the *Ducal* Authority again. Which by Thirty Four *Dukes*, ſucceſſively, was exerciſ'd with an Abſolute Independant Power; till in the Reign of *Vital Michieli*, the People again reſum'd the Government; tho' they con-

continu'd to Elect a Prince, whom, for their own Eaſe and Security, they bound up with Laws and Reſtrictions ſufficient to retain him within *Reaſon* and *Law*. Some of the Malecontented Nobility ſaid, 'Twas a Deſign of the *Doge*'s, to transferr the Authority from them to the People, as it was from the People to them, by the Endeavours of *Leonard Bembe*, and *Mark Badoer*, and by the Authority of Prince *Peter Grandenique*: which Change then produc'd the famous Conſpiracy of the *Quirins*, the *Tripoles*, and other Ancient and Conſiderable Houſes that were excluded, and levell'd with the Commons. Others, that look'd not ſo far off as theſe remote Tranſactions of their City, fanſy'd that ſome other Embaſſador had imitated the *Spaniard*, in endeavouring to bring it under a Foreign Yoke. Others, That it was to betray the *Morea*, and other their late Acquiſitions, to the *Turks*. Various were the Conjectures, and every Man diſcours'd of it in a different manner; and indeed, every thing but the *Truth* waſhit on.

I thought it not ſafe to continue there in ſuch a tickliſh Conjuncture, when every Stranger muſt be ſubject to more or leſs Suſpicion: Therefore I reſolv'd to quit my Amour, and preferr my own Security to the Embraces of my Miſtreſs. But I could not perſuade my ſelf to leave Her and *Venice*,

till I had better inform'd my ſelf of the Truth of the Matter. Nor did I know any more likely Means of gratifying my Curioſity, than by making a Viſit immediately to the fair *Julietta*, (for that is the Name of the Lady I have mention'd,) knowing her Correſpondence with the Great Men of the *Senate*: which is the Soul of the Commonwealth, as the *Grand Council* is the Body. The Evening therefore, the time of our amorous Rendzvouze being come, I met her Love with a more than ordinary Fire; which ſo engag'd her, that ſhe reſolv'd to revel the whole Night in my Arms; and ſeem'd willing to gratifie my Curioſity, as far as poſſibly ſhe could: And, indeed, ſhe ſeem'd ſo Charming that Night, that I had ſcarce Time enough, from Love and Sleep, to have the following Account, which ſhe gave me, to this Purpoſe.

THIS Plot and Conſpiracy, which now makes ſuch a Noiſe among the Vulgar, and which ſo many of the ſtirring Nobility ſeem ſo much to intereſt themſelves in, has another Deſign than is vulgarly apprehended, and another Cauſe. *Cornaro*, the preſent *Doge*, derives himſelf from an Ancient Family, which were once Hereditary Dukes of this City: To his Dignity was added one of the greateſt Eſtates of any of the *Venetian* Noblemen. Some

*few*

few Years ſince, there was an ambitious, turbulent Advocate advanc'd, according to the Cuſtom of this City, to the Honour of a Nobleman of *Venice*. But this Dignity was not enough; he aim'd to graft his upſtart Blood in the beſt Family of the Commonwealth. *Fernando*, *Cornaro*'s Brother, a Man Brave in his Temper, and a True and Faithful Friend; nor did he want Judgment and Policy; only that could not avail him againſt the Onſets of Love; He had ſeen the Daughter of *Coriando*, (that's the Name of this new dignify'd Commoner I mention'd,) and was not a little taken with her: She had, indeed, ſome Wit, a great deal of Pride, and ſome ſhare of Beauty. *Fernando* was conſtant in his Addreſs; which her Father knew, and indulg'd privately, ordering her to admit him to all the Liberties of Lovers, except the laſt, to try whether ſhe could prevail with him to marry her. She comply'd with her Father's Order, as far it was in her Power; but the Liberties ſhe had commiſſion to grant, depriv'd her of the Power of denying the laſt Teſtimony of her Love. Time flyes on; *Fernando* ſtill purſues his Amour; finds her meet him in Enjoyment with an equal Fire, when-ever they cou'd improve the Opportunities that were allow'd 'em ſo well.

But at laſt, *Bianca* (that was her Name) finds her ſelf with Child, beyond hope of concealing it; and was, in the end, fain, upon Examination, to own it to her Father. He preſently finds out *Cornaro*; preſſes the buſineſs ſo home, that he order'd his Brother to marry her. And no Obſtacle oppos'd it but the youngeſt Brother of all, a Youth, not fully Eighteen; who openly aſſerted the diſdain he had, that his Brother ſhou'd joyn ſo mean and ignominious a Family with one ſo Illuſtrious. But this barr was remov'd by the care of Old *Coriando*. The brave Youth, in a day or two, dy'd ſuddenly, and *Fernando* was marry'd to *Bianca*. But his Brother's Death, and an after-Conſideration of what he had done, made him ſeem indifferent to his new Wife, who had brought him a Child, as well as a Portion, in Marriage.

The Indifference of *Fernando* was not without Effect on his Wife; ſhe had caſt her Eye upon a Youth, a Domeſtic of her Husbands, and was reſolv'd to gratifie her Pleaſure by him, ſince ſhe no longer had, nor deſir'd any from her Husband. The imperiouſneſs of her Temper, her inſufferable Pride, and other ill Humours, with no good ones, and a wondrous decay of that moderate Beauty ſhe had, made *Fernando* wholly forſake her Bed, and give himſelf to the Embraces

Embraces of more grateful Beauties. I ſhall not deny (my Love, ſaid *Julietta*,) that I have not had a few Addreſſes from him; nor has he always gone unrewarded. *Bianca* was even with him, and loſs'd no opportunity of Pleaſure with her Domeſtic that ſhe cou'd gain; till weary of him, ſhe try'd all the Males of her Family, and at laſt ſent to Signior *Corbulo*, a young Nobleman then famous for his daily Intriegues with the Ladies, and gains what ſhe deſir'd of him; who never let a Lady languiſh for him in vain, ſince he never ſigh'd to no purpoſe to any of them.

'Twas now Three Years *Bianca* had kept on this Courſe, and was now again with Child; but cou'd not, by all her Wit, get *Fernando* into ſuch a Circumſtance, as to render him capable of thinking this Child to be his. For walking with *Cornaro*, and ſome others, in the *Piazza* of St. *Mark*, he pretended ſome Excuſe to go from him. Upon which, *What Brother* (ſaid *Cornaro*,) *are you going to viſit your Son and Heir? By St.* Mark (reply'd *Fernando*) *I have not touch'd her theſe Three Years.* *Corbulo* was preſent, and paſs'd ſome Jeſt, and a little Railery upon the Occaſion: Which gave ſome Suſpicion, that he had more reaſon to be congratulated for his Firſt-begotten, than *Fernando*; who being inform'd of it, made

uſe of that Friendſhip he pretended to have with him, to make that Diſcovery he deſir'd. *Corbulo* was a Man of little Honour, tho' of much Wit, and Succeſs with the Fair, and therefore promis'd to teſtifie before the Senate, That ſhe had been his Whore. And it being now known in the Family, that *Fernando* reſolv'd to be divorc'd from her, her Domeſtic *Privado*'s deſerted her Cauſe, and made a full Diſcovery of her Intrigues to their Maſter.

The Buſineſs was to be manag'd before the Senate, who were all for a Divorce; which allarm'd Old *Coriando*, and made him look about, to try all Means of preventing it. Firſt underſtanding by his Spies, that *Fernando*'s Affections were wholly poſſeſs'd by a beautiful young Lady, Wife to an old impotent *Magnifico*, from whom ſhe was to be divorc'd, on that Account, to be marry'd to *Fernando*, he takes care to ſend her away to the *Elyzian* Fields. But remembring that there were more pretty Ladies, that would neither want the Will nor the Power to gain the Affections of *Fernando*, ſhould he carry his Point of Divorce with the Senate; he contrives it ſo, as to inſinuate to them, That he was tainted with the Spaniſh Faction; and by fortifying his Family by a powerful Match with ſome other *Magnifico*'s Daughter, would but enable him to bring

bring his Countrey into Subjection to a Foreign Power. Tho' all this were but whisper'd secretly, yet the jealous humour of our State gave such ear to't, that the Tyde of the Senate soon turn'd, and 'twas now apparent, that there was no hope of a Divorce. And *Cornaro* was soon sent away *Proveditor-General* for the *Morea*, and afterwards was made *Generalissimo*, from which Dignity he was remov'd to be *Doge* of *Venice*

In the mean time, a Pacification was brought about betwixt *Fernando* and *Bianca*, and he now and then bedded her; who prov'd fruitful, with little of his cultivating. So that he had no cause to fear he should have no Harvest at home, tho' he spent his main Stock in his Neighbours Ground.

*Coriando*, in the mean time, full of Revenge, dispatches most of the *quondam Privado*'s of his Daughter: But *Corbulo* defended himself a long while against all his Attempts, not intermitting the course of his Pleasures at the expence of many a miserable Woman. But he could not always be on his guard against watchful Revenge, when he was so much devoted to Womankind, as to omit no opportunity of feasting his changeable Appetite with all the variety *Venice* afforded.

But

But the manner of his Death being ſo link'd with the moſt ſurprizing Intrigues of his Life, I can't omit that, without making the Account of his *exit* out of this World imperfect.

I have already told you, that *Corbulo* was a pretty accompliſh'd Gentleman; I mean, in all the Niceties of Courtly Breeding: but above all, being extremely Handſome, as well as Witty. Theſe, as I have ſaid, gave him admittance to the Ladies Favours; which he never refus'd, and often ſought after; eſpecially if his Friend had either a beautiful Wife, Siſter, or Daughter: Succeſs attended him where-ever he laid Siege to the Fair; and he ſet no Bounds to his Deſires, but what reach'd as far as his Abilities to perform. *Julia*, tho' marry'd to a Couſin-German of his, to whom he was much oblig'd, could not eſcape his Addreſſes, nor ſecure her ſelf from the Attempts of one ſo well skill'd in deluding Womankind. *Julia* had a Heart ſoft and amorous, (tho' till then ſhe had maintain'd the Reputation of ſevere Modeſty,) and cou'd not reſiſt the Love of ſo taking a Gallant; but tho' ſhe was now extravagantly fond of him in her Heart, ſhe yet with all the Art of Diſſimulation diſguis'd the Extremity of her Paſſion. But all her Care witheld not long the acceptable Secret from him; which

Diſcovery

Diſcovery made him reſolve to make uſe of the firſt Opportunity, to accompliſh his wiſhes. *Gieronymo* her Husband being oblig'd to be at the Senate all night, he having intelligence of it, ſtole into *Julia*'s Chamber, and hid himſelf till ſhe was come to bed; and then undreſſing himſelf, he came and preſs'd to come into bed to her; ſhe was at firſt mightily frightned at the preſence of a Man in her Bed-Chamber, and in the abſence of her Husband; but being ſatisfi'd who it was, after ſome little ſtrugglings, admitted of his Embraces, and after contriv'd how they might continue the Intrigue with the greateſt Security, and moſt frequent Opportunity.

'*Pomponia Julia*'s Mother liv'd in the Houſe with her, when ſhe was not out of *Venice* at her Country *Villa*, as ſhe was at that time wherefore *Julia*: propos'd to him a Marriage betwixt him and her Mother; imagining, that under the Liberty of a Father-in-Law, they might the better vail the outward ſhews of Affection, which, wou'd without doubt, ſome time or other eſcape them, tho' they us'd never ſo much caution; beſide that, ſo he wou'd not only have frequenter Opportunities of converſing with her, but alſo prevent Jealouſie, which that intimacy might raiſe in her Husband, *Corbulo*, with ſome ſeeming difficulty

culty (becauſe he muſt then let another ſhare in his Embraces, which he pretended he deſir'd wholly to reſerve for her alone) admitted of her propoſal, glad in himſelf of ſuch an occaſion of raiſing his Fortune, which in his Deboches he had almoſt out-run; and at the ſame time have one of the prettieſt Ladies in *Venice* at his Devotion. In ſhort, by the Cunning and Intereſt of the Daughter, he obtained the Mother; and with her ſuch intereſt in *Jeronimo*, that he had him entirely at his devoir in hopes by pleaſing him, to win him to leave what he had to him: *Corbulo* perceiv'd the Source and Aim of his Affections, and therefore to flatter him in his way, he often caſt out words, as if it were by chance, to give him cauſe to think that his Hopes were not in vain; this gain'd him that aſcendent over the poor deceiv'd Cuckold, that he cou'd not wiſh frequenter Opportunities of meeting the Ardor and Love of *Julia*, than he had. But this abominable Debauch was, too criminal not to have a juſt Puniſhment, for after they had continued this inceſtuous Amour above a year, *Corbulo*, like an inconſtant Man, began to grow weary of that he had ſo much eſteem'd; having then fall'n into a new adventure with a young Maiden Lady, whoſe Name was *Helvidia*. The diſcovery of which, as it was the general talk of the Town, ſo it

was

was the Ruine of *Julia*, and the Death of her Mother. It was thus, *Corbulo* was admitted by *Helvidia* one night into her Father's Houſe, and into her Bed; but his ſtumbling in the dark wak'd the Lady her Mother, who hearing him go into her Daughters Chamber, ſtole from her Husband, who was faſt aſleep, and came after him thither, before he had been in bed half a quarter of an hour, but had faſt'ned the Door, and ſhe wou'd not open it, pretending ſhe was afraid to venture out of bed, till her Mother threat'ned to wake her Father, and have the Door broke open; ſo that ſhe in ſome haſt threw his Cloaths to the inſide of the Bed, and let her Mother in, and ſo immediately run into her Bed again: the old Gentlewoman with a lighted Taper in her hand came in, and began to examine her Daughter about the noiſe that ſhe had heard, and the opening and ſhutting of her Chamber Door: and ſuſpicious of the Truth, began to look about the Room, and under the Bed, but no body to be found; ſo perſuading her ſelf ſhe only dreamt, was going away again, but remembred her ſelf that ſhe had not look'd in the inſide of the Bed; and coming thither, was extremely ſurpriz'd to ſee a Man's Cloaths there; which made her afreſh attack her Daughter, and with a great deal of Earneſtneſs to diſcover where ſhe had hid her Gal-

Gallant; obſerving at laſt the Bed-cloths ſomething higher than uſual at the Feet, ſhe pluck them all off, and there found *Corbulo.* Which put her into ſuch a Paſſion, that the noiſe ſhe made wak'd her Husband, who call'd to her to come and give him an account of the cauſe of her loud unſeaſonable Anger with his Daughter, whom he had an entire Affection for. Whil'ſt ſhe retir'd in Obedience to unfold the Diſgrace of her Family, *Corbulo* ſnatching up his Cloths, undreſs'd as he was, got out of the Window before the old Man cou'd come with his Weapons to revenge the Injury offer'd to the Honour of his Houſe. But *Helvidia* ſeeing her Gallant was got clear off, as ſoon as her Father came, knowing her own Intereſt with him, and how little her Mother was in his good Graces, reſolv'd to deny the whole Tranſaction; affirming, that there had been no body with her, only that her Mother dreaming of ſuch an Accident came, and diſturb'd her out of her ſleep to open the Door to her; and perſevering in that Opinion, had made all that out-cry: that if he wou'd not believe her, he ſhou'd credit his own Eyes; and ſee if there were the leaſt appearance of any thing of that nature in her Chamber: Her Father after he had look'd about the Room, in a great Fett abus'd the old Lady for diſturbing him,

and

and his Daughter of their Reſts, for her odd figaries of a Dream; but ſhe perſever'd in her Story, and ſaid ſhe both ſaw, and ſpoke to *Corbulo* in his own proper Perſon, and that in his Shirt too; her Obſtinacy put her Husband almoſt beyond Patience, and to avoid giving her that Correction he ſometimes us'd to do, he retir'd to his Bed; and his Wife not willing to truſt her ſelf with him that night, went to bed to a Maid Servant of hers who was her great Favourite, and to whom ſhe us'd to make all her Complaints of the Undutifulneſs of her Daughter, and the Unkindneſs of her Husband. To this Maid ſhe unfolds all as it had happen'd, affirming that it was *Corbulo*, that had diſhonour'd her Daughter, tho' by her own conſent. The Maid; who was none of the beſt for keeping a Secret; the next day told it all to her Sweet-heart, and ſo from one to another it became the talk of the whole City: it was confirm'd too by a Servant of *Gieronimo*'s, who happen'd to come by when he was dreſſing himſelf in the Street. *Julia* ſoon heard of the Adventure, which put her into a violent fit of Jealouſie and Indignation, that ſhe ſhould be left for another leſs fair as ſhe imagin'd. *Pomponia* reſented it like a True Wife, which made *Corbulo* have but a very uneaſie abode at home. But all hitherto was but

Sur-

Surmiſe and Hear-ſays of uncertain Rumours, which cou'd not be father'd upon any one; but *Helvidia* prov'd impatient of his abſence, ſent a Letter by an ignorant Servant to him, to accuſe him of neglect of her, and want of Bravery in being bauk'd by one bad Accident, the Letter was left with his Wife for him, who jealous of him to a great degree ſince this Report, made bold to break it open and peruſe it; where ſhe found an unwelcome Affirmation of what before ſhe only conjectur'd. But *Helvidia* had not ſet her Name to it, either out of deſign, or neglect; which prevented *Pomponia* from carrying it to her Father, and by her Ruin revenge her ſelf of the Injury ſhe had receiv'd. All that ſhe cou'd do, was to run into her Daughters Chamber full drive, to exclaim againſt the Man, ſhe by her inſtigation had made her Husband. *Julia* was making ſome Verſes at that inſtant on the Ingratitude and Inconſtancy of *Corbulo*, which with ſome Confuſion ſhe hudled aſide when her Mother came in; but buſtling farther to get from her writing poſture at her Toylet, ſhe unknown to her ſelf let them fall. With a great deal of uneaſineſs, ſhe heard her Mothers account of what Diſcovery ſhe had made, agreeing after all to condemn him for the moſt ingrateful and inconſtant of Men.

*Ju-*

*Julia* in the midſt of this Diſcourſe was call'd away by a Servant to go to her Husband. *Pomponia* walking about the Room, ſpies this Paper on the ground, which taking up to put on her Daughters Table, by chance caſt her Eye on it, and there ſpy'd *Corbulo*'s Name newly written by *Julia*'s own Hand. This made her with a little more Earneſtneſs peruſe it, and found it a Copy of Verſes not quite finiſh'd; complaining of his Inconſtancy. *Pomponia* read them over, but had ſcarce finiſh'd them when ſhe fell into a Swoon, with the Paper faſt graſp'd in her Hand; in which Condition *Julia* quickly returning found her, ſnatching her Verſes out of her Mothers Hand, clapt them into her Pocket; being follow'd almoſt at the heels by her Husband, who entred before ſhe had recover'd her, and was much ſurpriz'd at that ſtrange Accident. *Pomponia* at laſt came to her ſelf, ſo far as to be able to be convey'd to her Bed; where ſhe would not ſuffer her Daughter to come near her, and in a few days dy'd. *Julia* ſtruck with this fatal Conſequence of her too criminal Amour, began to repent of what ſhe had done: which drove her to that exceſs of Melancholy, that ſhe went Mad; in which Condition ſhe ſome time afterward died. *Geronimo* then by ſome Papers he found in her

her Closet, discover'd the whole Intrigue, and soon made *Corbulo* sensible of his Resentment. But he knowing *Gieronimo* to be a Man that made Money his God, to appease him, made him immediately his Heir, parting with great part of what Fortune he had got by *Pomponia*, to him, at present. These sad Accidents a little time diverted him from his Debauches; but an accidental meeting of *Helvidia* at Church, brought him again into Intrigue; coming from whose Window, whither *Coriando*'s Bravo's had watch'd him, he was stabb'd, and dy'd in the place.

Thus *Coriando* compleated his revenge on all those his Daughter might fear, in the Affair of her Reputation; and soon after made his *exit* from the Stage of his Villanies, *Venice*, leaving it, to retire into some remoter place from his guilt.

*Fernando*, in the mean while, among Others, makes his Addresses to Me; and was not repuls'd with that Resolution he ought; but, on the contrary, I indulg'd a Passion for him beyond what I am willing to own, being asham'd to have lov'd a Man with Constancy, who could not me with an equal Passion, and with the same Condition. I had hitherto liv'd single; my Parents dy'd, left me young, and Mistress of a good Fortune:

une: The Guardians I was left with being a married Couple, I ſaw ſo much of that State, that from my firſt Thoughts of Man, I reſolv'd never to marry, ſince I ſaw the Confinement of *that*, and the Freedom of being One's *own* Miſtreſs; which wou'd not deprive One of the Delights of Marriages, which I might enjoy without the Fatigues, and have all One's Favours valu'd, and ever meet with Fire and Deſire in the Embraces I granted. Nature had given me ſome ſmall Beauty, and I had always conceal'd my Amours ſo, that I had not blemiſh'd my Reputation in the Eye of the World. The Conſideration of all this vex'd me, when I ſaw *Fernando* ſlight me, and purſue an Intrigue with the Lady of the Houſe, who, tho' Young, had little of Beauty. Thinking to retrieve him, by diſcovering this Intrigue to the Lady's Husband, I ſent to him, then abſent at *Rome* on an Embaſſie to that Court. He takes Poſt *incognito*, having firſt provided himſelf with a prodigious Pox in the holy City, (and indeed, in the Effect, it prov'd an Eccleſiaſtical Diſtemper,) and comes home full of pretended Love, lyes with his Wife one Night, and the next Day returns to his Station.

*Fernando* was ſoon admitted, and gets more than he expected; and gives it, after two or three days Digeſtion, to *Bianca*; which

which, after a miſerable languiſhment, was her Death.

Soon after this, *Cornaro* was declar'd *Doge*; and *Fernando* now giving over all his more youthful Sallies, diverts his Paſſion of Love to that of Ambition, the Child of which, is this Conſpiracy you hear of ſo much. The *Magnifico Orſino* is of the Intereſt of the *Doge*, and in his Counſels, to reſtore him to the Abſolute Power of ſome of his Anceſtors. He 'twas adviſ'd the Amuſing the Senate and People with the Noiſe of a Plot; by that means, to ſtop that Army in *Venice*, that is now deſign'd for the *Morea*, and to place his Friends and Creatures in the Poſſeſſion of it. *Cornaro's* entire Love for his Brother, raiſes his Thoughts to Actions he affects not elſe; and indeed, has no Occaſion of it, having no Children of his own. Nor do I think (concluded *Julietta*) that thoſe of his Brother, by *Bianca*, merit ſo much buſtle, ſince we know not but that they are the Off-ſpring of the Coach-man or Chair-man.

This was the Subſtance of this Night's Diſcourſe with the Charming *Julietta*; who engag'd me to come to her again the next Night, promiſing to give me a farther Relation of the Intrigue of *Cornaro* himſelf.

Which

Which ſhe faithfully perform'd, and which are as follows.

'But before we cou'd proceed in our 'reading of them, we were forc'd to go to 'Dinner, which, with the Ladies, waited for 'us. The other Part I'll ſend you in the 'next Volume.

*The END of the* SECOND BOOK.

THE

# THE Poſt-Boy Robb'd of his MAIL:

## OR, THE PACQUET Broke-open.

## VOL. II.

## BOOK III.

*Dinner being done, we took a Glaſs or two of Wine, and ſpent ſome Hours in Converſation with the Ladies, in Diſcourſe, and a Game at Cards: But as ſoon as they were retir'd, we went to the Proſecution of our Enquiries. Where being ſeated, the firſt thing we met with was a Pacquet of Love-Letters; which we peruſed in the following Method.*

# LETTER I.

*To Mr.* ——, *at his Houſe near* ——, *in* Kent.

*Dear Brother,*

DEſigning for *Flanders*, there, if poſſible to wear off the Loſs of my Love, in the Chace of a new Miſtreſs, *Honour*, or to bury my ſelf with my Griefs in the heaps of Enemies, I commit theſe dear Letters to your Cuſtody, being my *Friend*, as well as *Brother*. Send me Word, if you can come to know, how my *Belvidera* takes our fatal Separation? and, Whether ſhe lets the Tyranny of her Friends force her to forget her Lover in the Arms of an Husband? And if ſo, Whether there be no hopes of my being happy in the Reward of my Conſtancy, as well then, as before? Pardon the Office I put upon thee, my Friend: Thou may'ſt with Honour, ſure, ſerve thy Friend and Brother in his Love, and eaſe him in the Agony of his Sufferings. I'm ſure I wou'd thee. If I miſcarry, burn theſe *Letters*, that no Accident may bring 'em to the Hands of ſuch as may make 'em public. I wiſh thee all the Joy

Joy thy Fortune, thy Senſe and thy Merits can furniſh thee with: And am, till Death,

*Thy Loving Brother,*

*and Faithful Friend,*

---

'How falſely (ſaid *Grave*) do we accuſe the Heav'ns, and fooliſhly complain, ſince ev'ry Man owes his Misfortunes to his own folly and madneſs. — That is, I ſuppoſe, (aſſum'd *Temple*,) this Spark may talk what he pleaſe of *envious Stars*, &c. yet he may thank himſelf, for giving up his Peace and Tranquillity to the Power of a Woman. Whether *we* make our Good Fortunes, or no, (purſu'd I,) I know not; but, I'm ſure, moſt of us are beholden to our own Imprudence and Paſſions, for our Ill. Thus (continu'd *River*) when Ambition puts us on improbable Attempts, we complain of Fortune. And when we our ſelves ſo doat on the fickle Sex, (added *Winter*,) we accuſe their Falſeneſs, laying our Pain and Miſeries at their door; whereas, if we conſulted our Reaſon, ----- We ſhou'd know (aſſum'd *Church*) that we cou'd expect nothing but Jilting from them. I beſeech

‘ you (interrupted *Summer*) be in a better ‘ humour with the Sex, now we're en- ‘ tring all the ſoftneſſes of Love. A good ‘ Motion, (purſu'd *Brook*,) and let us ‘ put on all the ſofteſt Conſiderations that ‘ Paſſion can afford us. That indeed (con- ‘ cluded *Chappel*) is more agreeable to our ‘ Youth, and the Favours we yet expect from ‘ 'em. And therefore, in the Name of *Love*, ‘ let's proceed.

“ *Here I muſt inform you, That for ſome* “ *Reaſons beſt known to our ſelves, and the* “ *Parties concern'd, and which may be eaſily* “ *gueſs'd at, we have thought fit to give our* “ *Lovers Names more Romantic than their* “ *own; preſerving that of* Belvidera *to the* “ *Lady, which the Swain has given her in his,* “ *and beſtowing on him that of* Lyſander.

“ The Letters therefore being ſorted “ into Order by the Sender, *Chappel* took up “ the Firſt, and read it out with the juſt Air “ of a Lover, as follows:

LET-

# LETTER I.

## To the Divine *Belvidera*;

*To inform her of his being in Love with her.*

*Madam*,

SHou'd I yet be ſilent, the Flame you have kindled in my Boſom, cannot certainly be unknown to you. My Eyes, my Sighs, and my continual Languiſhment, muſt needs have reveal'd the Dear Secret, if you are not more inſenſible than Fair.

For cou'd you alone behold me, cou'd you have often caught me in theſe Raptures, dwell upon thoſe Eyes, and feaſt my Soul with your heavenly Looks, and yet not think I *Lov'd*? Cou'd you alone hear all my Sighs? and ſee what Tremblings ſeiz'd me, when I touch'd, or came but near you, and yet not know I Lov'd? And Oh! when Ceremony has bleſs'd me to approach your Lips, have my fierce Kiſſes reliſh'd of a faint Salute? Have I not preſs'd 'em ſtill, with all the eager Raptures of a Raviſh'd Lover? Alaſs! this was all too viſible for my Happineſs! e'ry body perceiv'd it but your Adorable ſelf, whom moſt I wiſh'd ſhou'd know it. Oh that ſome Kind God (and

ſure Love has, or ought to have ſome propitious Powers to guard it) had convey'd my Sufferings to *You* alone, that cou'd relieve me; and kept them from their Knowledge, whoſe unjuſt Anger cou'd only make me Miſerable. Ah, then I might ſtill have fed my longing Soul, at leaſt with the frequent Preſence of the Bright Goddeſs of all its ſofter Wiſhes. Then had not your Father baniſh'd me from all Approaches to you, but this of Letters; And Oh! that even in this, my Mind were calm enough to think of Reaſons to prevail with that dear Heart of yours. But alas, my Thoughts are all diſorder'd, and my Mind in ſuch a tumult by the Rage of unruly Paſſion, that, all I can tell you is, that *I Love*, I languiſh, and I die for the too Charming *BELVIDERA*! That your Eyes have made me the moſt wretched Man alive, if your Heart affords no Pity.

Let not my Love offend thee, divine Maid! and ah, let not thy generous Breaſt make ſo barbarous a Return, as Anger, Scorn and Hate for ſuch a boundleſs Love as mine! And Oh thou Comfort of my languiſhing Soul, and dear Diſpoſer of my Fate, permit me to write to thee, if thou think my Paſſion merits no greater Favour. Permit me to tell thee how much I love, and doat on thee; if I muſt hope no other Reguard, permit me to repeat the ſad Story of my hapleſs Paſſion, and lay before thee the hourly

hourly Tortures of the moſt unhappy Youth Love e're made a wretched Victim to any of thy Sex. I will not flatter my ſelf to that Extravagance to hope You'll bleſs me with a kind Reply: Ah receive but mine, and that will give ſome Eaſe to your unfortunate loving Slave,

*LYSANDER.*

'*Lyſander* (ſaid *Temple*) I find is extreme,y taken with his Miſtreſs, there runs 'ſuch an Air of Love clear through this 'Letter. I know not that (reply'd *Grave*) 'for I am of Opinion, Love is not ſo eaſily diſcover'd by one Letter, tho' I confeſs there is a tender Softneſs in this that does the buſineſs as well. But pray, Gentlemen, before you decide either for or againſt *Lyſander* (interrupted *Fountain*) 'let us eſtabliſh a true Notion, or Definition of Love. That's almoſt as hard '(reply'd *Winter*) as to define Beauty, Doctors differ ſo much on the Point. *Leon Hebræus* (purſu'd *Church*) in his firſt 'Dialogue defines Love ſomething erroneouſly in my Opinion; a *voluntary* Paſſion, 'and Deſire *of enjoying of ſome Object that's* '*Good.* Now I can never grant that Love's 'a voluntary Paſſion, ſince 'tis not ſubject 'to, or at the diſpoſition of the Will, ſince

'no Man that's in Love, can help loving. '*Plato's* Definition of it (continu'd *Brook*) 'ſeems more adequate to me, he ſays '*LOVE is a Deſire of the Mind, to poſ-* '*ſeſs ſome Object that is Good and Beautiful.* 'This Definition (ſaid *Summer*) and all 'thoſe that define Love a *Deſire*, is abſo-'lutely oppos'd by *Scaliger*, who ſays, '*LOVE is not a* Deſire, *or* Appetite, *as* '*all Men had till then defin'd it; for when* '*we poſſeſs and enjoy the Object deſir'd, the* '*Appetite is gone; 'tis therefore a Paſſion* '*(continues he) by which we are united to* '*the beloved Object, or perpetuate that Uni-*'*on.* I muſt diſſent from *Scaliger* very 'much (reply'd *River*) and ſay that he 'was a better Scholar than a *Lover*; ſince 'tis certain, that Enjoyment does not de-'ſtroy the Appetite, as long as Love laſts. 'Right (aſſum'd *Chappel*) the true Lover 'being *ſtill poſſeſſing, ſtill deſiring*, as a 'much better Judge has expreſs'd it in a 'Song. I don't perceive that you have a-'greed on any Definition you have yet pro-'duced (concluded I) therefore let's peruſe 'the next Letter, and ſee how that may fix 'our Judgments.

LET-

## LETTER II.

*Giving* Belvidera *Thanks for receiving his Letter at laſt, and a farther Account of his Love.*

### LYSANDER to BELVIDERA.

*Ah my Adorable Charmer,*

COu'd *You* be ſo Cruel, to deny me that very little Eaſe I begg'd in thoſe Pangs and Sufferings which your ſelf have caus'd? Was it, indeed, ſo hard a task for you to afford the hapleſs Wretch that dies for *You*, ev'n the Pity of receiving his Letters. Cou'd you thrice ſend my laſt back unread, unlook'd on, only becauſe it came from the poor, fond, miſerable *LYSANDER*? Ah! *BELVIDERA*, did Heav'n beſtow thoſe Beauties on you, all thoſe mighty Beauties, for Deſtruction only? Is it poſſible you ſhou'd have all that tender Sweetneſs in your Face, and ſo much Coy Severity within.

But I'll complain no longer, ſince thou haſt at laſt, my lovely Maid, permitted me to write; 'tis Happineſs enough to think theſe Lines will be ſurvey'd by thoſe dear Eyes, bleſs'd with the touch of that ſoft, lovely Hand, wetted perhaps (but Oh!

that

that, that's too much) with one kind pitying Tear for the unhappy Youth's hard fate, whom ſhe has undone, but cannot *Love.* Perhaps thoſe Hands may place thee too cloſe to her ſnowy Boſom, that ſwells with vaſt unexperienc'd Raptures, the very thought tranſports me thither, and wou'd give perfect Joys, were I not too ſoon convinc'd 'tis but in fond imagination only. Oh *BELVIDERA!* cou'd I unfold but half my mighty Sufferings, you muſt, you wou'd grant, nay, you cou'd not with all your Stock of Cruelty, deny me Pity. Oh! think what 'tis to ſpend whole Days, whole watchful Nights upon the Rack of ſtrong Deſire, have all the Ideal Beauties of thy lovely Perſon, with all their dazling Glories, ſtill before me, but far without my reach. Think what a ſtate to view All Heav'n above me, and yet ſo vaſt unpaſſable Gulphs betwixt us. Conſider all the Tortures of the moſt violent Diſtempers, and of ignominious Poverty, they will ſcarce all together give thee a proportionable *Idea* of my ſmalleſt Pain. And then conſider, my adorable Fair One, whether the cauſe of all this Woe ought not to give me *Pity.* I will not preſume to hope an Anſwer: No, that wou'd be too great a Bliſs to be expected by the unhappy wretched loving

*LYSANDER.*

'Let

'Let Love be what it will (ſaid *Chappel*) this Spark is not ignorant in Addreſs that wrote theſe Letters. As to what we have diſcover'd indeed (purſu'd *Brook*) he ſeems to proceed Methodically enough. Right (aſſum'd *Summer*) he has not given over at the firſt Repulſe; but ſent again, and again, till his Letters were receiv'd. He knows that Rule of *Ovid* (continu'd *Temple*) that a Lover ought not to be bawk'd by the firſt Repulſe, tho' ſhe ſend his Letter back unread, but muſt believe her Mind will change; or, elſe ſhe is not *Woman* (aſſum'd *Grave*) and therefore, this Rule of *Ovid* is founded on the very nature of the Sex; as all his other are (purſu'd *River*) for he tells you, that the firſt ſtep to win a Miſtreſs is, to fix in your Mind this Aſſurance, *That all Women may be won, and that you ſhall certainly win her.* This Aſſurance indeed (continu'd *Church*) begets Perſeverance, and Time and Perſwaſion will at laſt prevail, and make the Coyeſt yield. But then his Addreſs (reply'd *Winter*) muſt be artificial too, his Letters Tender, Soft and Natural, without Affectation, fill'd with common words. Thoſe are merry Sparks indeed (purſu'd *Fountain*) that Court their Miſtreſs in Tropes and Figures, Cramp Words, and Ratling Sentences. That may be of Force for ought I know

(con-

'(concluded I) ſince it muſt convince their 'Miſtreſſes they are mad, and conſequently 'may be in Love; tho' I confeſs, *Bedlam*'s 'a better cure for 'em, than the Boſom of 'a pretty Lady.

'But here's an Anſwer (ſaid *Temple*) from 'our Nymph, and then there is ſome hopes 'for our *Inamorato*.

## LETTER III.

### BELVIDERA to LYSANDER.

*Being an Anſwer to the two former Letters, forbidding him to write any more to her.*

*SIR*,

I Wonder that after ſo many Repulſes, you wou'd ſtill purſue me with your Letters; for tho' I at laſt received your firſt, in hopes, that wou'd ſatisfie you; yet I did not intend by that Compliance, to encourage you to trouble me with any more; but ſince you are not content with what I have done, I muſt inform you that I will not receive any more Letters from you. I confeſs,

feſs, if all be true you have told me, your Fate deſerves my Pity; nor am I fond of the Opinion of a hard-hearted Barbarity, but wiſh I cou'd as eaſily cure you, as unknown to my ſelf, and without deſign I have wounded your Heart.

All I can with Honour do, is to deſire you not to think of me; ſince Fortune, and my Friends have deſtin'd me to another; and ſince I am not Miſtreſs of my ſelf, but if I were, I wou'd not have you think, I wou'd do more than pity you, and that you may believe I now do, if that Belief will give you any Eaſe. Tho' I ſhou'd rather judge you'd better think me Cruel, Barbarous, unnatural, and any thing that may deſtroy that unfortunate, and undeſerv'd Eſteem you have entertain'd for me. Is love ſo mortal a Diſtemper, that Reaſon cannot cure it, nor all the bars of Fortune, Friends and Inclinations? Will not deſpair of ever obtaining ſet you free from ſo improfitable a Slavery? I hope it will, *LYSANDER*: for I confeſs, I wou'd not make my Enemy ſo wretched as you expreſs I have the Man that loves me. *LYSANDER*, you have Parts to win a nobler Prize than my poor Heart, and ev'ry place abounds with Nobler Objects: try another Love; quench the unhappy Flame my Eyes (for ſo you tell me) have kindled, by ſome more powerful Fire. I wou'd do any thing to cure you of ſo hopeleſs a Diſeaſe, but dare not permit

mit you to write to me any more: it is not ſafe for either of us. There is infection in your Diſtemper, and I like the Racks and Tortures you deſcribe of it, not well enough to venture catching it. If therefore, you love me, *LYSANDER*, as you ſay you do, for my Peace write no more to me: indeed I will not read 'em if you do. But wiſh you a better Fate, than to perſevere in the Love of

*BELVIDERA.*

'I'm ſhrewdly miſtaken (ſaid I) if '*Belvidera* be not come over to our ſide, 'ſpight of all the Reluctance ſhe expreſſes. 'Piſh, thoſe Qualms you find in her Letter '(reply'd *Chappel*) are only the Effects of 'ſtrugling Paſſion which ſhe wou'd, but 'can't conceal. All that I can ſay (con-'tinu'd *Grave*) is, that the Fort is ſoon 'won; and therefore, much good may it 'do him with his Conqueſt. He has in-'deed (purſu'd *Fountain*) eſcap'd the Fa-'tigue of abundance of impertinence a Lo-'ver is often oblig'd to, before he gain his 'Miſtreſs. Right (aſſum'd *Winter*) to ob-'ſerve all her Motions, meet her at all her 'Returns, the Park, the Play, *&c.* Praiſe 'what ſhe praiſes (purſu'd *Church*) clap 'what Actor ſhe claps, pity whom ſhe pi-

'ties,

'ties, and rail at whom ſhe rails at. To 'be watchful of e'ry little fooliſh Acci-'dent about her (continu'd *Brook*) catch 'up her Handkerchief, Glove or any thing 'of hers that falls down; to keep off any 'that may preſs too much upon her in 'publick Places; bruſh the Duſt from her 'Gown, ſnatch up her Train like her Page, 'if it chance be in danger of dirting. And 'play with her Fan (added *Summer*) a 'pretty twirl of which has gain'd a Ladies 'Heart before now, if we believe *Ovid*. 'How light ſoever theſe things may ſeem, 'Gentlemen, (ſaid *River*) yet I muſt tell 'you, that as they have an Analogy to their 'Minds, ſo they are of mighty Conſequence 'in gaining moſt of the Fair, who are un-'able to reſiſt a gay Officiouſneſs. No more '(concluded *Temple*) than we are to reſiſt 'their Eyes and other Charms.

LETTER

## LETTER IV.

### Lyſander *to the Divine* Belvidera.

*To deſire her not to Combat Love*

*My adorable* Belvidera,

OH! may juſt Heav'n ſhow'r on thee as many Bleſſings, as thou haſt Charms, or I have Tortures, and then they wou'd be infinite; and to reward that dear, that unexpected Favour of an Anſwer, for which, I return thee as many Thanks, tho' it contain'd ſo ſevere a Command, as not to write to thee again. Oh! if you pity me indeed, why wou'd you rob me of only my Comfort? Why doſt thou tell me, miſtaken fair One, that all you can with Honour do for me, is to deſire me to think upon *You* no more, for that's to deſire impoſſibilities; 'tis to deſire me not to *Be*, for I can as ſoon Annihilate my ſelf, as ceaſe to think of the *Life*, the Soul of my Soul, my Divine *Belvidera*. No, no, *Belvidera*, believe me not ſo baſe to ſully the golden Image thou haſt form'd within my Heart, of thy fair ſelf, by thinking of any other Woman; for I'd rather die thy Martyr amidſt theſe horrid Tortures I now endure, than be the moſt ſucceſful with

with all the Sex beſides. You wrong your ſelf, by all my Love you do, to fancy any *She* can quench that Flame which *Thy* bright *Eyes* have kindled.

No, believe me, *Belvidera*, my Love is ſo inveterate, ſo fix'd and rooted in my Soul, Not *all the Bars of Friends*, *Fortune*, *nor Inclination* can ever deſtroy it: Tho' I ſaw thee given to another paſt recovery, whereas, as yet you are but promis'd by your Parents, not your ſelf; yet in *full Deſpair*, I ſhou'd *Love* on, and doat on *BELVIDERA*.

I wiſh, my Dear, my only Charmer, my Lines had that infection you ſeem to fear; I then might have ſome room for *Hope*—— And fain methinks I wou'd *hope*, that they have convey'd already ſome of that Paſſion to *Thee*, that I feel. Oh were it ſo! how bleſs'd were I? how, ev'n to Envy bleſs'd! Will you not, my tender Charmer, permit me to flatter my raging Ills with *Hope*? That is a mighty Cordial to a *Lover*, and not expenſive to the *Fair* that gives it. Will not that dear, that tender Pity you diſcover, allow me that? Oh let not the Pains I ſuffer, fright thee from their Cure; believe me, *Belvidera*, the Pain *Love* brings, is only when the Object of our longing is deaf, and cold to our Deſires; but where a mutual Flame inſpires the happy Conqueſt, he brings all Rapture and eternal Pleaſure. And 'tis my charming fair-One, becauſe I love you, that

that I can't obey you, in not writing to you any more; for whilſt I am, I muſt endeavour to let you know, that I am, and if you perſiſt in your Command, die your unfortunate

*LYSANDER.*

'*Lyſander* (ſaid *Chappel*) is not inſenſible of the ground he has got, and improves it; he makes no falſe ſteps indeed (nontinu'd *Brook*) tho' ſhe ſent back his Letters, yet he ſent 'em again, and now ſhe ſends him word, ſhe'll receive no more from him; he yet ſends her one adapted to the Circumſtance, Soft, and Amorous. He has reaſon (purſu'd *Summer*) for when once ſhe began to read his Letters, he had no cauſe to doubt of an Anſwer in a little time. A Lover indeed (ſaid *Temple*) that wou'd ſucceed, muſt write again, tho' his Miſtreſſes Anſwer were more cruel than *Belvidera*'s. Right (aſſum'd *Grave*) for ſhe deſires not that you ſhou'd take her at her word, but wiſhes juſt the contrary. Purſue then, ſays *Ovid* (continu'd *River*) and ſhe's thy own; plead with your Eyes, your Tongue, and Letters, and you cannot fail. *Ovid* I muſt confeſs (added *Church*) gives one neceſſary Rule, and which perhaps wou'd ſupply all his other,

'viz.

'viz. *Caſt off all fooliſh Modeſty, ſince* Fortune *and the* Fair *are won by the forward and the bold.* A modeſt Lover in our Age (purſu'd *Winter*) is a very ridiculous Animal, what ever he was in his; and might as ſoon think to fly without Wings, as to gain his Miſtreſs without impudence: 'Tis the Vice of Cuſtom (ſaid *Fountain*) is the Cauſe of this, ev'n the Men thinking it too forward, for a Woman to yield without ſome Conſtraint. That is not the only Fault (concluded I) that we lay to the charge of the Fair Sex, of which we are our ſelves the cauſe. But now let's ſee *Belvidera*'s Anſwer.

LETTER

## LETTER V.

### Belvidera *to* Lyſander.

*To give him leave to hope.*

*LYSANDER,*

WHY will you not be deny'd? Why, if you love me, do you purſue my Ruine? Can you perſuade me that you love me, when I find I have not power to have my Commands obeyed? Oh! whither wou'd your growing Deſires extend? Is it not enough, that I confeſs my Pity for your Sufferings? What is't you wou'd have leave to hope? Hope any thing, *Lyſander*, if you will but reſtore my Peace again. Why haſt thou robb'd my Nights of Sleep, and all my Days of Eaſe? Why do'ſt thou thruſt thy piteous Sufferings ſtill before my Eyes, and haunt me with thy Tortures? Alas! 'tis not within my power, poor *Lyſander*, to redreſs thy Ills. What wou'd you have me do, to give thee Eaſe? Heav'n knows I wou'd not have thee ſuffer for my ſake; and will you therefore make me unhappy, becauſe I pity you? I muſt confeſs, ſo true a Flame as yours appears, does merit ſome Return: and if Pity is not enough, I'll try to give you more;

more; for I had rather you ſhould *live* my *happy*, than *die* my *unfortunate Lyſander*. If *Hope* therefore will make thee ſo, Hope all within the Power of

*BELVIDERA.*

'How pretty and how charming (ſaid '*(Chappel)* are theſe tender Strugglings of 'the Yielding Fair? LOVE, indeed, reply'd '(*Brook*,) is all gay and pleſant in the *Idea*, 'the Imagination, that magnifies all abſent 'Goods, as well as Evils; dreſſes it up in a 'thouſand Joys above Experience. Nay, in 'reality (purſu'd *Summer*) LOVE is too 'viſible and eminent a Good, for any of us to 'condemn it; who, I ſuppoſe, only ſatirize 'thoſe of both Sexes that impair its Excel-'lence, by their Follies and Vices. Right, '(aſſum'd *Temple*,) ſince the ſevereſt of the 'Philoſophers were not aſham'd of *Love*: 'The VVritings of *Plato* and *Socrates* prove 'this. VVhich made *Maximus Tyrius*, 'a great *Platoniſt*, (purſu'd I,) wonder that 'thoſe two Philoſophers ſhould baniſh *Ho-'mer* their Cities, for his Amorous Diſcour-'ſes; in which they exceed him. LOVE, 'ſays *Zanchius*, (continu'd *River*,) LOVE 'made the VVorld, and is its Life and Soul: 'All things therefore are a Lover's due. 'VVith him (ſaid *Church*) *Carmerarius* agrees, 'when he ſays,

'*Si*

'*Si rerum quæris fuerit quis finis & ortus,*
'*Define: nam cauſa eſt unica ſolus Amor.*

"If you the Spring, and End of Things
'would know,
"From Love alone, their only Cauſe, they
"flow.

'*Boetius* (continu'd *Winter*) expreſſes his
'eſteem of Love, in theſe words,

'*O fœlix hominum genus!*
'*Si veſtros animos Amor,*
'*Quo Cœlum regitur, regat.*

"Oh happy Humane Kind!
"If you are rul'd by Love,
"That rules the Heav'ns above.

'*Seneca*, in my mind, as Stoical as he was,
'(purſu'd *Fountain*,) expreſſeth a great deal
'of Senſibility of the Effects of this Paſſion,
'in this Exclamation, *O dulciſſimi laquei,*
'*qui tam feliciter devincunt, ut etiam a vin-*
'*ctis diligantur, qui a gratiis vincti ſunt cu-*
'*piunt arctius delegari & in unum redigi*:
"Oh, thrice charming Snares, that bind with
"ſo ſweet and happy force, that thoſe they
"bind, are in love with 'em! Thoſe that the
"*Graces* bind, deſire to be bound more cloſe,
"and united into one." VVell, Gentlemen,
'(concluded *Grave*,) that I may not incurr

'the

‹ the Cenſure of *Æneas Sylvius*, That *he's* ‹ *a Beaſt, or a Stone, that is not ſenſible of the* ‹ *force of* LOVE, I'll agree with you, That ‹ LOVE is not only not to be contemn'd, ‹ but deſir'd, provided it be unmix'd with the jilting Arts of either Sex.

## LETTER VI.

### *The happy* Lyſander *to the divinely Charming* Belvidera.

### To deſire a Meeting.

*My adorable Fair One,*

DOubt not my Love; for that is infinite as thy Charms, vaſt as thy Goodneſs, tender as thy Pity. By all my Hopes (for now that is an Oath, and that of mighty Conſequence of Happineſs in *Belvidera*, I love thee more than Words or Thoughts are capable to expreſs. Think not therefore, divine Maid, that I wou'd *purſue thy Ruine*; I'd rather periſh a thouſand, thouſand times, than break thy leaſt Repoſe. Oh! rather reſtore me to my former Tortures; nay to far greater, if that be poſſible, than that my Eaſe ſhou'd coſt my *Belvidera* Pain.

But

But, my bright Charmer, break not your own Repoſe: The Pains you feel, proceed from the Reſiſtance you make to angry LOVE. Receive him gently, and with open Arms, and the gay God will bleſs thee with a thouſand Joys. Pleaſure will crown thy Days, and Joys thy Nights. When *Love*'s admitted as a Gueſt, he brings his Banquet with him; ſoft tender Fancies will amuze your Days, and pleaſing Dreams your Nights.

You give me leave, my Fair One, to hope all that's in your power, to make me live your happy *Lyſander*: May I then not hope, Oh *Belvidera!* that you will bleſs my longing Eyes with a ſight of thy much-lov'd Perſon? Is it beyond my Commiſſion, to hope that Joy? Oh! if thoul't ſave a wretched Lover's Life, keep me no longer in this hated Abſence; but let me ſee thee, tho' my Tongue's confin'd, and tho' I only can reach thee with my diſtant Eyes. 'Twill give me a new Life; 'twill raiſe my drooping Spirits, and reſtore all that vigour I had when firſt I ſaw that dear, that charming Face. This may be done, my lovely Charmer, unknown to your Father: the Mornings he ſpends in Politics, in the Parliament-Houſe; *Eugenia* is your Creature, and not my Enemy, can you not therefore make me ſo far happy? Oh! if I muſt not hope to ſee you, but be damn'd to everlaſting Abſence; Oh! take your cruel Pity back again, and let me die all wretched,

rather

rather than live half bleſs'd, without ſeeing *Belvidera*; without which, there is no Life for

*Your Poor, Loving, Faithful*

LYSANDER.

'*Love* being ſettl'd in ſo good an Eſteem with you, (ſaid *Temple*,) what think you of the *Lover* now under our Conſideration? Merits he that Name? ſince he can ſo well manage his Love, (aſſum'd I,) and convey it in ſo artificial a Method to the fair Lady. There are ſome Critics indeed (reply'd *Fountain*) that will ſcarce allow a Man to be in Love, till he has quite loſt the Uſe of Reaſon. They fix his Thoughts ſo much (continu'd *Summer*) on the Object belov'd, that they'll not grant it in his power to endeavour the obtaining it: At leaſt (added *Church*) by any probable way. You miſ-repreſent theſe critical Gentlemen, (ſaid *Brook*,) for they only deny, That a Lover can be ſo ſerene, as to compare *Idea*'s in his Mind, ſo as to make witty Similes in his Poetry, *&c.* Not but that he may be very dextrous at contriving the Accompliſhment of his Happineſs. This, in my Opinion (reply'd *Winter*) is a more unlikely Task for a Lover to perform, than

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'manage his Love, (aſſum'd I,) and convey
'it in ſo artificial a Method to the fair Lady.
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'*tain*) that will ſcarce allow a Man to
'be in Love, till he has quite loſt the Uſe
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'in his Mind, ſo as to make witty Similes in
'his Poetry, &c. Not but that he may be
'very dextrous at contriving the Accom-
'pliſhment of his Happineſs. This, in my
'Opinion (reply'd *Winter*) is a more un-
'likely Task for a Lover to perform, than

'the other. True, (aſſum'd *River*,) for 'tis 'certainly a greater Avocation of the Mind, 'from the immediate Contemplation of the 'beloved Object, to conſider Accidents, 'contrive Interviews, foreſee and prevent 'the Oppoſition that might be made, *&c.* 'than to form a Similitude of the Thing 'our Mind is fill'd with. True, (continu'd '*Chappel*,) ſince here the Mind (as the Eyes 'of Men that have the *Yellow-Jaundice*, make 'all Objects Yellow) turns ev'ry *Idea* to ſome-'thing of a likeneſs of what 'tis full of. 'At leaſt (concluded *Grave*) it conſiders ev'ry '*Idea* that paſſes before the Judgment, more 'or leſs, as it tranſiently obſerves more 'or leſs likeneſs in it to his Love or Mi-'ſtreſs.

LETTER

# LETTER VII.

## Belvidera *to* Lyſander.

*In which ſhe grants the Meeting deſir'd in the former.*

*LYSANDER,*

I Wiſh I ne'er had receiv'd your Letters, or cou'd better withſtand your Requeſts; nothing, I find, but Love will ſatisfie you now. Do you like Love ſo well, to wiſh my Breaſt infected with it? I tell you, *Lyſander*, I dare not meet you. I fear my Weakneſs may betray my Pity too far; and if your Letters carry ſuch Contagion, as I fear they do, what will your Preſence do?

Fain I wou'd refuſe you this Interview, but that you ſwear you love me, and will be oblig'd to my Conditions. If a Sight of me, *Lyſander*, wou'd contribute, ſo much as you pretend, to your Happineſs, nay, Life, I wou'd not deny it you: but, I fear, you are like other Men, and only ſooth my eaſie Nature with melting, dying Words, when Love has nothing in you. Ah! injure not my Goodneſs ſo, my Heart's too good a Prize for baſe Diſſimulation. But I'll not accuſe you, before I know you guilty: For, I con-

feſs, there's an Air ſincere runs through all you've wrote, that does perſuade me, *Lyſander* means really what he ſays. The Opinion of your Truth, has made me yield to meet you as you deſire. To Morrow Morning, *Eugenia* (who has indeed been your Friend) and I go to *Knights-Bridge*, to a Couſin of hers; where, in her Preſence, you ſhall be admitted, but on your Good-behaviour, to

*BELVIDERA.*

'These two laſt Letters (ſaid *Temple*) 'ſhew our *Lyſander* a Marks-man at In-'trigue, having made ſure of the *Maid.* 'Right (aſſum'd I,) ſhe can cull the happy 'Minute, repreſent you as ſhe pleaſes, and 'plead for you at the beſt Opportunities. '*Opportunity* obſerv'd, (continu'd *Fountain*,) 'is of mighty Conſquence in Intrigue: 'Mirth, Joy, and Eaſe, prepare the Mind 'to receive the ſoftneſs of Love; and theſe 'Times the Maid can watch, and know 'better than the abſent Lover: Who may, 'perhaps, addreſs (added *Summer*) when 'ſhe's out of humour, troubl'd, *&c.* and 'then her Mind's too much diſturb'd to 'think of Love. *Troy* defended it ſelf '(ſaid *Church*) when beſieg'd, and view'd 'open Danger; but was ſurpriz'd, when 'diſſolv'd in Joy and Security. The Maid

'too

'too can attacque her other Paſſions, (con-
'tinu'd *Brook*,) and make 'em all ſubſervient
'to the Lover's Deſign, as her Pride or Re-
'venge, provok'd by her Friends, or ſlight-
'ing Pretenders. But in this Caſe, the Chaſe
'muſt be follow'd cloſe, leſt her Indigna-
'tion, and deſire of Revenge ſhou'd cool.
'Since the Maid (ſaid *Winter*) is ſo neceſſary
'in an Amour, methinks the beſt way to
'ſecure her, wou'd be, by making way,
'by her Embraces, to thoſe of the Miſtreſs?
'Doctors differ, (reply'd *River*,) and the
'Event is the ſureſt Judge; but I think it
'a falſe meaſure, at leaſt, before the Miſtreſs
'is gain'd; and then, indeed, it may not
'be unſerviceable to diſcover all the Secrets
'of her Lady: and beſides, you muſt either
'never attempt it, or go through with it,
'unleſs you'll ruine all your Pretenſions to
'the Miſtreſs. I find (concluded *Grave*)
'that you are all profoundly learn'd in the
'Art of Intrigue, but that is of little Uſe
'to a paſſionate Lover, that can't conſider all
'thoſe little Methods.

## LETTER VIII.

### *The happy* Lyſander *to the Idol of his Soul, the Divine* Belvidera.

After the Meeting; giving an Account of it, and the Confeſſion of *Belvidera*'s Love.

*My lovely Charmer,*

I Find now, That Exceſs of Joy, as well as Exceſs of Grief, will diſturb One's Reſt. Miſtake me not, Oh, my adorable Fair One! for I mean, 'twill deprive One of One's Sleep; 'twill let one think of nothing but it ſelf: but then thoſe Thoughts by far excell the Good of Sleep, and abundantly ſupply the Defect of it, and furniſh Nature with more Force and Vigour.

Believe me, *Belvidera*, tho' Sleep has been almoſt a Stranger to theſe Eyes, ſince they were bleſs'd with a Sight of Thee; yet are my Colour, my Strength and Health reſtored me, and I am no more the Man you t other day beheld me: ſuch mighty force was in that heavenly Balm thou pour'dſt upon my Wounds, in the dear Confeſſion of thy Paſſion for me; it call'd back ebbing Life, and made me quite Immortal.

Ah,

Ah, *Belvidera!* what Graces danc'd about thy bluſhing Face? In how great a Languiſhment were loſt all thoſe angry Terrors of thy Eyes, when thou confeſs'd the grateful Secret to me? What wond'rous Raptures dwelt upon thy Lips, when ----- Oh! Exceſs of Joy! ---- Oh! when I raviſh'd from 'em ſo many downy Kiſſes! Tell me, my *Belvidera*, (for now, I hope, you'll let me call you mine,) Tell me, Was not my boundleſs Joy ſufficient to impart ſome Pleaſure to thee? Had'ſt thou no taſte at all of Satisfaction? Yes, thy Heart beat, thy ſnowy Boſome heav'd; and thy Content, in ſpite of thee, ſprung from thee. Oh! I am wanton in the very Thought of all thoſe Joys my Fair One then diſpens'd, and think all my paſt Torture more than over-paid!

But, Ah! *Love* is not thus contented; *that* has a further view of everlaſting Pleaſures yet behind. As yet, Oh, *Belvidera!* we are *Two*, but *Love* wou'd have us *One*: And if *Love* has poſſeſs'd that heav'nly Boſome, he'll tell you the ſame Story. Why do'ſt thou urge thy Friends? *Love* ne'er conſiders *Chance*, and *Chance* gave them that power over Thee; but *Love* ſhou'd free thee from it, when inhanc'd to Tyranny. My Soul ſtill pants after Thee; and 'midſt theſe happy Raptures, ſighs for greater. But I muſt bound my Wiſhes with thy Will; which, as it gave me Life, ſhall rule it.

But, *my lovely Charmer*, fail not to meet me at the ſame place, with faithful *Eugenia*, on next *Thurſday*, as your dear Self hath promis'd me. Till then, I'll live upon the Joys you laſt beſtow'd; run o'er each Word you ſaid, each Sigh you breath'd, and all thoſe tranſporting Kiſſes. Oh! 'tis Proviſion enough for Ages; 'tis Theme enough for an eternal Contemplation; and yet not enough to bleſs entirely yours, and

*Yours only, and for ever,*

LYSANDER.

'Our *Lover* (ſaid *Temple*) is tranſported 'with the happy Succeſs of his Amour, in 'the deſir'd Confeſſion of *Belvidera*'s Love. 'Can a Lover be leſs, (reply'd I,) when the 'Aim of all his Hopes approaches, and the 'End of all his Sufferings, in the Arms of 'the fair Creature he doats on? To ſay truth, '(continu'd *Grave*,) the Lady has not been 'over-cruel, nor held him long in ſuſpence. 'I like her the better, (return'd *Fountain*,) for 'why ſhou'd a Woman gratifie her Pride at 'the expence of her Satisfaction? True, (aſ-'ſum'd *Winter*,) put her ſelf to pain, that 'ſhe may torture the Man ſhe loves? Love 'is as due from Woman to Man, (ſaid *Church*,) 'as from us to them; and why ſhou'd they

'be

'be then ſo over-coy, to refuſe to confeſs the 'payment of it on ſo good a ground as this 'Lady has. For my part, (continu'd *Brook*,) 'as I wou'd not have a Woman ſo eaſie, to 'yield to the *firſt* Queſtion, leſt ſo weak a 'Fort ſhou'd be taken by ev'ry Pretender, 'as well as my ſelf; ſo neither wou'd I have 'a Woman hold out, like *Numantia* of old, 'beyond the utmoſt extremity, —— Leſt the 'Torture and Fatigue (aſſum'd *Summer*) 'ſhou'd out-weigh the Good and Joys to 'come. Beſides (purſu'd *River*) 'tis ſo un-'natural, that we have reaſon to think the 'Fort cou'd not be ſo long maintain'd by ſo 'ill-furniſh'd a Gariſon, if there were no ſecret 'way of Relief, unknown to the Beſieger. 'Give me the Woman (concluded *Chappel*) 'that's not proudly Coy, for Gold will make 'her yield to ev'ry Fop that has it, without 'ſo much as parlying; nor one ſo fooliſhly 'Fond, as to believe ev'ry kind Word that's 'ſpoke, the Effect of Love; but one that is 'too generous to torture the Man, that ſhe's 'convinc'd, does love her.

## LETTER IX.

*In Answer to the former, and to put* Lysander *off till another time.*

Belvidera *to* Lysander.

My *LYSANDER*,

SOme Company coming to my Father's just now, with a design to Dine with us, I send *Eugenia* with this to my *Lysander*, to prevent his fruitless Walk to *Knights-Bridge*. But that we might no longer be absent from each other than Necessity requires, to Morrow Morning, by Seven a Clock, we'll be where I saw you last; and to Night I'll go with these Friends to the Play, where I expect to see you. But, my *Lysander*, guard your Eyes, lest they betray us to our watchful Spies: your Pretensions have been too well known to my Friends, not to make 'em observe you diligently, when they discover you, tho' none of them know what progress you have made in my Affection. And indeed, *Lysander*, I did not think to impart that Secret, ev'n to you, so soon. But, Oh! I cou'd not see those pitious Looks, hear all those rending Sighs, and not give thee ease! How cou'd I longer dissemble cruelty, when it

it had coſt thee ſo much Pain already? All thy gay Humour, and thy ſprightly Countenance, chang'd into melancholy Groans, and pale meager Looks, for love of me, challeng'd ſome Pity; and, Oh! when I'd once given way to *that*, Compaſſion brought the fond Confeſſion on, and I could hold no longer.

I wou'd not have you gaze too much upon me, for fear my Eyes encountring yours, ſhou'd betray too much Satisfaction; and yet I wou'd not have you employ 'em on any one beſides. Do therefore what Love, and our protecting Pow'rs direct thee, only fail not being there, as you love your

*BELVIDERA.*

'*Belvidera* (ſaid I) is not of the temper 'of many Ladies, who wou'd take more 'pleaſure in a public Addreſs, than in the 'Man that made it. Thoſe are ſuch (con-'tinu'd *Chappel*) as ſacrifice all to Vanity 'and Pride; and think all the ſecret Suffer-'ings of their Adorers nothing, if the World 'be not a Witneſs of the mournful Effects 'of their Cruelty, and the Power of their 'Beauty. One public Gallantry (purſu'd '*Brook*) ſhall win her, when all the Artil-'lery of ſecret Sighs and Tears ſhall not be 'minded. They are generally ſuch (conti-

'tinu'd

'tinu'd *Summer*) as take more pleasure in 'being *thought* Whores, than in *being* so: 'And had rather be so (added *Temple*) to the 'talkative, noisie Fops, than a Wife to a 'Countrey Knight. Vanity, Pride, Af-'fectation and Inconstancy (said *Grave*) are 'Vices so far spread in the Sex, that few of 'them are free from all tincture of them. 'Prithee, a Tincture of some of 'em (re-'turn'd *River*) is a Vertue in a Woman. 'Right, (assum'd *Church*,) a little Vanity 'makes her gay; a little Pride, respected, 'and above the Addresses of every Fop, or 'douty Bully. But for *Affectation* and *Incon-'stancy*, (pursu'd *Winter*) I hope, less than the 'thousandth part of a Scruple is too much 'for any Woman. If she be Pretty, (con-'cluded *Fountain*,) I fansie you seldom, any 'of you, examine into her Vertue; her Beau-'ty, especially if joyn'd with Easiness, blots 'out all Faults.

LETTER

## LETTER X.

### *The Happieſt of Men,* Lyſander, *to the Divineſt of Women,* Belvidera.

### In Anſwer to the foregoing Letter.

*My too Good, and too Charming* Belvidera,

THE Delay of our Meeting at *Knights-Bridge* being hinder'd by the impertinent Viſit of thy Relations, I give thee Ten thouſand Thanks, dear lovely Maid, that you took ſo tender a care of my eager Longing, as to provide a Bait for me, this Evening, at the Play; a Place I've never viſited ſince our fatal Separation. Fear not, my *Belvidera*, that I'll miſs any Opportunity of ſeeing thee: I'll place my ſelf beneath the Box, where I ſhall diſcover thy Father's Footman keeping thy Place, and there will feaſt my Eyes, betwixt the Acts, upon thy heavenly Beauties. Nor will I ſet a guard upon my Eyes, but run thee o'er and o'er, in the face of my Enemies, thy Relations: I'd not conceal my Paſſion, but let the World know it. But for thine, my lovely *Belvidera*, that, indeed, ſhould ſtill be a Secret, ſince nothing elſe can ever make me happy.

But

But yet, my Charming Love, there are Ways of talking all one's Mind, without the By-Standers knowledge. When I with earneſtneſs gaze on thee, and fold up my Arms; Oh! think I wiſh them embraceing *Belvidera!* When I put my Hand upon my Heart, Ah! then remember, 'tis to wiſh it panting on thy lovely Boſome. If I look up to Heaven, then think I pray for Happineſs, which only Heaven and you can give; and that all envious Bars may be remov'd, that keep us two thus ſeparate. If at all I ſee thee anſwer me with one ſtoll'n Look of Kindneſs: clap thy pretty Hand to thy dear Breaſt, I'll take it for thy Approbation of my Vows; and then ſit down, as unable to ſupport the Pleaſure of that dear Aſſent.

This previous Banquet will preſerve me happy till to Morrow Morning, when, I hope, kind Heav'n and you will favour, with a near Happineſs,

*Your Loving, Faithful*

LYSANDER.

*I am*

*I Am extremely troubl'd, my Friend, that I cannot ſend you the reſt of theſe* Letters *in this* Volume; *eſpecially ſince the leaving out thoſe that were deſign'd to make this* Book *as big as ſome of the others, makes it very diſproportion'd to them. Yet there is a neceſſity of it, unleſs we were at liberty to ſwell this* Volume *up to a greater Price than the former; which being at the* Book-ſeller's *Direction, is not thought convenient either for the Buyer or Seller. But to make you amends, I promiſe you to ſend 'em you all in the next Volume; the remaining part being, indeed, more entertaining for the variety of the Intrigue, which is ſcarce here begun, and the petty Jealouſies, little Love-Quarrels and Excuſes; our Lovers, as yet, being only in the very firſt Scene of Love.*

I ſhall therefore now proceed to the next Book.

*The END of the* THIRD BOOK.

THE

# THE Poſt-Boy Robb'd of his MAIL:

## OR, THE PACQUET Broke-open.

## VOL. II.

## BOOK IV.

*I Have, in the former Book, my Friend, given you a Scene of Love and Intrigue: We come now to ſeveral ſorts of Letters, as we found 'em in the Pacquet, according as Chance brought each to our Hands, without Deſign. The firſt we open'd, was directed*

# LETTER I.

*To Mr.* Long. *To be left for him at the* Poſt-Houſe *in* Rocheſter *in* Kent.

## In the Praiſe of *HYPOCRISIE.*

*Dear* Sam,

I Received your Letter laſt night, in which you tell me, you reſolve to quit the Country for good and all; hating that idle ſedate Life, and are for launching into the World, to improve that ſmall Fortune your Fathers have left you.

I find, that whatever change the Earth may have undergon theſe ſeventeen Hundred Years; the Follies and Vices of its Inhabitants, are not much vary'd, ſince the time of my Friend *Horace*, his firſt Satire being ſtill in Force. For few of us are content with our preſent Stations, in which either Choice or Neceſſity hath plac'd us. I, that am confin'd to this dirty naſty Town, and the diſtracting Hurry of Buſineſs, am continually ſighing after the calm and undiſturb'd Retreat of the Country; and think a Peaſant in his homely Cott, happier than the lofty Pleader with his Chamber full of Clients: whil'ſt thou, that may'ſt enjoy wiſely, and honeſtly

neſtly, what thy Parents have honeſtly left thee, with all the Quiet and Peace of the Country; art uneaſie in the Seat of Eaſe, and reſtleſs to be in an hurry of an Active Life. Whether we both knowing the little Satisfaction the preſent gives, paint with a flattering and imaginary Hope, the abſent more Beautiful than we ſhall find it, I know not.

Well, ſince thou art abſolutely reſolv'd for Buſineſs, aiming to be great at the expence of thy Tranquility and Innocence (for thou art damnably deceiv'd, if thou doſt think to thrive, and be innocent at the ſame time; Succeſs is a Tyrant, fenc'd in with ſuch Laws, that till you have abjur'd all things elſe, you never can gain Acceſs) I'll recommend the *Virtue* to thee that is, the Darling of the *Prince of the World*: 'Tis a *Key*, that unfolds all the Myſtery of *Fortune*, and leads you to the ſecure Enjoyment of all her Treaſures. This *Virtue*, my Friend, that will give you all the Advantages of Life, without its Inconveniences, tho' oppoſite to moſt other Virtues, is yet the Darling of the Great, the Pious, and the *Million*: It opens the Hearts of Princes, Privy-Counſellors, Grave Judges, Fierce Generals, and Brisk Fops; of cunning intriguing Ladies, repenting Matrons, and undeſigning Virgins. 'Tis a *Virtue*, in ſhort, that ſupplies the defect of all others much better than the Poſſeſſion of them, nor muſt you

you be without it; if you intend not to ſpend your preſent Fortune, inſtead of adding thoſe Golden Mountains to it, which you have promis'd your Induſtry.

By this time I fancy you long to know, which of all the glorious Roll of Virtues, which you have ſtudy'd in *Ethics*, and conſider'd in the noble Examples of Hiſtory, this is. My Friend, I wou'd not have you ſpend your time in gueſſing by ſo ill Guides, as Moral Philoſophy, and Hiſtory, ſince they'll never lead you to the thing: for this *Virtue*, Philoſophers are aſham'd of, and Politicians (if any ſuch write Hiſtories) will not diſcover. In plain Engliſh then, 'tis call'd *Hypocriſie*, *Diſſimulation*, or what other ſynonymous Appellation you'll pleaſe to give it. What do you ſtart? Why, as we have other ways of living in the active Mart of Fortune, than you have in the contemplative Retirement; ſo are our *Virtues* different, the names of thoſe Virtues you have hitherto thought ſo, are all that we require, the Subſtance of them has long ſince been abdicated. *Hypocriſie* ſupplies them all. It converts a Villain into a Saint, an Enemy into a Friend, a Traytor into a true Patriot, and an Atheiſt into an Apoſtle. The Virtues you are acquainted with, are ſilent, but this is always talking; affects the ſight of Men, and prays in the very Street. If it were of any particular Sect or Religion, I ſhou'd judge it to be of theirs who think the Body cannot

not ſin, whatever unlawful Acts it commits, if the Mind be but pure; for whil'ſt the Eyes are fix'd with Zeal on Heav'n, the Hand is in his Neighbour's Purſe, his Blood, or his Bed. This makes you careſs the Man you wou'd ruin, with all the Arms of Friendſhip, and ſeems to fly from that Honour you moſt covet. This makes you rail at the ſin of Adultery to the Husband, when you are enjoying the ſweets of it with the Wife; and againſt Extortion to the Father, whil'ſt you help the Son to Money at fifty in the Hundred. This makes e'ry Man your Friend, becauſe you ſhew the face of a Friend, to e'ry Man. But ſhou'd I run through all the Advantages this one Excellence brings you, I ſhou'd ſwell my Letter to a Volume, ſince I muſt be oblig'd to conſider ev'ry State and Condition of Mankind, I mean of that part which is active in the World.

Ten to one now, you'll ask me what Advantage I have made by this Qualification? Why truly, I have not my ſhare on't, having only as much as the very abſolute neceſſity of Converſe, and Buſineſs to keep my ſelf from ſinking quite, requires; and that's the Reaſon I make no greater Progreſs in the World, and the cauſe of my deſire of leaving it. 'Tis uneaſie to me to make uſe on't to ſave my ſelf from Impertinences, Quarrels, and Beggery. But perhaps you may do better with it, and now I have given

en you an Account of the Pilot of your Voyage; ſet Sail as ſoon as you pleaſe, whil'ſt I endeavour to get the Harbor of a ſmall Retreat, with all the ſpeed I can make. No more now, dear *Sam*, but that I am thy Friend and Servant, without Hypocriſie,

*C. G.*

'Hypocriſie indeed (ſaid *Temple*) is the 'Gold that makes the Pill of Villany go down 'with the moſt ſqueamiſh and nice; 'Tis 'the *Tarand* (continu'd *Grave*) that chan-'ges to the Colour of e'ry Flower it comes 'to. It gives the face of a Stoic (purſu'd '*Fountain*) to an Epicure, and palms a ve-'ry *Horner* for an Eunuch on the World. '*Diogenes* the Cynic (interrupted *Winter*) 'was not qualifi'd with this Excellence as 'our Author terms it, when he bid an Ef-'feminate Athenian that glory'd in a Gar-'ment of a Lyon's Skin, deſiſt from diſ-'gracing the Livery of *Hercules*. In no-'thing I admire *Alexander* the Great more '(continu'd *Church*) than in his contempt 'of this ungenerous Vice; He was with-'out Diſſimulation (aſſum'd *River*) tho' a 'Prince, and ſucceſful. And his Anſwer to 'thoſe (purſu'd *Summer*) who were ex-'tolling the Frugality of *Antipater*, was 'like

like himſelf open and free; *Antipater*, ſaid he, wears indeed a white Cloak, but is within all *Purple*; hinting at his hypocritical Parſimony, when he was violently ambitious. However odious and abominable this Vice is in it ſelf (ſaid I) the general practice of the World, and the corrupt Humours of Mankind, have made it almoſt neceſſary. This made the Emperor *Frederic* the Third (continu'd *River*) reply to a Man that ſaid he wou'd quit *Europe*, and go to ſome remote Country where there was no *Hypocriſie*; that he muſt then paſs the frozen Zone, and when that's done, that place will not be altogether free from *Hypocriſie*, if thou art a Man, and no God; for there's none among Mankind, that is not ting'd with ſome Deceit, and Diſſimulation or other. He was in the right on't (concluded *Chappel*) ſince the beſt of us have naturally a ſhare in it, more or leſs as our Circumſtances and Stations in the World require.

But I think (interrupted *Temple*) we have dwelt long enough on one Vice, pray let's advance to the next Letter, which may chance to afford us ſome other Diverſion; 'tis ſomething near a kin to't, and often the effect of it, *viz.* Kiſſing.

LET-

## LETTER II.

*To Madam* Love, *at her Lodging near the* Blue Posts *in* Bow-Street, *near* Covent-Garden, London.

### Being an Account of *KISSING.*

*Madam,*

THO' you were so scrupulous of trusting me with a Kiss of those pretty charming Lips of yours, on my leaving *London*, before I had paid you the price you set upon it; yet to keep up my Credit against the next time, I have the happiness of seeing you, I shall here send to you my Debt, as far as I am at present able to pay it, in an Account of that which Lovers value so much, *viz.* A *KISS.*

As to its Original, tho' I can't yet find it on Record; yet I am apt to think 'twas first the Child of *Love*, before it was either apply'd to Ceremony or Worship. I verily believe, Madam, that Nature taught our first Parents in the very Garden of Bliss, to make their first Approaches to Happiness by the Lips. And after the World grew more populous, and Religions with Mankind began to multiply, the Sages that were

to

to Eſtabliſh the Rights of the ſeveral Worſhips of their Deities, conſider'd to employ the moſt Excellent Things in that Affair; and judging of the Excellence of Kiſſing, by the Pleaſure it afforded from the Fair, they admitted it into the moſt ſolemn Actions of their Devotions.

Thus, ſome falling proſtrate before their Idols, kiſs'd the Ground, or foot of the Altar; others kiſs'd the Idols themſelves, as the Scripture it ſelf aſſures us: and *Job* informs us, that the Worſhip of the *Sun*, was by kiſſing the Hand to it. Tho' ſome Bigotted Romans can't more expreſs their Reſpect to the Saint, than by kiſſing the Image, and others have wore away the Stairs to their Shrines, by the Kiſſes they have zealouſly given them. There was a Kiſs call'd Holy, as at the *Agapæ*, or Feaſts of *Love*; but being perverted from the Gods to Mortals, 'twas afterward aboliſh'd: From the Worſhip of the Gods it paſs'd to the Worſhip of Princes by kiſſing the Hand, the Foot, *&c.* and now the greateſt Honour a Countrey Squire or Lady aſpires to, is to kiſs the King's Hand.

From hence it paſs'd to more, the common VVorſhip of one another; e'ry Man having now as great a Veneration, as ſome of the Eaſterly Nations paid of yore to their bright God the *Sun*, by kiſſing the hand to 'em. Kiſſing the very Lips of Men was a form of Salutation in the Old Law, for when *Jonathan*

and *David* met in the Field where the Royal Prophet was hid, 1 *Sam.* 20. 41. they *met* and kiſſed one another. This *Judas* perverted to a traiterous end, in betraying his Friend and Maſter.

Beſides all this, Kiſſes have been experienc'd to have wondrous force and effects: For the Kiſſes of the Wives have giv'n Courage to the Husbands, when they have been beaten, and made them rally and overcome their Conquerors. It diſarms the Soul of Wrath, and all the more mortal Deſigns, and brings it to the tranquil ſtate of Harmony and Pleaſure. [illegible] And one of the prevailing Baits *Abſolom* us'd, to draw the Affection of the People from his Father *David* to himſelf, was, to kiſs thoſe he met, 2 *Sam.* 15. 5. *And when any man came near him, he did him obeyſance, and put forth his hand, and took him, and* kiſs'd *him.* And the *Spouſe* in the *Canticles*: *O that thou wer't as my brother!* &c. *I wou'd find thee without, I wou'd* kiſs *thee, and then they ſhou'd not deſpiſe thee.*

The Oath is not compleat till the Book is *kiſs'd*; that makes the Words of it ſacred and inviolable, without Perjury. And the *Perſians* and *Turks* uſe *kiſſing* the Garments, as a Token of Peace and Submiſſion; the *Kiſs* of the Hem of Chriſt's Garment healing the VVoman.

The

The *Kiſſes* of the Fair have always been valu'd at a high rate by Mankind; which made *Venus*, when *Cupid* was loſt, proclaim, That he that wou'd bring him home, ſhou'd have Three *Kiſſes* of his Mother, ſuch Kiſſes as ſhou'd raiſe the very Dead. And well might the Poets ſuppoſe the *Kiſſes* of *Venus* might do ſuch Feats, ſince many have dy'd for a Kiſs; and many reviv'd, at the Kiſſing of the Fair One they ador'd. And our *Selden*, Madam, admits not the *Knights of the Sepulchre*, the *Knights of St. John of Jeruſalem*, nor the *Knights Templers*, to be Honorary Knights, becauſe they were forbid to Kiſs a VVoman; Honorary Knighthood, and the Love and Kiſſing the fair Ladies, going together like *Vertue* and *Reward*, (as my Author obſerves.)

And now, *Madam*, having paid this Debt, I hope my Credit will be better with you the next time, than to deny me one of your Kiſſes, in Conſideration of any thing I can perform; ſince, *Madam*, you may be confident I wou'd give ev'n my Self, and my dear Liberty, were I an Emperor, to have the Propriety of them; who am, *Madam*, entirely,

*Your moſt faithful Slave,*

C. G.

'Faith, the Spark deſerves half a ſcore Kiſſes (ſaid *Temple*) for all the Pains he has taken about it. Gad, and he deſerves nothing elſe, (aſſum'd *Grave*,) that cou'd buſie himſelf ſo much with ſuch a Trifle. The lighteſt Favour of a VVoman (continu'd *Winter*) ought indeed to be his Lot, that wou'd ſacrifice his Liberty to a Kiſs. Prithee, there's a nearer relation (interrupted *Fountain* betwixt a Kiſs and Poſſeſſion, than you imagine. Right, (continu'd *Church*,) for if you gain but the freedom of that, you may eaſily melt the frozen Heart of the Nymph, by the warmth of a Lovers Impreſſions. But he has omitted (ſaid I) ſome Adjuncts of Kiſſing, very remarkable. True, (aſſum'd *River*,) that the *Pox* may be got by Kiſſing:---And that the VVitches (continu'd *Summer*) kiſs the Devil Behind, upon their Initiation, and in their Nocturnal Meetings. And to this ceremonious Kiſſing (added *Brook*) he might have joyn'd that of *Belinſgate* Civility, of Kiſſing Behind too. For my part (concluded *Chappel*) I like his Account of Kiſſing, very well; tho', I confeſs, it might be a little more large and pedantic in Quotations, but that had been improper to a Lady.

But now let's advance to the next;---'tis directed

## LETTER III.

*To Mr.* Lancelot, *at his Houſe in* Broad-ſtreet, London.

Giving an exact, tho' ſhort, and impartial Account of the ſeveral Sects of Chriſtianity in the World, eſpecially of thoſe in *England.*

*Honour'd Sir,* Cambridge, *June* 16th.

IN compliance with your Deſire, I have, at laſt, here ſent you a ſhort Account of the ſeveral Sects of Chriſtians, as I cou'd, conſidering the numerous Diviſions of the Seamleſs Garment of our Bleſſed Saviour, have grown to ſo great a Variety, that we may almoſt, at this time ſay, That *quot homines, tot Religiones.* But I muſt not give way to all the Conſiderations this Subject wou'd furniſh me with, but immediately proceed to it, ſince that alone will make my Letter ſomething exceed. I ſhall be ſo Impartial, as to gather all the Opinions from their ſeveral Authors in this Account of their own Religions.

There are therefore Thirteen principal Sects of Christians in the World, which are divided into endless and unaccountable Subdivisions. 1. The *Protestants.* 2. The *Romans.* 3. The *Grecians.* 4. *Melchites*, or *Syrians.* 5. *Georgians.* 6. *Muscovites.* 7. *Nestorians.* 8. Christians of St. *Thomas.* 9. *Jacobites.* 10. *Cophties.* 11. *Armenians.* 12. *Habassines.* 13. and *Maronites.*

The *Romans* and *Protestants*, I shall treat of last, because nearer home; the other Eleven Sects may be reduc'd to Three Principles, *viz.* The *Grecians*, the *Jacobites*, and *Nestorians*; to which the rest have some Relation.

1. The *Grecians* acknowledge the Supremacy of the Patriarch of *Constantinople*, and believe, (1.) That the Holy Ghost proceeds only from the Father, not from the Son. 2. Deny Purgatory. 3. They communicate in both kinds. 4. and in Leaven'd Bread. 5. Reject extream Unction. 6. and Confirmation. 7. Their Priest may have Wives, but they must be Marry'd before, not after Ordination. 8. Fourth Marriage is forbid as abominable. 9. They reject Images, and Musick in their Churches, they use plain Pictures. 10. They Feast all *Saturdays*, except *Easter* Eve, and celebrate Divine Service as solemnly, as on *Sunday.* 11. They eat of nothing strangl'd, or blood. 12. Have

Four

Four Lents e'ery Year. 13. Deny the Pope's Supremacy, eſteeming that Church Schiſmatic.

2. The *Syrians*, or *Melchites*, are of the Grecian Religion in all Points, only they are under the Juriſdiction of the Archbiſhop of *Damaſcus*, by the Title of Patriarch of *Antioch*, that's now almoſt deſolate, and not of the Patriarch of *Conſtantinople*.

But to avoid Confuſion, in underſtanding the Sequel, I muſt inform you, that the Patriarchate of *Antioch*, is pretended to, and the Title of Patriarch of that City, aſſum'd by the Patriarchs of the *Maronites* and *Jacobites*, and by another, conſecrated by the Popes, whoſe ſeveral Dependants eſteem each the right.

3. The *Georgians* are of the Greek Religion in the main, but not dependant on the Patriarch of *Conſtantinople*, their whole Hierarchy profeſſing Obedience only to their own Metropolitane. The *Circaſſians*, and *Mingrelians*, are alſo of the Greek Church, and ſubject to that Patriarch, but have ſeveral Innovations and Fancies of their own, mixt with Religion. The *Circaſſians*, (eſpecially the Gentlemen of that Country) hear Divine Service at the Church Door, ne'er entring it till paſt Forty Years of Age; they alſo

Chriſten not their Children till the Eight Year.

4. The *Muſcovites*, or *Ruſſians*, are alſo of the Greek Communion; they mingle the Bread and the Wine together, in the Chalice, with a Spoon. They are more ſcrupulous as to the Repetition of Marriage, ſcarce allowing a Second, but very ſeldom tolerating a Third, except, on extraordinary emergencies: their Prieſt and Deacons muſt be marry'd before they can be admitted to Orders. They have a Patriarch of their own now in *Moſcow*, tho' formerly, as they were converted by, were ſubject to the Greek Church.

5. The *Neſtorians* are in their Eccleſiaſtic Government, ſubject to Biſhops, and they to their Patriarch reſiding at *Muzal*, the antient *Ninive*, as ſome think: Yet they are ſpread as far, in ſome ſmall Numbers, as the *Indies*. They believe, 1. That there are Two Perſons in Chriſt, as well as Two Natures. 2. They call not the Bleſſed Virgin the Mother of God abſolutely, but admit her to be term'd the Mother of God the Son. 3. They believe *Neſtorius*, and other Doctors of their Church, Condemn'd for Hereticks, by ſeveral general Councils, as Saints, and reject thoſe Councils, and all that followed after them. 4. They uſe leaven'd Bread in the Sacrament. 5. Communicate in both kinds. 6. Have not Auricu-

lar

lar Confeſſion. 7. Nor Confirmation. 8. Nor have the Image of Chriſt in their Croſſes.

7. The Chriſtians of St. *Thomas*, were formerly Neſtorians, but are now united to the Roman Church, by the Archbiſhop of *Goa*.

8. The *Jacobites* have alſo a Hierarchy of Biſhops, ſubject to their Metropolitans, and Patriarch: They 1. acknowledge but one Nature in Chriſt, and therefore make the Sign of the Croſs with only One Finger, as the other Eaſtern Chriſtians do with Two. 2. Before Baptiſm, they imprint, with a burning Iron, the Sign of the Croſs in the Face, or on the Arm. They Circumciſe both Sexes. 3. They reject the Council of *Chalcedon*, admitting none but the Three firſt general Councils. They Adminiſter the Sacrament to Infants. In other Particulars, not differing from the Chriſtians above-mention'd.

9. The *Cophti* are the *Ægyptian* Chriſtians only, the Name being rather that of their Country than Religion; being *Jacobites*, or *Eutychians*: Only of late, they ſeem, in their Explications of their Opinion, of one Nature in Chriſt, to acknowledge Two, *viz.* That he is true God and true Man. They have Biſhops and a Patriarch of *Alexandria*, whoſe Juriſdiction

reaches all along the Coaſt of the Bay of *Arabia.*

10. The *Habaſſines*, or *Æthiopians*, have a Patriarch they term *Abuna.* They Circumciſe Male and Female; they keep *Saturday* and *Sunday* with equal Solemnity; eat of no Beaſt reputed unclean in the Old Law; Conſecrate the Sacrament in unleavened Bread; Communicate in both kinds; and if ſtanding, Adminiſter it to their very Infants, as ſoon as Chriſten'd; they Baptize the Males Forty Days after their Birth, and the Females Eighty. They elevate not the Sacrament, but keep it cover'd, during their Maſs, or Service; uſe neither Confirmation, nor extream Unction; permit their Prieſts and Biſhops to marry once, but not a ſecond time, but by a Diſpenſation from their Patriarch; eat Fleſh on *Fridays*, from *Eaſter* to *Whitſuntide*, and on all *Saturdays*, except in *Lent*; Baptize themſelves every Year in Lakes and Ponds, on the *Epiphany*, in memory of the Baptiſm of our Savour in *Jordan.*

11. The *Armenians* differ very little from the *Grecians.* They uſe unleavened Bread in the Sacrament; mingle no Water with the Wine; abſtain from all unclean Beaſts. They have Two Patriarchs, and a great many Biſhops.

12. The

12. The *Maronites* were heretofore *Monothelites*, but are now of the Roman Communion. Each of theſe Chriſtians have their ſeveral Liturgies, in ſeveral Tongues, chiefly in the *Syriac*, and *Greek*.

13. To come now nearer home. The *Romans* hold the Supremacy of the Pope over all the Biſhops of *Chriſtendome*: The Jeſuites maintain, That he's infallible in Points of *Faith*, not Manners, as being the Vicegerent of Chriſt, for the certain Guide and Direction of his Church; others believe him fallible, except when join'd with a general Council, which compoſes the *Eccleſia docens*, which they deny can be deceiv'd in the Directions, that naturally, and of neceſſity, are incumbent on them. They hold Confeſſion to a Prieſt, of their particular Sins, who, they believe, has Power from Chriſt to forgive the Penitent Sinner, and uſe the ſame Abſolution, that is in the Viſitation of the Sick, of the *Church of* England. They adminiſter the Sacrament but in one kind, even to the Prieſts themſelves, when they receive, on *Maundy Thurſday*, the daily Communion of th' Maſs, where the Prieſt receives in both kinds, being, as they ſay, a Sacrifice. They believe, that in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, there is the real Body of Chriſt, under the outward form of Bread, and his real Blood, under the outward Accidents of Wine, the Subſtances

ſtances of the Bread and Wine, being chang'd into that of the Body and Blood of Chriſt, by the Words of Conſecration; and this is term'd Tranſubſtantiation. They hold, That after Death, none but thoſe that are Pure and Clear from all Sin, can enter into Heav'n immediately, and therefore, that there is a Purgatory, or Place of Purifying the Soul, where it is to pay the utmoſt Farthing of Penance, before it go to Heav'n. They uſe Images and Pictures in their Churches, and think a Reſpect ought to be ſhew'd to them, as the Repreſentatives of either Chriſt or his Saints, tho' ſome of the Common People extend this Reſpect too far. They hold Seven Sacraments; as *Baptiſm*, *Confirmation*, *Euchariſt*, *Penance*, *Extream Unction*, *Holy Orders*, and *Matrimony*. Beſides the Ten Commandments, they have ſome Precepts enjoin'd by the Church, as to hear Maſs e'ery *Sunday* and *Holy-day*, to go to Confeſſion, and receive the *Euchariſt*, at leaſt once a Year, at or near *Eaſter*; to keep Faſting-days, and Holy-days, eſtabliſhed by the Church; to pay Tithes, *&c.* They pray for the Dead, and to the Saints; for the Firſt, to deliver them from Purgatory; to the Laſt, for their Interceſſion to God; are againſt the Marriage of the Clergy, obliging them all to a Vow of Chaſtity. They Celebrate their Service in Latin. Are for the Merit of Good Works, *&c.*

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'Twould be too tedious to run through all the Points of this Religion, in which it differs from the Proteſtants in general, or any particular Sect of Proteſtants in particular, ſo many Volumes having been fill'd with that Subject, and e'ery Pulpit giving us a careful and ſufficient Knowledge of this. I ſhall therefore paſs from this, to the Proteſtants beyond Sea, divided into *Calviniſts*, *Lutherans*, *Socinians*, &c.

14. *Luther* oppos'd Indulgences, Invocation of Saints, Image-Worſhip, Free Will, Pope's Supremacy, Excommunication, Temporal Poſſeſſions of the Clergy: Held Conſubſtantiation, that Councils might err, that Antichriſt was not a particular Perſon, that Faith only Juſtify'd; that to the Faithful Man, Sin is not imputed. He held Organs, ſet Form of Prayer, ſinging of Pſalms: He rejected the Epiſtle of St. *Paul* to the *Hebrews*, that of St. *James*, the Second of St. *Peter*, and that of St. *Jude*, as not Canonical. He held, all the Earth was Paradiſe, (from whom, perhaps, Dr. *Burnet* deriv'd his Opinion of the ſame) and cou'd not reconcile the Four Rivers mention'd by *Moſes* in the Deſcription of it. He tranſlated the Bible into Dutch; the Diſcipline of his Church is not much different from that of the Church of *England*.

15. *Calvin*,

15. *Calvin* held, that the Books of *Tobith*, *Judith*, part of *Hester*, the *Wisdom of Solomon*, *Ecclesiasticus*, *Baruch*, the *History of Bel and the Dragon*, and the *Maccabees*, to be Apocryphal, and that only the Hebrew Text was Authentic. He held the Scripture to be a sufficient Judge of Controversie; That Election depended on God's Predestination and Pleasure, and not on Man's Merit; that Christ descended not into Hell; that there is no *Limbus*, or Purgatory; that *Peter* was not Bishop of *Rome*; that the *Pope* is *Antichrist*; that the Church and Magistrate cannot make Laws to bind the Conscience; that no Sins are Venial; that we are justify'd by Faith; that the *Liturgy* ought not to be in *Latin*; that Usury is not altogether unlawful; that there are only Two Sacraments, *Baptism*, and the *Lord's-Supper*; that Baptism ought to be publick; that extream Unction was Temporary; that there was no Transubstantiation; that the Clergy ought to Marry. He rejected the Hierarchy of the Church of *Rome*, Musick, and Ceremonies; allowed a short Form of Prayer, in publick, for the People, practised at this Day in *Geneva*, where he liv'd.

16. The French Protestants are some of them partly *Lutherans*, and can join with the *Church of* England in Common Prayer; but others are *Calvinists*, and allow not of the Common Prayer, and Ceremonies; but they Preach in one anothers Churches, and do not Persecute one another. 17. *Bren-*

17. *Brentius* a *Lutheran*, held, That after the *Aſcenſion*, Chriſt's Body was every where, and from him ſprung the Ubiquitarians.

18. *Caſtalio* at *Geneva*, Taught, That the Canticles was not Scripture, as *Grotius* did afterwards.

19. *Amſdorphius* concluded, that Good Works were pernicious to Salvation.

20. *Chinus* maintain'd the Legality of *Polygamy*.

21. *George Major* Taught, That Children could not be Juſtify'd for want of Good Works.

22. The *Socinians* hold, That Chriſt is not God, deny the Trinity, and are new *Arians*, or *Unitarians*.

To come now for *England*, I ſhall begin with the *Presbyterians*, and end my Letter with the *Church of* England.

23. The *Presbyterians* hold no ſet Form of Prayer, abſolutely neceſſary. They think That the Lord's Prayer ought not to be ſaid in a mixt Congregation, becauſe thoſe that are Wicked Men, cannot deſire the Kingdom of God to come, which, to them, muſt be to Judgment; therefore, they never uſe it, but when they receive the Sacrament. They reject all Ceremonies, Garments, and Muſick, only ſtand at Prayer: They prefer *Extempore* Prayer, alledging, that it teaches them to uſe all the Expreſſions of the Bible, and to vary them to all Conditions. They

They hold, That every Minister is a *Presbyter*, or *Elder*; that there ought to be Lay-*Ruling Elders*, to look after the Affairs of the Church, and not Preach. They hold, That a *Preaching Elder*, or *Presbyter*, is the same as a Bishop, and that no distinction was made, till Three hundred Years after Christ; that the Office of a *Presbyter*, was to Preach, to Administer Sacraments, the same as the Bishop's Office; that Ordination is valid, made by the Presbytery; the Presbytery being the Assembly of Divines. That all the Apostles were equal, and that therefore, Lord Bishops are *Jure humano*. They hold, That the Ministers are Servants to the Flock, and ought not to Lord it over the People. They choose One out of the *Presbytery*, to oversee, or, as a Moderator of the rest, in some cases, and sometimes, but the Majority hold it, not of Divine Tradition. They are against Diocesan Bishops, and hold, That no Man shou'd have a greater Congregation, than he can govern with an Assistant; that the Minister is to be Elected by the People: Are for a strict Observation of the Lord's-Day; hold Churches convenient, but not more Sacred than a House or Mountain. They are for Preaching to Kings, and all Magistrates, their Duty, as well as the People; and, that Kings ought to be *depos'd*, that Rule not according to the known Laws of the Land. They reject the Name Priest. Deny Holy-days and *Lent*. Hold Excommunication,

munication, yet none is caſt out of the Congregation, but he's heard before the Members receive the Sacrament, and moſt Voices carry it. Their Tenets you may find more of, in a Book, intituled, *The Aſſemblies Confeſſion of Faith.* Their Preaching is to open the Doctrine of Juſtification, Sanctification, Faith and Adoption; ſeldom medling with Morality in their Sermons.

24. The *Independents* hold themſelves independent of all Church-Laws, but their own Presbytery. They hold Good Works the neceſſary Fruit of Faith; admit none to the Sacrament, but thoſe that give a good Account of their Repentance, Excommunicate, by Majority of Votes, an ill Liver, and by the ſame Means, receive him again on Repentance. Are for *Ex tempore* Prayer; and, in ſhort, differ but very little from the Presbyterians.

25. *Quakers*, (ſo call'd from a certain ſhivering like an Ague, which their Firſt Inſtitutors had, when they ſpoke in their Congregations) allow the *Apocrypha*, as Canonical. Allow Working on that Day, call'd *Sunday*, and keep any Day of their own appointment: place much in outward Garb and Dreſs. They hold all Oaths in Court, or out of Court, unlawful. Regard the Sacraments as Old obſolete Forms, but believe they gain their full Benefit, by living up to the Spiritual

tual Meaning of them. They hold, That the Elements of Water and Bread, and the Ink and Paper of the Bible being dead Things, the true Interpreter of them is the inward Light. They differ about that Particular, as whether it be the Natural Conſcience, or Reaſon, Chriſt, or the Holy Spirit. They hold, that Women may Preach, and that their Teachers are inſpir'd, and ſpeak by Revelation of the ſame Spirit, that inſpir'd the Apoſtles. They reject Titles of Honour, as Maſter and Miſtreſs, *&c*, They hold ſilent Meetings, till the Spirit move ſome one to ſpeak; but theſe Meetings, ſometimes, break up with but one Ejaculation or two, and ſometimes, with not one Word. They have Suſpenſion, and Excommunication. They Trade with their own Opinion chiefly, and ſo maintain their Poor well. Are againſt all Forms of Prayer, and ſinging *David's* Pſalms. They hold, The Church is in God, and not God in the Church There are Two ſorts of Quakers here, thoſe that allow Women to hold forth, and thoſe that are againſt it; nor will they permit the Teachers of one Doctrine, to ſpeak in the Meeting of the others. They hold no intermarrying with any but their own Opinion; terming other Women the Daughters of *Heth*.

26. *Mugletonians*, they derive themſelves from one *Mugleton*, and *Reeve*; who affirm'd themſelves to be the Two laſt Witneſſes,

ſes mention'd in the *Revelations*; and that Power was given them, as Prophets and Revealers of Scriptures. That *Muggleton*, ſtill living, (as I'm inform'd,) had all the Meaſure of the Spirit beſtow'd on him, that *Reeve* had when alive. That he had all Power to ſeal the Salvation of the Elect. *Muggleton* declares, That one *Robins*, his Antagoniſt, was *Anti-chriſt*: and, That if any Man ſlighted his *Goſpel*, he had Power to damn that Perſon: That if an Angel ſhould come from Heaven, and contradict that Power, he could damn that Angel; for God could not ſave him, whom he had once pronounc'd damn'd here; becauſe he cou'd not Lye, and had given this Power of Damnation to him, *Lodovick Muggleton*: therefore, he is the laſt Revealer of Scriptures; and all ought to take care how they fall under his Diſpleaſure. For this reaſon, he gives Men Time to conſider, unleſs he finds 'em very obſtinate. He damns all the *Quakers*, and judges them the Race of the Serpent's Seed, or of *Cain*: For he holds, That *Cain* was the Devil's Baſtard, begot in Paradiſe on *Eve*; and, That Death, Air and Water, were from Eternity. That the Devil incarnated himſelf in the Virgin-Womb of *Eve*, as Chriſt incarnated himſelf in the *Virgin Mary*'s Womb. That there's no Devil but what's in us; for the Devil dy'd in *Eve*, and fill'd her with all Wickedneſs, which we receive from her: So that the Devil is diffus'd in *Unclean Reaſon*. That God.

God is a Spiritual Man, as we are; and that, in time, his Spiritual Body brought forth a Natural Body. That Chriſt's Soul is the Godhead. That *Eliah* was God's Protector, when he became a Child; and fill'd Chriſt with Revelation, when on Earth; and ſpoke thoſe Words at Chriſt's Baptiſm, *viz. This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well-pleaſed.* *Muggleton* blaſphemouſly calls the Sacred *Trinity*, A Three-headed Monſter; and ſays, That Angels and Mens Souls are Mortal, and that the Soul ſleeps in the Grave. Allows of no Outward Form of Worſhip, or Prayers; God being a Spirit inviſible, it muſt be ſpiritual Thoughts, he holds, that muſt be his Worſhip, ſince God knows our Caſe; and acknowledges no *Sundays*, or Set-Days of Worſhip. That the Spirit Eats and Drinks within us, and is a natural Fire of Reaſon, and that it Dies; yet ſo, that thoſe that are good Men here, will be united into one Spirit and Body with God at laſt: That thoſe who believe the Prophet, are ſo already within. He holds further, That there is no Chriſtian-Magiſtrate, nor Goſpel-Miniſter: the Firſt Commiſſion being given to *Moſes* and the Prophets; the next, to Chriſt and the Apoſtles; and the Third and laſt, to him, and *Reeve* that's dead. The greateſt Sin, is, Not to believe the Prophet, that is, Him.

But I fear I have tyr'd you with ſo large an Account of ſuch a mad Medly of Blaſphemy and Non-ſence; yet the Religion of the

the *Mugletonians* being more talk'd of, than known, I thought 'twou'd not be wholly ungrateful to you. Theſe *Mugletonians* meet at their Prophet's, (as they call him;) where he Expounds the Scriptures, and Anſwers any Queſtion they put to him. They allow of Morality; but hold Sin to be neceſſary to produce Goodneſs, as Light was produc'd by Darkneſs. This *Mugleton* (they ſay) by the Damning and Saving, has got to himſelf ſeveral Hundreds a Year; ſome leaving him Twenty Pounds a Year, ſome more, ſome Money, *&c.* that he might not Damn them.

27. 'Tis now time to adjourn to a new Cauſe. The *Anabaptiſts* allow no Ordination; reject School-Learning; are choſen Miniſters by the People. They hold, That Lay-men are qualify'd to Preach. That there are to be no Tithes but *Benevolence.* That Children are not capable of Baptiſm, ſince they can't Believe, nor Confeſs and Repent; and therefore, that they muſt be left to God's ſecret Will. That no Man ought to be Baptiz'd till he Believes, or be convinc'd that he ſtands in need of *Chriſt* for Salvation. They deny, That Magiſtrates have any Power to make Laws to oblige Conſcience; deny Epiſcopacy; and that the *Pſalms* ought not to be ſung, unleſs Men had *David*'s Spirit; ſince, how can Drunkards, *&c.* ſing, *Lord, I am clean of heart?* &c. So that by

by Singing of *Pſalms*, moſt of the Congregation muſt ſing Lyes, their Vices contradicting the Pſalm they ſing. There are a ſort of *General Baptiſts*, that hold, That Chriſt died for All in general, or, for an Univerſal Salvation; and *Particular Baptiſts*, that are for the Salvation of the Elect alone: and, That Chriſt died effectually for none but thoſe who embrace his Offer in the Goſpel. They give the Sacrament at Night, as a Supper; and uſe Two Cups, one to repreſent the *Old*, the other the *New-Teſtament*. They allow no Liturgy, Churches, nor Bells. They Baptize in Rivers, at all Seaſons, VVinter and Summer, Men and VVomen.

28. The *Millenaries* hold, That Chriſt will come and Reign perſonally here on Earth with the Saints, with a Temporal Kingdom, and that in a few Years. That then One ſhall chaſe Ten, and Ten a Thouſand; which is the Doctrine of the *Fifth-Monarchy*: In other Tenets, they are more like the *Anabaptiſts*. They hold, That *King Jeſus* ſhall Reign for a Thouſand Years. That the Veil ſhall be taken from *Mahomet*, and the *Jews* call'd, and *Rome* tumble down. That the Devil ſhall be chain'd up, and the Saints enjoy the Earth; and then Chriſt ſhall come to Judgment. They ſay, the Beginning is not yet, but is expected Five Years hence.

29. The

29. The *Sweet-Singers of Iſrael*, are a Generation very Poetically given, turning all into Rhime, and ſinging all their VVorſhip. They meet in an Ale-houſe, and Eat, Drink and Smoak, while others ſing the Praiſes of God, or Saints. They hold, That there is no Sin in them. That Eating, and Drinking, and Society, is Bleſs'd: That Death and Hell are a Terror only to thoſe that fear it: That all Sin is forgiven all thoſe that can believe Chriſt died for, and wou'd ſave all by his Blood; or elſe, That it could not be as effectual as the typical Blood of Bulls and Goats, offer'd for Sins by the Prieſts of the Jews. They hold further, That the Employment of the Bleſs'd, will be, Singing of Praiſes to their Maker in the *New Jeruſalem*. 'Tis, indeed, a merry Religion; for they hold, That the beſt Preparation for a dying Man to part to Eternity, is, in Singing, Eating and Drinking, and being Merry.

30. The *Sabbatarians*, or Seventh-day-men, hold, That the Jews Sabbath ought to be kept; urging, That the *Ten Commandments* are not abrogated, but eternal; and one of them, is, Keeping the Sabbath: That Chriſt never abrogated it; and that the Chriſtians, in, and ſome time after the Apoſtles days, obſerv'd both *Saturday* and *Sunday*; one in Honour of the *Creation*; the other, of the *Reſurrection* of *Chriſt*. In other Points they agree with the Church and Presbytery.

31. *Thraskites*,

31. *Thraskites* are those that hold as *Thrask* their Founder did, *viz.* That we ought to particularize our VVants to God in Prayer. This they ground on that Petition in the Lord's Prayer, *Give us this DAY our daily BREAD*; saying, that *Day* and *Bread* are particular. So that if a Man want a pair of Shoes, or a Red-Herring; have a Month's mind to a Venison-Pasty, or occasion for a Purge, he ought, in that Days Prayer, to be particular in't. They hold besides, the Law of *Moses*, in part; and that a Black-Pudding is not to be eat, because Blood was prohibited to the Jews; nor, that any thing strangled, is to be eaten.

32. The *Family of Love*, hold a Community of Women, and meet at one of their Houses; where, after Supper, they put out the Lights, and catch as catch can: the Woman he lights of, he is free with, as by a Divine Appointment. This promiscuous Copulation, they hold, the way to promote Peace and Concord of Families. These *Familists* (for that is also an Appellation of theirs) have a stock to assist those that are Poor, and to bear the Expence of a Supper for the rest. Jealousie is a Stranger to them, as well as Disobedience to Magistrates. They think themselves perfect, and that the Joys of the Bless'd are only here in Love; since after Death, the Soul, that is an Emanation of the Deity, returns into it again, and

and is loſt in the Eternal Ocean of Beings. They believe, That the greateſt Sin is Doubting, or want of Faith; that alone purchaſing Damnation; that is, Unhappineſs here. They believe, That the Angels were born of Women; and, That they may diſmiſs thoſe VVives that will not comply with theſe things: That wicked Men do the hardeſt of God's VVorks: That the Devil is God's moſt faithful Servant, to perform his VVill; and for this, they produce the Example of *Job*. They hold, That Scripture is for Novices, but not for ſtrong Chriſtians: That by this VVay of Copulation theſe *Familiſts* beget a godly Seed. That every Day ought to be a *Sabbath*.

33. *Adamites* differ not much from the other. There are divers ſorts of theſe, but they are all Private, and hold their Place of Meeting to be Paradiſe; and, That they are arriv'd to the ſtate of *Adam*'s Innocence; and therefore perform all their Devotions and Preaching Naked, both Men and VVomen: But to repreſent the Sun and Spring, they have a good Fire or Stow. They tell you Cloaths are the Badge of Sin, ſince Truth is beſt naked; and ſeeks no Covering, as *Adam* did, when he had ſinn'd. This Naked Service they term moſt divine, and in that manner receive the Sacrament. Children are not admitted to it, becauſe *Adam* and *Eve* were perfect Man and VVoman.

34. *Seekers*, are a ſort of *Scepticks*, that hold all things equally diſputable, and are continually doubting and trying all Religions; ſheltring themſelves under that Text, *S E E K, and you ſhall find*; as if they were never to ſettle to any as long as they live.

35. *Latitudinarians*, or *Anythingarians*, are a ſort of more extended Comprehenſion-men, that can agree with all Religions, as far as going to their Meetings and Divine VVorſhip. In ſhort, They are of no Religion, but think that a Thing indifferent; and ſo can be of any, to complement their Eaſe or Intereſt: The Principle of *Hobbs* ſtretch'd a little further; for they think themſelves not only oblig'd to be of the King's Religion, but of any other, for their own Advantage.

36. The *Copiniſts*, they hold no Eternal Hell or Devil, but that the Puniſhment of Sin is Temporary, as to it ſelf; and, That Sin is to ſuffer hereafter in a body, but not in the Body of the wickedeſt Man: That the Devil and Hell is to be deſtroyed at laſt, and all abſorp'd in the Deity, as it all flow'd from it at firſt: That there are many Allegorical Hints in Scripture, That God is to be All in all at laſt: That the *Pater Noſter* was ſpoken by Chriſt, *ex tempore*: and that ſince St. *Matthew*'s *Pater Noſter* differs from St. *Luke*'s, it can't be no invariable Form of Prayer.

Prayer. They ſay, The Prieſts Lye, when they tell us, this Prayer is an abſolute Form of Words for all Conditions; ſince there is not one word how to pray for a King, or for the Saints departed. They hold *Logic* of great uſe, as well as a diligent and frequent peruſing of the Scripture, which they expound with a great deal of fallacy and ſubtilty, (and love Diſputations:) ſo that their Interpretations carry a Face of Truth, tho' they have a Tincture of Blaſphemy. They poſitively deny the Reſurrection of the Body, from that Text that ſays, *Fleſh and Blood ſhall not inherit the Kingdom of Heaven*: But the Body is Fleſh and Blood; *ergo*, &c.

37. *Ranters* laugh at Ordinances, and Duties of Religion; all Forms and Order. Hold, That God and Devils, Heaven and Hell, are all Fictions: That *Moſes*, *Chriſt*, and *Mahomet*, were all Impoſtors. They ironically call the *Bible* the *Divine Legacy*. Other of their Blaſphemies are ſo horrid, that I dare not repeat 'em. They hold a Community of VVives, which they call, the Enjoyment of their Fellow-Creatures; and therefore make laſcivious and obſcene Songs, Sing, Dance, and come to the Cloſe-Hug at laſt. They diſown the Power of the Magiſtrates: eſteem Chriſtian Liberty, Liberty to Sin.

38. *Brownists* reject Ordination, all Forms of Prayer, Ceremonies, and all consecrated Churches; will have no Communication with other Congregations: and hold, That scandalous Ministers are to be trodden under foot, like Salt that has lost its savour. The Churches of *Rome* and *England*, they call *Sodom*, *Babylon*, *Egypt*.

39. *Antinomians* oppose the Law of *Moses*; and hold, 'Tis neither for Direction, nor Correction. They say, Good Works conduce not to Salvation; nor Evil Deeds hinder it. That they can sin no more than Christ: That they are one with Christ, and part of the Trinity: That God loves them in those Acts, that are Sin only in the Reprobate, as Whoring, Drunkenness, *&c.* That Christ dy'd, intercedes for, and will save them; they therefore have no care to take. That God loves no Man for Holiness; that therefore 'tis fruitless to exhort to Christian Duties. That 'tis a Sin, to ask Pardon of God, since that were to doubt him. They therefore hold, That all Preaching should aim at the establishing this Doctrine, That there is no Sin, That God's not the better for our Good, or the Worse for our Evil Works; That he's angry, only that Men should fear him, because of their Sins; since he's not as we are, but *sees no sin*, &c.

40. *Tryonists*

40. *Tryoniſts*, are ſuch as forbid eating of Fleſh, Fiſh, or any thing that is kill'd, as contrary to Scripture (tho' the Opinion derives it ſelf from the Banians of the *Eaſt-Indies*, and the other Sects of Pythagoreans, or thoſe that hold the Tranſmigration of Souls) and the Command of God, and Example of Chriſt, and his Apoſtles. That killing of Creatures, is from the fierce Wrath of God, helliſh nature in Man, and a fruit of Hell; they being as it were our Brethren and Fellow-Creatures, and therefore 'tis Oppreſſion in the fierce Wrath. *Adam* was to eat only of every Herb of the Field, and of every Fruit of the Trees; killing entring the World after the Fall, and not permitted till after the Flood. From this ſame wrathful Principle proceeds Rancor, Strife, Contention, and ſpeaking Evil of any other Creatures. That eating of Fleſh is the Doctrine of Devils, qualifies Men to be ſordid, ſurly; and Soldiers, Hunters, Pirates, Tories, and ſuch as wou'd have the beſtial Nature fortifi'd; that they might act like Lions, and Devils over their own kind as well as over all other Creatures.

41. The *Children of the New-Birth*, are wean'd from this World, and its Forms of Worſhip; eſteem Contemplation and Meditation the Higheſt Duties, for by the Exerciſe of the Mind, and the Faculty of Thinking, we view ſpiritual Objects, Viſions of

Angels, and Repreſentations; In this State we hear the Songs, Voices, and Harmonies of the Angels, on Mount *Sion*; enjoy paradiſiacal Odors, and feel powerful Tinctures of Chriſt's Body, which many times fills the Heart with infinite Delight; and all this in Proportion to every ones Capacity, at laſt they hope to arrive at the Eternal *Sabbath* and Reſt of Heav'n.

42. The *Church of the Firſt-Born*, are the Heirs of Salvation, are above Ordinances, and walk here as if they were above; Chriſt is ſo united to them, that he is them; their Tenets are much the ſame with the preceding, they meet at any houſe of their Members, where after a ſilent Contemplation, they break forth in Ejaculations of Joy, and the Tranſports of the other Life; of their Communion with Saints and Angels in Heav'n, and the Priviledges they enjoy here where they are but Pilgrims and Sojourners. They hold themſelves nearer related to them that are of their Opinion, than by any tie of Birth, and therefore, beſtow the greateſt part of their Eſtates on the former. Some call 'em *Viſionariſts*, *Revelation-Men*, and *Behmiſts*, from *Jacob Behemen*; whoſe Tenets they follow in many things. Their Divinity is about the moſt myſterious Things, explaining the *Trinity*, the Nature of God and Angels, *&c.*

43. The

43. The *Salmaniſts*, place Religion in Conferences, and propoſing and anſwering Difficulties; hold it an Eſſential Point of their Religion, to declare, That the Magiſtrate ought not to interrupt any one in the Practice of his Religion, a general Liberty of Conſcience being ſo neceſſary a part; they admit none to their Conferences, till they have abjur'd all perſecuting Principles; they hold a great many of the Quakers Tenets, and of thoſe of *Molinos*, the famous Spaniſh Prieſt, that was put in the Inquiſition lately at *Rome*, for his new Doctrine.

44. *Heavenly-Father-Men*, build on theſe Texts, *Be you merciful, as your* Heav'nly Father *is merciful, the merciful man ſhall find Mercy.* They hold, that whenever a Sinner repents, if he can but ſay, Lord have Mercy upon me, God that is merciful will pardon him, and all Mankind; Mercy being his Nature and Eſſence. They are for Morality, and all the Scriptures, but moſt inſiſt on Mercy as God's Nature; and they ſay, he is not for penal Juſtice, but will forgive all; and produce the Thief on the Croſs for an Inſtance and Proof of their Aſſertion.

45. *Anti-Euchariſts*, receive the whole Scripture, but deny that the Euchariſt ought to be adminiſtred to the People, but to the Clergy only; becauſe they alone are to lay

down their Lives, as Christ did, for their Flock; and by that to shew forth his Death till he come to Judgment; and that Christ gave the Eucharist to his Apostles only; who were, and represent none but the Clergy; and never commanded or directed them to Administer it or force it on the People. They say that St. *Paul* gave it to those *Corinthians* who were unworthy, meerly for quietness sake, because they claim'd that Priviledge, and promised to be Martyrs, and shew forth Christ's Death as well as he, and bid them *Examine* themselves before they took it. But that *Christ* put no Condition of Examination to the Twelve, before his last Supper; and for that Reason St. *Paul*, to clear his hands, bid 'em examine themselves; for as Christ did not command 'em to give it the People, so neither did he prohibit it. They believe further, that When Christ had appear'd after his Crucifixion, that in all probability it ceas'd with the Clergy too, if they thought fit; but that 'tis a Sin to Administer it to any but such as will turn Ministers.

46. After all this strange Medly of Madness, and Hypochondriac Enthusiasms, I believe you desire I shou'd return toward Truth, and give you an Account of the Church of *England*, as I promis'd; but the Principles of that *Church*, are as well known as they are Excellent, and as its Members are Learned.

ed. Its Liturgy, Articles of Faith, and Catechiſms, are in the Hands of e'ry Child, who is early inſtructed in the Paths of Chriſtianity, if their own Luſts, wild Deſires, and ſecret Intereſts make them not deviate from it. Beſides, I know you ſo well-grounded in her, that not all the plauſible Arguments of her Adverſaries, nor any other pretence can ſhake you, or turn your Admiration from the Beauty of her Oeconomy, the Piety of her Liturgy, and the Soundneſs of her Doctrine; I'll therefore put an end to this long Letter with ſubſcribing my ſelf, Sir,

*Your faithful Friend,*

*and humble Servant,*

S. Rogers.

'*Cicero* on his peruſing the Opinions 'of the Philoſophers (ſaid *Temple*) con-'cluded that there was nothing ſo abſurd 'and ridiculous, which ſome of the Philo-'ſophers had not held; and whoſoever (aſ-'ſum'd *Grave*) reads this Letter, muſt grant 'there is nothing ſo extravagantly mad 'and blaſphemous, but ſome of us Chriſti-'ans have receiv'd as Matter of Faith, and 'Divine Authority. And yet noneof them al-'moſt (purſu'd *Fountain*) but pretend to build 'on the ſacred Scriptures. Right (continu'd

*Winter*) and there's a very good Reaſon for that, for their Opinions would be of little Credit with the very Multitude, if they did not pretend that as their Foundation. The Obſcurity of ſome parts of which (added *Church*) confounds their Intellects, and makes them graſp at any Interpretation that pleaſes their Fancy, or is ſurprizing; as if they were equally bound (aſſum'd *Brook*) to believe what they underſtand not, as they are, what is plain and obvious; and yet moſt of 'em (continu'd *Summer*) reject the very means of attaining a true Knowledge of them, *viz.* Learning, as Antichriſtian. The Reaſon of that (added *River*) is, becauſe 'tis ſet out of their reach, and they are incapable of obtaining it. For my part (purſu'd *Chappel*) I can never think that the Belief of Myſterious Articles of Faith, is ſufficient to carry a Rogue, a Murtherer, a Thief, or any other Villain to Heaven; I'm ſure if we may Credit St. *Paul*, it will not, who inſances in many breakers of the Rules of Morality alone, that ſhall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. And *Chriſt* himſelf (concluded I) through the whole courſe of the Sacred and Divine Goſpel makes Morality the whole Law, and the Prophets, and his Law too; one of the two great Commandments he gave us, being to Love our Neighbour as our ſelves; which contains all Morality, joining

'ing it with the other Great One of lov-
'ing God above all things. But *Faith* (tho'
'without doubt neceſſary to Salvation) is
'eaſily diſſembl'd, the Hypocrite may talk
'big of that, and can't be found out, and
'the worſt of Mankind may believe all the
'Articles of Chriſtian Religion. But Mo-
'rality cannot be ſo eaſily counterfeited, it
'coſts too much to purchaſe the Reputati-
'on of a Moraliſt, whereas the other coſts
'nothing but Words; ſo that I'm amaz'd
'to find any of the more rational Religi-
'ons making the Preaching of Morality ſo
'very indifferent a thing, ſince 'tis not on-
'ly founded in Nature it ſelf, but alſo made
'the Subject of one of the two Commands
'of Chriſt, and the only from whence the
'Sentence of the damn'd is taken at the laſt
'Day.

"Prithee, no more of this (interrupted
"*Temple*) unleſs thou intend to fight a-
"gainſt the general Practice of the World,
"which has cut out a more eaſie and agreea-
"ble way to Heav'n. But here is a Letter
"of a more pleaſant Subject, a Preface to
"a new Book, 'tis directed in a Cover.

LET-

## LETTER VIII.

*To Mr.* Tonſon, *at the* Judge's Head *in* Chancery-Lane.

Mr. *Tonſon*,

I Have juſt now receiv'd the firſt three Sheets of my Book, Entitl'd the *Humours and Converſations of the Town expos'd*, and muſt needs tell you, that the Printer has made a greater Satire on me in his confounded blunders, than I have upon the Town; I have ſent him the *Errata*, that is as many as I cou'd for ſhame have Printed. I have here ſent you the Preface; if it come but time enough, and meet not with the ſame fate as the Book, I hope it may be ſerviceable to you, for whom I have a very great Eſteem; your Trade having not been able to pervert your good Nature and Generoſity: but more particularly, becauſe you (tho' you are a Bookſeller, that yet Begad, you) have Wit and Judgment. But I'll touch no more on my value for you, leſt you ſhou'd take it for Deſign; we Authors being ſometimes not too much ſtock'd with Generoſity and Sincerity, tho' I can with Religion affirm the Truth of what I pretend to you, when I tell you that I am your Real Friend, and had rather be your Ser-

Servant than any Bookſellers in Town, ev'n for my own Advantage. Adieu.

Pray do me the Favour to ſend me the Third Part of Miſcellany Poems, by the ſame Hands that Compos'd the former, ſince I hear you deſign to publiſh it the next Term.

'A Pox on the Author (ſaid *Chappel*) 'for he has ſpoil'd my Remark in anticipa-'ting me. What, when he tells his Book-'ſeller (aſſum'd *Brook*) that his Praiſe of 'him may look like Incenſe to himſelf? 'Well, I'll do the Author that Juſtice (in-'terrupted *Summer*) that Mr. *Tonſon* de-'ſerves what he has ſaid of him. This I'll 'ſay for him (continu'd *Temple*) that he 'has plagu'd us with fewer impertinent ſil-'ly things than any Bookſeller in Town; 'and that (aſſum'd *Grave*) is an Argu-'ment of his Judgment, and good Taſt of 'things. Gad, I believe (ſaid *River*) you 'all deſign to ſet up for Authors, and ſo 'you wou'd fain pre-ingage him to buy 'your Copies; or elſe (purſu'd *Church*) 'that they have an Intereſt in the Author 'under our Conſideration. Thus much '(reply'd *Winter*) I'll ſay for the Author '(for I have ſeen the Copy here mention'd) 'that he has done the Buſineſs a hundred 'times better than he who firſt attempted 'the Subject about 25 Years ſince, tho' that

Book

'Book went off Three Impreſſions, and carry'd off a Book thrice as big as its ſelf; and thrice as dull too (aſſum'd *Fountain*) tho' that had but three Leaves in a large Print, and a ſmall Page to the Subject of the Title. Whereas this (concluded!) contains nothing but what relates to the Subject; for I was with *Winter* when the Author read it to him. But let us view the *Preface.*

## LETTER V.

*The Epiſtle Nuncupatory, to the Critics of Poſterity.*

*Learned Gentlemen in* Poſſe,

YOU muſt know, that I chuſe to addreſs my ſelf to you for two very ſuper-ſubſtantial Reaſons, the firſt is becauſe, buoy'd up with the natural Aſſurance of a young Author I have a plaguy fancy that this *Work* of mine (for ſo Sirs, are all my Performances) will be convey'd to your Hands: and next Gentlemen, becauſe like the reſt of my Brothers of the Quill, I can't abide our preſent Scoundrels of Critics, becauſe they'll be ſure to damn my Book, never conſidering, that a poor Author muſt live by

by the Succeſs of his Scribling; but you Gentlemen I may have ſome hope in, if you will but be guided by my Judgment; and gad Sirs, I can't tell, but I think my ſelf as pretty a Fellow of my Inches, as e'er an Author of them all; and therefore, you may be guided by me, as well as by the reſt of our Society, who are ſure of your good VVord, tho' the preſent malicious Judges be never ſo ſevere. Then Sirs, beſides the malice and ill Nature of our preſent Criticks, gad they are a company of meer Ignoramus's; and you may depend upon't, there's no more Credit to be given to their Verdict, (I mean when they Condemn us) than to the Sincerity of a Poet, the Friendſhip of an Uſurer, the Love of a Harlot, or, the Promiſes of a Debtor ſurpriz'd, without the Bounds of Security, by his Creditor. And this is the Reaſon, that when a poor Poet is bilk'd by their damnable Cat-calls, and hiſſing of the Fruits of his Third Day; he tells 'em in his Preface, they are a Company of Ill-natur'd, uncivil, ignorant, ungentlemanlike, *&c's.* And immediately appeals to you, moſt Learned *Potential* Gentlemen; and tells you, That Old *Ben* was Condemn'd by his Critics, tho' Exalted by us his Poſterity, ſo you ought to keep up the Humour, and give them a better Fate with you, than they met with, on their own Days. *Paſcitur in vivis livor, poſt Fata quieſcit*, is the Rule as you know, or will know, when you come to

to our VVorld: But, for fear ſome of you ſhould not underſtand *Latin*, any more than ſome of our preſent Criticks, I'll put my Quotation into Engliſh, *that is, That Dame* Envy *has ſuch a curious Guſto, that ſhe feeds upon the Living only, and eats no Meat that's cook'd up by Death.*

In ſhort, Gentlemen, to engage you farther, you muſt know, 'tis no Sign of a great Man to be Cenſorious, as my very good Friend and Acquaintance, *Boileau* has it, (for you muſt know, we Authors are acquainted with all our Tribe that are dead and rotten, as well as the living of any Note, or wou'd at leaſt be thought ſo; and for this Reaſon, under the Roſe, I quote *Boilean.*)

*Une Sublime Ecrivan n'en peut eſtre infect,*
*Cet une vice qui ſuit la Mediocrite.*

I won't entertain ſo mean an Opinion of you, as to think, you will not all underſtand French and therefore, I'll leave it in its Virgin Native Dreſs, for you to uncover. And having thus preingag'd your Affections, at leaſt, *Liceat ſperare timenti*, give me leave to hope ſo, I'll now go to the Buſineſs of this my Nuncupatory Epiſtle, or Preface, which is to defend my Book, and antedate every Word egad, that can be ſaid againſt it. Firſt then for all the falſe Grammars, abſurdities, and other faults, thoſe let the ſcoundrel Printer

Printer anſwer for; for the Devil take me, if I will ſay one Word for 'em. Next, if there be too many Simile's, or if any of them be improper, egad let the Age anſwer for them, ſince they applaud 'em ſo in others, without any regard at all to their Propriety, or Congruity. If the Satire be too ſevere in ſome places, 'gad 'tis none of my fault, ſtill ſay I, but the Age's, which is ſo corrupt and wicked, that it richly deſerves it; on the other ſide, if the Satire be not ſharp enough ſometimes, why 'tis the Age's fault again, which can't bear the laſh; their Backs are ſo ſore with continual ſtripes from my Brother *Satiriſts*. Beſides, they have got a plaguely Trick of uſing their Hands and their Swords, when they can't their Wit; and gad Sirs, when they are touch'd a little, they fly in a Man's Face, are for challenging and fighting, not writing; but I'm their humble Servant. I'm not for dying a Martyr to my Wit; no, I'll let it foam out into Sonnets, Panegyrics, *&c.* firſt, Then if the Ladies find fault, that I have not well repreſented them, and their Converſation, 'tis their own fault by my veracity: For Firſt, if the Satyr ben't ſharp enough, 'tis becauſe they can't abide to hear Truth; if their Characters be not truly drawn, 'tis becauſe they are ſo ſhy of me, that I have almoſt loſt my Acquaintance with their Sex, which has, (under the Roſe as gad ſhall ſa 'me) been their Fault every jot; for I did my Endeavour, but

but they will admit none to their Converſation, but Fops, Fools, and Cullies, and gad you know I have a plaguy deal of Wit, and no Money; ſo that you ſee Gentlemen, I have no fault in me; and gad I'll not impeach the Bookſeller of any, becauſe he paid me well, nay generouſly for my Copy, and is beſides, and moreover, a very Honeſt, Good-natur'd, Witty Fellow, gad, and to ſay Truth, he has more Wit than my ſelf, ſince he never Marry'd.

This is all I have to ſay, for, or of the Book. I might here end, for all what I have to ſay, which is not one Word on't to the Purpoſe, but that it wou'd not be Modiſh, all my Brother Preface-VVriters doing the ſame; a long Preface being a Reputation to the Book, and Author.

Perhaps therefore, ſince you are not in this Age I live in, you may have a Month's Mind to know what the Age is you are coming into. If ſo, Gentlemen, I muſt tell you, that your Deſire is a little unreaſonable; for the duce take me, if I can tell: Doctors differ ſo much about it, that I could find in my Heart to ſay nothing at all of it; for come to a Poet, that after many an Hour, Day, Night, VVeek and Month's Study, has his Play damn'd, and he'll tell you, 'tis a confounded Ignorant dull Age, and that there's not a Reader in a Thouſand, that underſtands any thing in *Poetry*, above the *Miracles of Money*, or, the Wit of a Dutch Epigra-

Epigramatiſt; in *Law*, above *Dalton's Countrey Juſtice*; or, the *Young Clerk's Guide*; in *Hiſtory*, *Burton* of the *Civil Wars*; in *Phyſick*, *Culpeper*, or, Religion Founding, *Salmon*, and ſo on. But Sirs, if you come to another, a Fortunate *Hero* of *Parnaſſus*, that has met with the good Fortune of a full Houſe, on his Third Day, and he ſhall tell you, 'tis a learn'd, critical Age; and that 'tis the moſt difficult Thing in the World, to write to its guſto; what pleas'd heretofore, being now inſipid, ſo much is its reliſh refin'd, and its Wit and Sence improv'd. Then go but to Church, where a poor Journey-man Divine holds forth, and he ſhall tell you, 'tis a Wicked, Abominable, Babyloniſh Age, where e'ery one can get into Scarlet but himſelf, till he has dealt Hell and Damnation, about to his Pariſhoners ſo long, that to ſtop his Mouth, they give him his *Quietus*, or a good Benefice. But go to hear an Incumbent, that's a ſpiritual Polygamiſt, and he'll tell you, 'Tis a Godly Pious Age; that we are ſecure from *Turk* and *Pope*, and in the flouriſhing State of the Reformation. Thus the breaking Citt ſhall tell you, 'Tis a poor, wretched, beggerly Age; and, that an Alderman has no more Money than a Courtier. But go to a good Fat Uſurer, and he ſhall tell you, That Money is Plenty on good Conſiderations. Thus Gentlemen, I cou'd run on for Half a ſcore Diviſions of the Age more, with as little certainty

ty as this. One Flutering *Beau*, Swears 'Tis a damn'd, lewd, profuſe drunken Age; and, that there's ne'er a Woman from *Tutle-ſtreet*, to *Wapping*, that's Honeſt: Another Swears, 'tis a chaſt, ſober Age, eſpecially if he have no Money, without which, there's ſcarce any Whoring or Drinking in his Age. But if you will needs know, what I think of it, I muſt tell you, I think nothing at all of it yet, till I ſee how it likes my Book: For, let us Authors pretend what we pleaſe, we are all of *Bays*'s Mind, and judge of the Age, as that judges of our Performances. If therefore my Book ſucceed, it ſhall be a learned, godly, and wealthy Age; if not, I'll down with it, and it ſhall have neither Wit, Wealth, nor Devotion, but ſhall be the Devil of an Age. And gad, to ſay Truth, 'tis not much better; and, 'tis a Miracle to me, that it ſubſiſts: E'ry Man hates his Neighbour, that has either more Money, more Honour, or more Wit than himſelf; nay gad, if he do but pretend to ſo much, or half ſo much. The Women are not more Friendly to each other; and ſhe that has either more Beauty, or more Lovers than the reſt, or pretend to have any, is ſure to be maul'd by 'em moſt unmercifully, with their Weapons, their Tongues. In ſhort, Gentlemen, you wou'd wonder, that the whole Age did not fall together by the Ears, if you were to run through half the Converſations of it: you ſhall meet with no Man,

Man, but you'd think an Enemy to all the reſt of the VVorld that's abſent, and the deareſt Friend ſha'nt eſcape his Railery: So that to me, that am a very conſidering Gentleman, 'tis a greater VVonder that any of us ſleep in a whole Skin, than that the Seas don't overflow the Land, *&c.*

The Authors they Quarrel, as 'twere pro *Aris & Focis*, and perhaps, 'tis not for much leſs; their Country and Religion, as well as the Clergy's being their *Intereſt*, and their topmoſt *Ambition* and *Intereſt* is to ſhake off Thread-bare Coats, and that they may not be forc'd to bilk their Lodgings, their Bookſellers, their VVhores, and their Apothecaries. And this, Gentlemen, is the true and real Cauſe of the Diſagreement of us Authors; and that's only Cant when they tell you, That 'tis becauſe many graſp at the Laurel and Prize of Madam *Fame*, who deſerve it not, and the Arrogance of thoſe that have any Pretence ro them. For Gentlemen, you may believe me who am an Author; all this ſnarling is nothing, upon my Honour, but for the Cruſt, ſince VVit is not now, when 'tis made a Trade, what it was in the time of *Auguſtus*, when Authors Lov'd one another; for they had both more Money, and more good Nature too, than we have.

So much for the Criticks, Authors, Bookſellers, the Book, and the Age: Now for my ſelf; gad, all I have to ſay as to that, is,

is, That I am very much all their Humble Faithful *Bounden*, (This VVord being reviv'd by our Critical Hiſtoriographer, muſt therefore be Extraordinary, and, by Conſequence, fit for my uſe.)

*Slave, and Servant,*

'If the Book, (ſaid *Chapel*) be but as 'diverting as this Prefatory Epiſtle, it may 'paſs among the Number of the more par-'donable Tranſgreſſions of this kind. The 'Humours and Converſations of the Town, '(aſſum'd *Brook*) are a Subject copious e-'nough for Satyr, if it have fal'n into a 'good Hand. VVhat we have here ſeen '(reply'd *Summer*) gives us ſome Hopes, 'tis 'not altogether dull: And therefore (con-'tinu'd *Temple*) I'm reſolv'd to buy one of 'them, to trifle away an Hour or two. For 'my part (ſaid *Grave*) the Humours of the 'Town are ſo living a Satyr, that I want no 'helps to raiſe my Spleen at 'em. Yet, (ſaid 'I) the auxiliary Reliſh of a Man of 'VVit's Cookery in't, would not be ungrate-'full to thee. At leaſt (added *River*) *Grave* 'ſhou'd buy it, if it were but to regale him-'ſelf, with what is ſaid on the VVomen. 'Our Author, methinks (continu'd *Church*) 'is very ſevere upon the Brother-hood of '*Parnaſſus*. Not more than they deſerve '(reply'd *Winter*) for tho' VVit and Learn-'ing ſhou'd inſpire Honour and Generoſity,

'and

and teach 'em true Friendſhip; yet Gratitude, and Plain dealing, is much a ſtranger to moſt of them: and all of 'em almoſt come under that of *Horace* (concluded *Fountain*) *Abſentem qui rodit amicum*, for they are ſo far from defending their Friends, when abſent, that they are ſure to abuſe em, or break ſome ſcurvy Jeſt on them, derogating from the Character they publickly allow them. But to proceed in order (interrupted *Chappel*) after Authors, here comes an Account of Beggars, in a Letter, directed

## LETTER VI.

*To Mr.* Ambroſe, *at the Sign of the* Black-Bird, *in the bread Street in* Maidſton, Kent.

Containing an Hiſtory of the Engliſh Beggars.

*Dr. Cit,*

I Have at laſt got of the Doctor, the following Hiſtory of the Beggars, which us'd to pleaſe thee ſo, in hearing ſome Parts of it repeated. I ſend it in the Stile and Language, agreeable to the Subject; for 'twould be Prepoſterous and Ridiculous, to write of Chymiſtry, or Philoſophy, and not uſe the Terms of Art, nay almoſt impoſſible. To begin, therefore Beggars call themſelves Travellers,

vellers, and are diſtinguiſhed into ſeveral Bands, according to the Name of their ſeveral Captains or Heads, who give Security for their Lodging, beſides which, they are diſtinguiſh'd again by the ſeveral Qualities of their Employments, as theſe belong to the Running Camp; theſe *fit it*; thoſe go on the *Legue*, or the *Tongue* Pad, *&c.* They encreaſe by interloping Boys and Girls, that are not born Beggars, and Lodge in the Field and Places of their Reſort, tempted by the Idleneſs and Liberty they obſerve in that Courſe of Life, unconfin'd by Laws, and Religion, not ſubject to Taxes, but run at Liberty from Fair to Fair, from Town to Town, Hobling their VVhins (that is, victualling their Camps) by what they can get, Drinking, Swearing, Gaming, and Whoring, without controul, ſtaying no longer in a Place than they find Trade rank, as they call it.

A chronic Diſeaſe, ſome Swelling, or a ſickly Look, are good Qualifications to begin the Trade; they have Stock enough to Wheedle, if they can but act a Poſture, or a Look well; To Counterfeit a ſtrange Noiſe with Art, and Naturally to Retract the Tongue, as if cut off, will maintain a couple very well. But whoever can *fit it*; *ſhiver*; or, be born Lame, Defective or Deformed, may keep his Horſe, or Aſs, and pay for Children to compleat the Calvalcade, to move Pity.

But,

But here you must observe, That whatever VVheedle they have, and how well soever it takes, they must not stay long in a place, to drain it, lest the other Travellers *cackle*, or *cut* some VVheedle against them; and then they must scamper, for fear of the *flogging Cove's Posse*, or the raising of a *Hindle* or *Crand*.

An old Soldier or Sea-man, one that has lost a Limb, or is any way maim'd, or gaul'd with any pocky Sores, or can speak a little French or Latin, has known any thing of a Trade, or knows any one that has had long Suits in *Chancery*, or heard of any that have been ruin'd at Sea, or by Fire, Plunder, Inundations, *&c.* is sufficiently furnish'd to form a Sham or Story; which they practise, to qualifie them to set up for poor Scholars, ruin'd House-keepers, broken Trades-men, and decay'd Gentlemen, who by Law, and other Misfortunes, have lost Thousands: His Hat, Wig, and whole Garb, must be adapted to the Part he acts and *wheedles* upon. If he have *ready Coin*, he pays so much to a Master-Beggar to flush him in the Art; who goes with him to his Post, and standing at a distance, remarks where the Novice is deficient, and instructs him better: But if he have *no ready Coin*, then he must pay it out of what he gets by Begging. When Experience has perfected him, he may wheedle on what he thinks most his Talent, or what takes best, and is most for his purpose,

whether he'll beg for *Quids*, *Duds*, or *Cole*, by himself, or with Company of Men, Women or Children.

The *Running-Camp* is form'd of those Home-Beggars, that scout for *Weddings* and *Burials*; whilst others make Incursions into the *Wards* for *Quids*. The Men ask for their Sick Wives and Children; the Women, for their Husbands in Gaol, or sick. The Children go about from Churches to Meetings, *&c.* begging for their sick Fathers or Mothers, for Money or Victuals: this last they lug home, *sort*, *trim*, and *sell* it; trying up what's not eatable, and then sell that too; making some Weeks above Ten or Twelve Shillings by these *Quids*, and *Fat-dabs*, as they call 'em.

Others chuse to act singly, and only for Money, at Set-stands, in Thorough-fairs, or Fields, or Water-sides, *&c.* and stay two or three Hours at a place, more or less, in the Garb of poor Trades-men, and mump, sometimes, Two or Three Shillings in a Day. Cripples keep their Stands, most commonly, the whole Day, by the help of the Brandy they have with 'em; and when that makes them a little hot-headed, it makes 'em beg best and loudest.

The *Forma Pauperis*, Men and Women, that beg by Paper, and Parchment old Deeds, *&c.* for Ministers Widows, decay'd Gentlemen, for Fees to get out of Gaol, or for some Hearing they are to have about an Estate,

Eſtate, or ſome ſuch Sham: get Five or Ten Shillings a-day, if they meet with Miniſters, and other charitable People, at home, and *cut* but their *Wheedle* artificially, and have but good *Rigging*.

Others *beat upon the Hoof*, and *rough-Pad* it, five or ten Miles, or more, round *London*; viſiting all the charitable Houſes, (for they inform one another of them; and if they be voluble tongu'd *Flams*, they ſeldom miſs of a *Flag* or a *Board*, and often-times *over-haul* a whole *Hog*, or Half-a-Crown, from a charitable Perſon; and in a few Days finiſhing their Circuit, return to *London*, with Four or Five Pounds.

When they deſign a Summer-Expedition into the Countrey, they get a falſe *Logue*, in Paper, *That the Bearer is*, &c. But they never ſet up for Begging on the *Logue*, till they are Ten Miles from *Newgate*, the County-Gaol, believing that none will trouble themſelves, ſhould they be detected, to bring 'em up ſo far to Priſon.

At Sea-Ports they learn what Ships are caſt-away; ſee the Commanders, and Ships-Company: then they write to their Companions, to haſten to a Place appointed; where, after they have conſulted, they diſperſe, and put the Country under Contribution for *Duds*, as Hats, Shirts, Coats, Breeches, Stockins and Shoes; wheedling, That they are poor Sea-men, belonging to ſuch a Veſſel caſt-away; whereas, they never

belong'd to any but the good Bark, *Idle*, as they cant it. Their *Morts*, or Women, aſſiſt in ſending their Cargo of *Duds* to *London*, conſign'd to the *Cove*, or Landlord they agree upon; who has Commiſſion to convert them into Money, againſt they come, and then they ſhack it; and if they find the *Cove* has *Junk* them, they muſt not complain, becauſe 'tis not ev'ry *Ken* will entertain em.

In ſhort, They are a Seminary of Thieves, Whores and Cheats; and, perhaps, the leaſt of their Profit ariſes not from ſetting Houſes to be rob'd.

And now, I think I have given you enough of the *Beggars*, I'll take my leave of you for this bout, and adjourn to the *Half Moon*, to drink your Health in a Bottle of good *Port*; who am, Sir, *Yours to command*,

R. TOMPKINS.

'Is it not ſtrange, (ſaid *Temple*,) that 'the moſt wretched and contemptible Con-'dition of Humane Life, ſhou'd be worth ſo 'many Cheats and Villanies? And are not 'the unfortunate Wretches of the World 'very miſerable, (purſu'd *Grave*,) when the 'laſt and moſt deſpicable retreat from For-'tune is deny'd them, by the Practices of 'hardned Villains? And are the Charms of 'Idleneſs (continu'd *Fountain*) ſo great, as 'to bewitch Men to undergo all the Incon-'veniences of Poverty and Contempt for the 'ſake of it? What-ever 'tis (reply'd *Win-'ter*,) we find 'tis done; and the Traders in

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'this way, obſtruct Charity, and hinder the 'Relief of ſome that really want. They are, 'indeed, a Pretence (purſu'd *Church*) to the 'Covetous, to ſecure their Reputation and 'Purſe. Right, (aſſum'd *Brook*,) for none 'of 'em will do, as *Ariſtotle* did, and juſtifie 'it when done: for he being reprimanded, 'for giving Alms to a Rogue; reply'd, *I 'look'd not on the Manners, but the Miſery of 'the Man*: And to another (purſu'd *Sum-'mer*) on the ſame Occaſion, *That he gave 'nothing to the Men, but to the Misfortunes 'of Humane Kind.* Pox, this is Heathen 'Doctrine to them, (ſaid *River*,) and more de-'fective to 'em, than his Phyſicks to our Na-'turaliſts: they wou'd like better the Anſwer 'of a *Lacedemonian* who told a Beggar, *That 'to give him any thing, were to make him more 'a Beggar; and that he that firſt gave him 'any thing, made him ſlothful. Diogenes* the 'Cynic (ſaid *Chappel*) had a pleaſant way of 'begging, in theſe words, — *If you have 'given to any one, give alſo to me; and if to 'none, begin with me.* 'Tis a difficult mat-'ter (concluded I) to regulate one's ſelf in 'this Affair; and, I think, the *Engliſh* take 'not care enough to prevent theſe Vaga-'bonds, as the *Dutch*, and ſome other Na-'tions do: But I think *Ariſtotle* in the 'right, and had rather give to Twenty 'Rogues, than miſs One Honeſt Man in 'real Want.

But now let's go to the next.

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But now let's go to the next.

## LETTER VII.

*'Twas directed to Mr.* Smith, *to be left for him at* Child's *Coffee-House in St.* Paul's *Church-Yard,* London.

*SIR,*

I Have here ſent you a Copy of the two Letters, the Contents of which, was the Occaſion of the Talk of all the Court of *Spain*, and the Marqueſs of *Caſtel Rodorigo*, the Subject of Wonder and Laughter at his patient ſubmitting to the Impoſitions of his Lady: how unpleaſant ſoever it may be to you who are a marry'd Man, I preſerv'd them as an Antidote againſt wiving, and ſend 'em to you purely in obedience to your Commands, for ſuch are all your Requeſts to, Sir,

*Your humble Servant,*

Ri. Leverwort.

'Gentlemen (ſaid *Chappel*) what have 'you to ſay to this Cover? Nothing (re- 'turn'd I) but that the Writer boaſted his 'own Satisfaction at the expence of his 'Friends.

'Friends.' Right (aſſum'd *Grave*) when 'he tells the marry'd Man, he keeps theſe 'as an Antidote againſt Matrimony; fairly 'intimating (purſu'd *River*) that he was 'to be ſure in the State of Cuckoldom---- 'But pray proceed----then *Chappel* read on.

## LETTER VIII.

*To the Marqueſs of* Caſtel Rodorigo *theſe preſent.*

*My Lord,*

THE only unfortunate Accident of Life coming to your Ears, I thought I ought to conſult my Safety, by flying into this Monaſtery where I am, fearing the bloody Cuſtom of our Nation might pervert your indulgent and merciful Temper on ſuch an Occaſion. But as I neither can nor will deny this Fault of mine, yet I can religiouſly affirm, 'tis the only one I ever committed againſt you, and had never admitted of the Addreſſes of the Count, had not I been very well aſſur'd, both by your late Negligence of me, and the Information of others, that you pay'd the tribute of

of your Love that was my due, to others; and that of an inferiour Rank and Quality. Pray, my Lord, conſider, what a Lady under theſe Apprehenſions, ſo jealous of your Love, and ſo unable to bear ſlighting, might be tempted to do to revenge that Injury I believ'd I had receiv'd. If you ever had any Love for me, and ſure I am, you have often ſwore a bundance, and that ſince Enjoyment, you will conſider this a little, and regard a hearty repentance of one Fault, which Anger, not want of Love of you, made me commit. But I take all the juſter Powers to witneſs, who well know the Reality of my Profeſſions, That if you will conceal, and forgive this one Failing, I will be the moſt faithful and obedient Wife in all *Spain*: Or, if you think not fit to receive me again, thus polluted, to your dear Arms, Oh! let me be ſo happy, to know that you have forgiven my Offence, and that I may live with ſome Peace of Mind here, in this voluntary Confinement, with theſe holy and unſpotted Virgins, ſecure from the deluding Tongues of Men. The dear remembrance of our firſt Embraces inſpire thy Boſome with a kind Reſolve, for the moſt unfortunate of Women, who dares not, till you permit, ſubſcribe her ſelf

Your *Caſtel Radrigo.*

'The

'The poor Lady (says *Brook*) seems very penitent for her Fault, and I hope the *Don* took her Condition into Consideration. She's sorry (assum'd *Winter*) for being caught in it, not for the Adultery. Right, (continu'd *Church*) she's sorry that she can't commit it again, with the dear Count, not that she had don't already. But sure (interrupted *Fountain*) a *Spaniard* can't be so great a Cully, to be thus impos'd on by a Wife. If all are like an Ambassador of that Nation (said *Temple*) in *France*, when there was a great talk about the Court of the Count of *Montmorencie*'s being made a Cuckold by an inferior Man: says the Embassador, What is this Man that has made a Cuckold of the *Count*, is he Immortal? No, reply'd the other. Is he in *France*, pursu'd the Embassador? Yes, reply'd the other. And is he yet alive, continu'd the *Spaniard*? Yes, reply'd the other, and meets the Count e'ry day at Court. The questions indeed (concluded *Summer*) were very natural for a *Spaniard* to ask, with whom, killing a Man, is no more than killing a Mouse. But pray proceed.

"The Transcriber (said *Chappel*) has here set this Annotation, That the Marquess forgave her, and that this following Letter was sent at the same time to the Count her Gallant, when the former was dispatch'd to her Husband.

LET-

## LETTER IX.

*My dear Count,*

I Am extremely uneaſie till I hear of thy Welfare, and eſcape from the fury of my Husband: and all the ſatisfaction my own Security in this Monaſtery gives me, vaniſhes when I think thee my charming Love, not enough out of danger; put on Womans Cloaths, and fly to my Arms in that Diſguiſe, to theſe Sacred Walls of Sanctuary, which can never do a better Office, than to protect unhappy Lovers; and ſhelter their Embraces in all their mighty Joys and Raptures. Pardon, my dear Count, theſe feeling Raptures of my Paſſion, if they tranſport me beyond what I ought to utter; and remember, that ſhe that loves well, muſt diſguiſe none of her Thoughts from the Man ſhe loves. I have ſacrific'd my Honour to thy Paſſion, and what have I now to be cautious of, unleſs of the Darling Object that betray'd me with ſo many Perfections to that Guilt, if it be any. I have hopes to appeaſe my Lord, the Marqueſs; for his Weakneſs and proper Guilt will make him the more indulgent to me; and for the future, we'll be more cautious in our ſtol'n Pleaſures. For when I'm falſe to thee, or forget the Pleaſures of our fierce Em-

Embraces, may all the Plagues that ever fell on Woman, light on me, and if I do collogue my Husband for any other end, but with the more Freedom and Security to enjoy thee hereafter. In the mean time my Love, make uſe of the Project, I have propos'd, and come to the longing Arms of thy Dear

*CASTEL RODORIGO.*

'An exquiſite Lady this (ſaid *Temple*) ſhe'll never bilk her Pleaſure for an 'Oath, or Proteſtation or two, I warrant 'her. She is indeed (purſu'd *Grave*) one 'entire Woman; All Wife, without the 'leaſt bit of *Adam*'s Rib left in her. Prithee (interrupted *Summer*) build not 'thy Indignation on theſe Letters, they are 'but the Children of Fancy, all Fiction. 'True (continu'd *Chappel*) and the Author cou'd not have choſen a more unprobable place than *Spain* or *Italy*, for ſuch 'an Intrigue. Yet 'tis moſt certain (reply'd *Fountain*) that in no place, not ev'n 'in *France*, Wives are more intriguing, than 'in thoſe Countries, where they ſet ſo ſtrong 'and ſevere a Guard over them. The Religion indeed (continu'd *Winter*) of the 'Spaniard is Luſt and Intereſt, both in Men 'and Women.

'All your Satire (ſaid I) againſt the 'Fair

'Fair Sex, can't make me think ſo ill of 'them, as not to admire the Beautiful, the 'good Natur'd, and the VVitty where I find 'them. Scarce all them Qualifications (re-'ply'd *Riven*) in one Woman I dare promiſe 'you. True (purſu'd *Church*) for the Beau-'tiful and Witty are generally proud and 'ill-natur'd. And for the good nature of 'the ugly (concluded *Brook*) 'tis a very 'uſeleſs Qualification.

## LETTER X.

*To Madam——, at her Lodgings in——*

*Madam,*

TO Morrow I go out of Town, but it is impoſſible I can leave my Melancholy behind ---- No, Madam, that has taken too deep a Root,----Your Unkindneſs has riveted it in too faſt, for me ever to expect any Releaſe from it. Other Sorrows have their Diverſions, but mine has none. Every Thing in the World ſerves but to feed and encreaſe my Diſtemper; if I am in Company with Men, I immediately think how happy they are that are not in Love; or if they be, are Succeſsful; if with Women, it is natural for my Thoughts to run on the moſt Charming of their Sex, but moſt Cruel: If I read, my Love

Love (like Fire) turns every Thing to its self, and makes me ingenious to be my own Tormentour: Nor am I less Miserable in my Sleep; that only gives Rest to my Body, but not my Mind; even then Mrs. *S*—— makes me suffer, and in my Dreams gives me a Thousand Disquiets: Nor can I have any Prospect of my Cure, since that only depends on the Will of the Person in the World, that hates me most: What to do, is impossible for me to know; Intreating signifies nothing, and for Merit, I am not so vain to pretend to it; tho', Madam, I must take the Liberty to tell you, That the fix'd Constancy of my Love, which has remain'd unshaken in the midst of such Rigour and Severity, deserves more than to go wholly unregarded. I wish, Madam, I might be permitted to be once more with you, to lay my self at your Feet; perhaps at the sight of so much Misery (which you have been the Cause of) you may begin to relent, and give over tormenting.

*Your*, &c.

'Here's another (said *Temple*) infected 'with the Disease of Love. A Disease in- 'deed (pursu'd *Grave*) since 'tis paid to so 'deaf and cruel an Object. The Ladies, 'methinks (continu'd *Fountain*) should have 'a greater

'a greater regard to their own Happineſs, 'than not to cheriſh and fond a faithful 'Paſſion----- Eſpecially, (aſſum'd *Summer*) 'in a Man of Senſe. Prithee (interrupted '*Church*) Fancy not Judgment directs the 'Heart of a Woman; and 'tis, (aſſum'd '*River*) the Perſon, not the mind, that ad-'miniſters Fuel to their Appetite and De-'ſire. A handſome Fool indeed, (purſu'd '*Winter*) gains his Point with eaſe upon the 'Fair, when a Man of Sence (continu'd '*Brook*, that takes more Pains in adorning 'his Mind, than in Beauing up his Body, 'muſt ſigh, pine, whine, adore and die ma-'ny a long tedious hour, day and year; and 'perhaps (aſſum'd I) in vain, at laſt. I 'hope (concluded *Chappel*) this Gentleman 'will find a better Fate, and meet a Return 'from the yet coy Nymph, equal to his 'Merits, and then the preſent Reſiſtance 'will heighten the Pleaſure of the Vi-'ctory.

LET-

## LETTER XI.

### The Letter in CYPHERS, in the Laſt Volume, Explained.

*Siſter,*

UNder the Window, you'll find a *School of Venus*, and my *Lord Rocheſter's Poems*: Send the whole Box carefully Sealed up. I am

*Your Loving Siſter,*

MARY FOX.

'This Letter (ſaid *Chappel*) I have receiv'd Decypher'd by ſome other Hand. 'That hand (purſu'd I) wou'd do us a kindneſs, if he cou'd Decyher this, that we 'have before us. But to the Matter in hand, '(interrupted *Brook*) now I warrant this is 'ſome demure Laſs that will not hear the 'Name of Love mention'd in Publick, and 'yet in Private (continu'd *Summer*) feaſt 'her Appetite with the lewdeſt Scenes of 'Luſt. One of *Lucretia's* Mold (purſu'd '*Temple*) mention'd by *Martial.*

*Erubuit poſuitque meum Lucretia Librum,*
*Sed coram Bruto; Brute, recede: Legit.*

"She

" She bluſh'd, and ſcornfully threw my Book
" away,
" But that was only 'cauſe a Man ſtood by;
" Let but that Witneſs from her ſight re-
" tire,
" She'll read it's looſeſt Lines, with glowing
" hot Deſire.

'There are indeed (added *Grave*) a numerous Tribe of that Sex, that, like *Eumolpus*, can put on a ſhame-fac'd Bluſh, at a merry Jeſt, or the very Name of Love, and yet in Private, like him indulge the moſt unnatural of Luſts. Right (aſſum'd *River*) for theſe Ladies, as they have their private Heaters, ſo they have their private Coolers like the Nuns mention'd in the Firſt Volume. And that (continu'd *Church*) makes 'em keep Man at Arms end, ſo vigorouſly. But, as they act againſt Nature (purſu'd *Winter*) all their Lives, ſo they are a ſhame of Nature when they come to the Reputation of Old Maids. Then (concluded *Fountain*) all the Diſtempers, or rather Puniſhments of their former Wickedneſs comes on 'em, Envy, and ill Nature to their own Sex, and nauſeous Fondneſs of us.

'To this I'll ſubjoin one: I wiſh the Gentleman that Decipher'd the laſt, could unriddle for us.

## LETTER XII.

Az χB. κ. τ. Δυ. az. xoz. κ. Λ☉ νυg. Rωκ smrd.

Lδ ΞΘ βγ. ξamfr ⚓! Αχμυξτ —— 16ζ].

☉ —

' Tis ſhort, but ſuch a medly of Letters, ' I can't comprehend 'em, tho' I fancy e'ery ' Letter is an entire Word at leaſt.

" But pray let's remove our Conſiderati- " ons (ſaid *Temple*) to the next: it muſt be " relating to Wit, to be ſure (purſu'd I) " ſince 'tis directed to a Bookſeller; that " we ſhall ſoon ſee (ſaid *Chappel*) and " took it up and read it.

## LETTER XIII.

*To Mr.* Salusbury, *Bookſeller, at the Sign of the* King's Arms *in* Fleetſtreet.

*SIR,*

I Have perus'd the Copy you ſent me by the Carrier, which proves, that all thoſe Ladies whom Fortune has bleſs'd with a plentiful Fortune, ought to Marry Gentlemen without any. The Reaſons the Author brings

brings for the Proof of his Aſſertion, are many, and ſurprizing, and, in my Opinion, proves his Point beyond Refutation. As the Subject is new, and ne'er handled b fore by any that I remember, ſo he has done it with ſo much Wit and Judgment, that all the younger Brothers, and Gentlemen of Quality, and ſmall Fortunes, ought not only to buy each of them a Book, but alſo contribute ſomething to his Gratification. I wiſh for my part, that his Doctrine may ſpread among the fair Ladies, 'tis intended for, 'twould be advantagious to the Publick I'm ſure. I have ſent the Copy again by the Carrier, which is all from

*Your Friend and Servant,*

SAM. BOELS

'The Book here mentioned, (ſaid *Temple*) is indeed a ſurpriſing Subject. If the 'Author (purſu'd *Fountain*) bring but convincing Arguments to prove his Paradox, 'it may indeed be of uſe to the younger Brothers, and to the Commonwealth too, (purſu'd *Church*) ſince 'twill provide for a great 'many young Deſperado's, whoſe Birth, and 'Education being above their ſmall Annuity, 'put them on ill Courſes to ſupply that Defect, and keep up their Port. If the Author confines this (ſaid *Grave*) to Gentlemen, I'll agree with him in the Reaſonableneſs of it.

LET-

# LETTER XIV.

## *To Mr.* ——

*SIR,* April 16. 91.

I Am not able to yield any Reaſon; no, not ſo much as may ſatisfie my ſelf, why you ſhould upbraid me, and ſtigmatize me with the reproach of *Contemner*, *Huffer*, and *Trampler*: I am ſure I never gave you the leaſt Occaſion to treat me thus, and never will. I have not at all violated the Communications of ſuch a Friend as you are, nor ſlighted you in the leaſt; neither did I ever ſpeak one word ill of you in my life. I accounted our Friendſhip not eaſily ſeparated by Malice: but I perceive ill Engines have been at work, and to make the Faultleſs and Innocent alike guilty, is a thing, I believe, not yet forgot and unpractis'd by ſome, which are (in reality) Enemies both to you and me. You ſhould not give credit to the little Word behind the Back, nor the undoing Whiſper; which like the pulling a Sheet-Rope, at Sea, ſlackens the ſail, and makes the gallanteſt Ship ſtand ſtill. But you ſhou'd firſt be very certain your Friend has offended you, before

before you upbraid him, and put him to open ſhame.

I deſire you not to conceive, by the tardity of my Anſwers to your Letters, any faintneſs in the acknowledgment of your Friendſhip.

I believe I wrote to you laſt: if ſo, I am to be excus'd; if not, my Forgetfulneſs pleads Pardon.

Pray let this Scene of unjuſt Anger be chang'd, and all diſſolve into nothing. Let Doubs and Fears be done away, ſince they are the ſharpeſt Paſſions, and turn Diſtempers into Diſeaſes. Let our Friendſhip, henceforward be like the Flowers in *Piedmont*, which in Winter and Summer are the ſame. And let me ſubſcribe my ſelf

*Your profeſſed Friend,*

*and humble Servant,*

F. W.

Of *Queens College, Oxon.*

This

'This Letter (ſaid *Chaqpel*) if it be real 'Matter of Fact, will deſerve ſome ſerious 'Remarks. True, (reply'd *Grave*,) but 'I am impatient to read this *Pacquet* in 'my Hand. Let's therefore conſider that 'Letter further hereafter.

---

*W E*

*We had ſcarce perus'd this Letter, when one of* Summer's *Men came running to us with full ſpeed, and inform'd us, That being in the Terraſs at the other end of the Garden, he had diſcover'd the under Gard'ner, we mention'd formerly, with the Conſtable, and ſome Rabble after his Heels, telling them he was ſure 'twas a Plot; that there were twenty Men, and Bundles of Papers, and the Lord knows what in his Maſters Houſe: This ſoon alarm'd us, and with all the ſpeed we cou'd, we pack'd up our things, whilſt* Summer *order'd all the Doors to be faſten'd to ſecure our conveying away all our Letters, and Pacquets; which we had no ſooner done, and plac'd our ſelves in an unconcern'd manner, with our Bottles and broken Pipes, &c. as if we had been only Drinking, but the Rabble had mounted the Wall, and were entring the Summer-houſe, and the Conſtable at their heels.* Summer *accoſted the Magiſtrate of the Village in a civil manner, and enquir'd what was the matter? He told him what Information his Servant had given him, upon which he thought it his Duty to the Government to ſearch into the Truth of the Matter. But on Examination, the Conſtable had no Warrant from any Juſtice, and finding he had*

*had done more than he cou'd anſwer, grew a little more calm, and then* Summer *aſſur'd him we were only ſome of his Friends that had come from* London *to ſee him, and be merry, and that they choſe that Place for the cool Air, and pleaſantneſs of the Garden; that the Gard'ner that had given 'em this Information was a Villain he had chaſtiz'd a little before, for his Saucineſs to his Lady; in Revenge of which he ſuppos'd he had done this: and that tho' he had no Warrant, yet if he wou'd take his word for his Friends, he wou'd meet him at the next Juſtice of Peace's Houſe. The Conſtable made a low Congee, ask'd his and our Pardon, ſeiz'd the Gardiner, and diſmiſs'd the Rabble, and waited on* Summer *to the Juſtice's, who ſoon diſcharged him, took care to puniſh the Gardiner, and came back with* Summer *home to his Houſe, where in good earneſt we made the Magiſtrate drunk for his Civility, and the next morning we all came for* London.

*The End of the Fourth Book.*

THE

# THE Poſt-Boy Robb'd of his MAIL: OR, THE PACQUET Broke-open.

## VOL. II.

## BOOK V.

*HAving concluded the former Book, with an Account of the Adventure of the Gardener; which not only put an end to our Enquiries that Day, but alſo made us adjourn our Meeting to the Town, where we might, without Suſpicion, purſue our buſineſs at a Tavern; and each bring his ſhare of the Pacquet to peruſe,*

*Night after Night, till we had run through the whole: I ſhall ſuperſede a further* Relation *of the Letters taken in the* Mails, *till my Next; and here conclude this Volume, with the Letters ſent to us to conſider by ſeveral ingenious Gentlemen and Ladies, on the Invitation our Bookſeller made 'em, to contribute to the public Advantage and Pleaſure; hoping, by that means, to eſtabliſh his Intereſt with his Book; aſſuring himſelf, That the Wit and Ingenuity of the latter, wou'd out-weigh the Defect of what we borrow'd from the* Poſt, *and of our unpremeditated Obſervations. Nor is he indeed deceiv'd; for the Letters of* Philander, *and his Friend alone, are enough to carry off this Volume with the Ingenious, were there nothing elſe in it worth their Thoughts.*

*But I'm confident,* Philander, *that diſcovers ſo much Wit, as well as Learning, is more a Cavalier of Honour, than not to concurr with me, in giving the Precedence to a fair Lady, with whoſe Letters I ſhall begin this* BOOK.

*The Charming* Artimiſa *has a double Pretence to the firſt Place, as ſhe is a Lady, and as ſhe firſt put in the glorious Contribution of her Wit, to convince the Incredulous, That Beauty is not the only Excellence of*

*of her Sex; and, That 'tis but a criminal Partiality in us Men, to preferr our ſelves to 'em in the Perfections of Mind. We are, indeed, the more robuſt and ſtrong; and by that means (I ſuppoſe) gain'd a tyrannic Power over them, for ſo many Ages, that Preſcription is the beſt Plea we have for it. 'Tis we that confine them to the Needle, and deprive them of the exerciſe of the Faculties of their Minds on any nobler Object than the trifling Effects of Vanity. And yet, even there, we may find their ingenuity. How many pretty diverting* Fooleries *do they produce in all their curious Works? But* Clarinda, *in her laſt Letter to* Lindamor, *ſays more to this purpoſe; in which alone ſhe evinces the Truth of what ſhe aſſerts. I ſhall now therefore proceed.*

*On the* 10th. *of the laſt Month, at the requeſt of the Bookſeller, we met, to look over the Letters that had been ſent in. They were, indeed, too numerous to find place all of them in this Volume, and a great many of them not fit to ſee the Public, being too Particular, and of too great Conſequence to be inſerted without a further Conſideration and Examination in the Truth of the Matter of Fact, and the Conſent of*

*ome Perſons concern'd in them: Eſpecially ſome Intrigues, which could not, with ſafety to the Bookſeller, be made uſe of till leave obtain'd of ſome Perſons of Quality, to whom they related. Tho', I think, I may promiſe you a view of ſome of the moſt ſurprizing in the next Volume, ſince we ſhall make it our endeavour to prevail with the Gentlemen and Ladies concern'd, to let them ſee Light.*

*Beſides theſe, there were a great many that brought us into a Diſſatisfaction with our former Volume, to think, that what we had there publiſhed, eſpecially in our Reflections, ſhould be adopted to the Capacities of ſuch wretched Scribblers, as have poſter'd us with their Epiſtolary Eſſays, to be inſerted in this. But to ſay truth, They were below our Indignation, and deſerv'd not the Honour of even the Fire; we therefore committed them to the Drawer, to diſpoſe of to a ſervice more proper and natural to them.*

*Having thus diſcarded the ragged Regiment, and diſpos'd of thoſe that we could not in prudence yet publiſh, and having ſelected enough for this Book from the reſt, we proceeded in the Order you find them here inſerted.*

*The*

*The First was directed to Mr.* Chappel, *to be left for him at* Smith's Coffee-House, *in* Stocks-Market.

'There is a Charm in this Letter (ſaid I) 'before I read one word on't. There is 'indeed (purſu'd *Chappel*) Beauty in the 'very Hand. Which is as uncommon in a 'Woman (interrupted *Grave*) as true Spel-'ling. Prithee, *Grave*, (reply'd *Brook*,) in-'terrupt not a juſt Praiſe, by thy unſeaſo-'nable Satire. True, (added *Summer*,) for 'by the Beauty of the Work, we may gueſs 'at the Excellence of the Artiſt. But pri-'thee let's look into the In-ſide of it (ſaid '*Temple*, before you divide too ſtrongly into 'Parties. We have indeed (continu'd *Win-'ter*) ſeen nothing but the Out-ſide yet: 'Nay, the very Upper-garment, (purſu'd '*River*,) ſince the Letters contain the Words, 'the Words the Language and Wit. Nay, 'and 'tis a Garment too, how gay and plea-'ſing ſoever, (aſſum'd *Fountain*,) that is not 'peculiar unto Wit; for I have ſeen worſe 'Sence writ in a fine Hand, than ever a *Beau* 'of *Covent-Garden* could indite. And, for 'my part, (concluded *Church*,) I had ra-'ther read good Sence in an ill Hand, and 'that with ſome trouble, than the wret-'ched Harangue of a Penny-Chronicler,

" tranſcrib'd by the moſt artificial Pen-man. " The firſt ſhews like an old antiquated Ma- " tron in a gay taudry Pettycoat; and the " other like the Statues of the *Sileni*, de- " form'd without, tho' containing all the " Gods and Goddeſſes within. But ſo much " for the Hand: pray therefore let us now " conſider the Wit.

" 'Tis directed to me, (ſaid *Chappel*,) " and therefore I'll have the happineſs of " reading it firſt. We all return'd, That " he was but our *Secretary*, in having all " the public Diſpatches directed to him, " that were meant to us; and that therefore " he could plead no Privilege for that, but " what was due to the Company. But Poſ- " ſeſſion being ſo main a Point in all Caſes, " all we cou'd ſay, cou'd not hinder him " from reading as follows.

LETTER

# LETTER I.

Mr. *Chappel.* *Novem.* 5*th.*

WHen I read the Invitation you make to all Perſons, to ſend you in any diverting Letters to fill your next Volume of the Pacquet open'd, I call'd to mind this incloſed, which I have had by me a good while; and when it was writ, afforded a great deal of Merriment to ſeveral Perſons that had the peruſal of it; the occaſion of its writing was this. Some Ladies of my Acquaintance, had for their Neighbour, an Out-Landiſh-Man, that was a Man of Senſe, and very good Company; he Sung rarely and play'd both on the Lute and the Guittar to a Miracle: for which Accompliſhments he was very acceptable, and he was almoſt a daily Viſitant to his Female Neighbours: he had been a great Traveller, and did frequently Entertain them with the Intrigues he had been ingag'd in, in all the places he had been at. But with great Sorrow he told them, tho' the Engliſh Women were of the eaſieſt Acceſs of all others, yet they were the hardeſt to be won; and tho' he had long endeavour'd it, yet he could never obtain the Love of an Engliſh Lady. His often repeating theſe

Complaints, made theſe Ladies reſolve to put a Trick upon him; which was to ſend him a Letter as from ſome Lady paſſionately in love with him; one of them undertook to Endite it, upon condition the reſt wou'd procure it to be writ in an unknown Hand, and ſent to him; which was accepted, and this now is a Copy of it. The Stile will ſhew it to be a Banter, tho' he was not at firſt cunning enough to perceive it; for in the Ladies deſcription of her ſelf, ſhe ſaid rather what would pleaſe him, than any thing elſe; they having at ſeveral times heard him ſay what kind of Women was moſt Charming to him. I thought the Obſervations of your Club, would be a great ſet off to the Letter, and make it aceeptable; eſpecially, becauſe you upon all occaſions give our Sex a good word, which we are extremely oblig'd to you for; but are afraid you have kept very ill Company, and fallen into very bad Hands; that you will not allow one good Quality to any one of us. That ſome of us have endeavour'd to imitate your Sex, can you blame them? ſince you value your ſelves ſo highly. And ſure it is never counted a Fault in a Scholar, to write as near the Copy of his Maſter as poſſible. But in an extraordinary Manner we acknowledge our Engagements to Worthy Mr. *Grave*, and in the Name of the whole Sex, I return him our hearty Thanks for his good Opinion of

of us, which at all times he makes appear; did we know how to requite him, whatever other ill Qualities we are Mistresses of, he should find we would not be ungrateful; but I hope the Girl he now keeps, will according to her Profession so manage her Affairs, that he will have more and more cause to think highly of the Sex; and so once more we are his humble Servants, and particularly my self,

*Artemisa.*

*The whole Company were extremely pleas'd at this Letter, and agreed that the Wit of* Artemisa *was sufficient to wound the Soul, if her Person were less Charming than we suppose it is.*

'Thou wretched Mortal (at last said '*Temple* to *Grave*) thou seest into what a 'Condition thou hast brought thy self with 'the fair Sex, by gratifying thy Spleen at 'their Expence. Nay, you're all in (re-'ply'd *Grave*) you find, only I have the 'largest share of their Favour. And indeed, 'I Confess it is was a folly in us that are not 'yet past the days of Intrigues, to pretend to 'expose those Follies and Vices; which In-'dustry might have turn'd to the Advan-'tage of our Pleasure. Right (assum'd '*Fountain*) what if the Sex lov'd Fools

'more than Men of Senſe? Were inconſtant, improvident, mercenary and profuſe? what was it to us who are Fools enough, and young enough to be lov'd by 'em; fickle enough to take their Inconſtancy for a Compliment, tho' I confeſs not Rich enough to gratifie their Mercenary Temper, and feed their Profuſeneſs? True (continu'd *Winter*) for the Women love not to hear thoſe Faults expos'd, which contribute to their Pleaſure; any more than the Clergy to hear thoſe Irregularities complain'd of, that complement their Intereſt. We might indeed (added *Church*) have left this talk to the ſuperannuated Matrons, who have always a greater Kindneſs for ours, than their own Sex; gratifying the firſt at the Expence of the laſt, or to thoſe wretched Adventurers whom the Pox, Poverty and old Age had render'd incapable of ever hoping any thing more from them. For us (aſſum'd *Brook*) who have our Youth, our Health and our Fortunes to ſacrifice to them. 'Twas a perfect Madneſs, unleſs we deſign (continu'd *Summer*) to keep our Health, and our Money to old Age and the Grave. But this Lady (interterrupted *River* very ſeriouſly) I find by her Letter, has kept bad Company, as well as we; if we may judge by her Repartee, ſince Fops and Fools only value themſelves ſo highly. If ſhe had convers'd with

'Men

'Men of Senſe, and Cavaliers of Honour, 'ſhe wou'd have found them value *HER* 'more, than themſelves. The Lady indeed 'ſeems to lie under a Miſapprehenſion of 'our words (continu'd *Chappel*) if ſhe ima-'gine us to be *WOMEN-HATERS*. The 'Satire in the firſt Volume, which ſeems 'to have diſoblig'd her, aiming only to qua-'lifie them better for our Converſation and 'Pleaſure; it being directed againſt the ge-'neral Follies and Vices of the Sex, which 'by the cuſtom now have ſpread ſo far that 'there are few *Artemiſa*'s to put in for an 'Exception. But our Reflections on the 'Letters of the Charming Siſters *Parmenia* 'and *Cleona*, ſhew that we extended not 'our Satire to the whole, but to the great-'er part of the Sex. And I think we have 'been pretty impartial, in freely confeſ-'ſing our own, and condemning them; 'with all thoſe Mankind are guilty of, 'which indeed, as the more active part of 'the Humane Race, is guilty of more Vi-'ces, and perhaps not fewer Follies. We 'muſt therefore (concluded I) recant that 'Saying, if any ſuch be in our Reflections, 'as raſh and erroneous, which the Char-'ming *Artemiſa* objects, *viz. That* 'there is not one good Quality among them 'all; at leaſt now, having ſo powerful an 'Argument againſt us, as her Letter, which 'diſcovers both good Humour and Wit; 'and if the Lady will take my Advice, I'll

'put

'put her in a way of revenging the 'cauſe of her whole Sex, on you that 'have been moſt ſevere; that is, by ad- 'mitting us to viſit her: and if ſhe be but 'half ſo Beautiful as Witty, ſhe muſt have 'us all in her Power. And for my part, 'I'll capitulate already, unſight and unſeen, 'being ſo much in Love with her.

By this time *Temple* and *Grave* had run over the inclos'd; and now *Temple* read it out to the Company, as follows.

## LETTER II.

*Being the inclos'd mention'd in the former.*

I Cannot but Bluſh, moſt Renowned *Monſieur*; that I ſhould be forc'd to do that to you which ſo many have often done to me; for to tell you I love you much more than my ſelf, is a thing ſo unbecoming my Sex and Quality, that it is only the *Grandeur* of my Paſſion, that ſerves for an Excuſe for this Unmaidenly Action. But ſo it is, moſt complete Mortal, that having long kept this Fire in the centre of my almoſt conſumed Heart,

I was

I was forc'd at laſt to give it this vent; and to tell you before my Death (which is inevitable, without you make ſome ſpeedy return of Affection) that I dye yours, and that I have, ever ſince I was ſo happy to be bleſs'd with your ſight, burnt with the moſt ardent Paſſion that ever ſeized the Heart of a poor Woman. Yet do not think, I yielded without Reſiſtance to this uncontroulable Conquerour; but the more I refuſed to ſubmit, the heavier he made his Yoke, which makes me now humbly to implore your Pity; that if no other have poſſeſt that Heart which alone can make me happy, you would commiſerate my ſad Condition; and grant that to me, you, your ſelf would deſire if you felt thoſe Pangs of Love I ſo grievouſly groan under. I have many times by my Looks and Sighs, endeavour'd to give you notice of my Flame: but you have either neglected or not perceived them; therefore was I neceſſitated to this courſe, which, tho' it may without a favourable Cenſure, be thought a little Immodeſt; yet having only Vertue in my Eye, I hope the violence of that Paſſion, that, whether I will or no, puts the Pen in my Hand, will cauſe you rather to pity, than cenſure her whoſe greateſt Fault is Loving you too well. Your Merits are the cauſe of my Weakneſs, therefore be ſo Generous not to hate her that loves you dearly; for that will be both Unmanly and Cruel. Neither

am

am I ſo depicable, but my Affection may deſerve ſome return; being Young, Rich, and, as ſome are pleaſed to flatter me, Handſome. My Fortune I am ſure far exceeds yours, I am in the prime of my Years, therefore kill me not with Diſdain, leſt Love ſeverely Revenge my Death upon you. As to my Perſon, as far as Modeſty will give leave, I will deſcribe it to you: My Complexion is Brown, my Conſtitution before Love changed me, Chearful; my Diſpoſition Patient and Moderate; my Eyes large, but ſomewhat Languiſhing, my Mouth little, my Teeth white as Snow; my Voice clear, my Eye-Brows black and even, my Noſe well proportion'd, my Motions very Gentile, my Stature neither tall nor ſhort, my Neck white, my Breaſts large, and I am rather inclin'd to be Fat than Lean; my Humour will in all things ſuit with yours, for hearing you lie without a Shirt, I do the ſame without a Chemiſe, and wear a Flannel one a days. Tho' I could not be ſo far Miſtreſs of my Actions to forbear writing, yet my Innate Modeſty will not give me leave to fix my Name to this guilty Paper. But that you may have ſome knowledge of your Adorer, I always kneel on a yellow Cuſhion by your ſide, where my conſtant Prayers is, that you will at laſt ſhew ſome Compaſſion on her That loves, admires, and prefers you before all the World.

The

'The ſinging and dancing of this *French-man* (ſaid *Chappel*) I find was that which 'gave him the Reputation with the Ladies; 'join'd (aſſum'd *Brook*) with his playing 'on the Guittar to a Miracle. True (ad-'ded *Summer*) for had he been Maſter of 'that Senſe, the fair *Artimiſa* in her Letter 'gives him, he cou'd not but at firſt ſight 'have perceiv'd this Letter to be a plain 'Banter put on him by the Ladies for their 'Diverſion. Self-Opinion muſt indeed (conti-nu'd *Temple*) be monſtrous in him that 'cou'd not diſcover ſo palpable an Impoſi-'tion. And that alone (purſu'd *Grave*) 'convinces him of the Height of Folly, and 'perhaps from him, or Men of his 'parts, the Lady drew her Obſervation of 'the high Value Men put on themſelves. And 'therefore (aſſum'd *River*) we may ſtill 'blame them for imitating the Refuſe of 'Mankind, and thoſe that ought to be eſteem'd 'their Slaves, not their Maſters. Their Fol-'ly indeed (reply'd *Church*) ſhou'd make 'the Ladies think 'em more worthy their 'Scorn than their Imitation; eſpecially, in 'what's ſo odious and inſufferable. Prithee, 'their Impudence (interrupted *Winter*) and 'other Vices cover all their *Follies*, and render 'them more agreeable to thoſe, who are un-'willing to comply with their own Inclina-'tions, without the pretence and excuſe of 'being forc'd to it. For my part (ſaid *Foun-*

'*tain*)

'*tain*) I have often envi'd theſe *Monſieurs*, 'who qualifi'd with a tunable Voice, and 'ſome Muſical Inſtruments, are admitted 'into the Chambers of the Fair, at their 'more ungarded hours; and with their Songs 'and Inſtrument lull the ſeverer Thoughts a-'ſleep. Pleaſure and Eaſe ſupply their place, 'and all the ſofter Ideas and Images of Love, 'convey themſelves to their Fancy, having 'baniſh'd the rugged and unpleaſant Forms 'of Honour and nicer Vertue. Thus the 'Nymph is won before the Shepherd ſpeaks, 'few words being neceſſary when one Plea-'ſure has let in Love with all his Train of 'Charms. I muſt needs ſide with the La-'dy's ev'n here (concluded I) for ſince the 'Love you ſpeak on is only the Child of 'Pleaſure, that ought to be moſt eſteem'd, 'that contributes moſt to its ſatisfaction. 'Harmony is of mighty Force, and as the 'Admirable *Waller* has it,

*By the Shrill Trumpet that our Courage aids,*
*We find that Sound as well as Senſe perſuades.*

'I muſt confeſs I wiſh Sound did not 'more prevail with the Fair than Senſe, 'becauſe Muſicians are ſomething of a na-'ture with their Inſtruments; and are ſilent 'only when they are not touch'd. They 'cannot conceal the Touch of a Fair Lady.

'And

'And never in all my Converſion met I with 'any of them, that like *Orpheus* were Poets 'as well as Muſitians.

'But now to the next; This Letter in-'deed being very witty, tho' too much on 'the Ridicule in ſome parts, to paſs for any 'thing elſe but a Banter on any one but 'the moſt ſelf-conceited Coxcomb in na-'ture.

## LETTER III.

Mr. *Chappel*, *Nov.* 30. 1692.

THe kind Reception you gave the Stuff I ſent you before, incourages me to ſend you this Letter; which by chance I found among ſome Papers I was looking over. It was writ in the late King's Reign, at that time he made his Progreſs to *Holy-Well*, where I with ſome other Engliſh Ladies then were, and had been for ſome time: the Family we were in, we carried down a Bride to; but there was a parcel of extreme old Maids in it, who were as Malicious and Envious as the Devil himſelf, and bore an implacable Hatred to any thing that was Young

or

or Handſome; and withal, ſo intolerable Jealous, that we could never be together, but one of them was preſently ſet to liſten to our Diſcourſe, and all our Letters they conſtantly broke open. So that they might have ſomething to divert them, this incloſed was writ, of which I kept the Copy, as we generally did, of all we writ there; that ſo if they ſtop'd them one way, we might contrive ſome other to convey them. If this comes too late to be inſerted in your Second Volume, it being gone to the Preſs; do me the Favour to burn it, and it ſhall be as Satisfactory to

*Your Servant*

*Artemiſa.*

*Inſtead of Reflections on this Letter, I ſhall only give you the Anſwer, the Company agreed* Chappel *ſhou'd make the Lady in all our Names, which is this.*

*Madam,*

'THe abundance of Wit we find in all we 'have yet ſeen of yours, aſſures us that 'we ſhou'd injure the public in deferring 'the ſight on't; and never was a more unreaſonable Requeſt made by a Lady, Miſtreſs 'of ſo much Reaſon, than to deſire us to 'burn theſe Letters, if they came too late 'for this Volume: The Great *Auguſtus* ac-

'cus'd

'cus'd his Beloved *Virgil*, for desiring that 'his *Æneids* shou'd be burnt: but he had 'Interest in't; they being design'd as a Flat-'tery to him. But all the World have rea-'son to complain of you for yours, the 'Women especially; who wou'd lose the 'strongest Pretence their Sex has to Wit 'and Sense in the Letters of *Artimisa*; and, 'Madam, they will have no longer cause to 'complain of what we have any where said 'to their Prejudice; since we have discover-'ed so great a Veneration for them, as to 'furnish them with so powerful a Refuge 'as the publick merits of *Artemisa*. Thus much 'Madam, in the Name of our Society, and for 'my self I shall keep the Manuscript as so ma-'ny Reliques I may pay my Devotions to, if 'I am never so happy, as to see the Fair Enditer 'of them, who am

*MADAM,*

*Yours to Command,*

CHAPPEL.

LET-

# LETTER IV.

*SIR,*

AFter all the fine things I have told you of this Countrey, (which for all your Flouts and Jeers, is every word of it true and the Mountains againſt which you have ſuch a Pique, are ſo far from making it look like *Æſop*, that are its greateſt Ornaments, like Moles and Warts upon a fair Face, which beautifie and ſet off, but not in the leaſt deform it) yet, I ſay, after all this, I'm forc'd to inform you, That as no Roſe is without its Thorn, ſo here are, even in this pleaſant place, certain Lewd, Vile, Diſhonourable, Abominable, and, to a Free-born Engliſh Subject, Intolerable Cuſtoms and Practices: For being near St. *Winifred's Well*, here is ſet up an Inquiſition, which is a Yoke neither we nor our Fore-Fathers were able to bear. Wherein,

*Firſt*, There is a diligent Enquiry into all Words; and for that end, here are employ'd a certain ſort of People, call'd *Eveſdroppers*, which are to ſtand at ev'ry Door, at the Stair-head, and in every Hole and Corner, to take the Words as they come out of our Mouths, and to carry them piping-hot to the Ladies of the Inquiſition; who have, for that end, always a Court ſitting, and there they

they Try, Examine, Scan and Paraphraſe upon them; where they are chang'd, aggravated, and the Accents alter'd, and quite another Sence put upon them, than at firſt they were ſpoke with. So that there is no ſpeaking in this place, unleſs we be upon the top of one of our Mountains, where we may ſee Fifty or Threeſcore Miles about us, and by the way of *Suſurrus*, as King *Phys* and King *Uſh* did.

*Secondly*, There is an Inſpection into all Letters that go from hence, and every Seal is broke-open; ſo great is the Deſire of the Inhabitants of this place to know the Thoughts of our Hearts; which makes me begin to think, that *Satan* was really born here; and that, when he fell, he bequeath'd ſome of that Pride to the Natives, his Countrey-folk, for which he got a Fall, *viz.* That they would all be Gods, *Omniſcience* being an Incommunicable Attribute of the Deity. So that tho' you may think this Paper comes a pure *immaculate Virgin* to your Hands, it is no ſuch matter; for I can aſſure you, it hath been prophan'd by ſeveral, both Hands and Eyes, before you have the peruſal of it. Nay, for ought I know, it may either ſuffer the Fiery Tryal, or be always kept a Priſoner; which Fate, ſome of its Friends, now in *Limbo*, are undergoing. But if I receive no Anſwer to it, I have the Copy by me, which ſhall be ſent, as ſoon as I meet with any one of *England*, as I do not queſtion but I ſhall

I ſhall in ſome of my Walks. For ſo tenacious are our *Governants* of this Cuſtome, that they would no more part with it; then the late *Parliament* would with their *Teſt*. Nor muſt any Letter be ſuffer'd to be put into the Poſt-Bag, unleſs they approve it, no more than they would permit any of their Members to ſit, before they had taken that. So much doth the Itch of Curioſity abound here; I pray God it be not as infectious as the other, for which this Countrey is famous.

Now tho' this be the conſtant Practice here, yet we are not well ſatisfy'd how they come by it: Therefore, if in this Vacation-time, your Affairs will give you leave, I beg you to ſearch what *Welch Records* are in Town, how long they have had it, and how they came by it. If you pleaſe, conſult the King's learned Council in the Caſe, the Lord-Chancellor *Jeffreys* is the likelieſt to give ſome light into the Matter; but he being this Country-man, I fear, will deal partially: therefore I believe the beſt way will be, to ſend down a *Quo Warranto* to them, that may force them to acquaint the World how they got this Privilege; whether they hold it by Patent, by Charter, or by Preſcription; what Act of Parliament they have for it, and in what King's Reign it was given them. For our Ignorance in theſe things may be very prejudicial to us, we being ready, once or twice a Week, to mutiny; and I fear,

fear, e're long, I ſhall be Indicted for a Riot, and great will be my Fine, if I have a *Welch* Jury and Judge.

Now, after all this, I hope you do not expect the Pourtraiture I promis'd you of Old J--*ne* with the black Beard, who is Lady-Preſident of the *Inquiſition*, and the Wheel by which all the reſt move: for I deſign'd it only for your own view; nor do I know, but an exquiſite Piece, exactly done, may procure Love in the Breaſt of ſome, who may oft have ſeen the Original without *one ſpark of that heavenly fire.* And tho' I could *tell a long, long Story of* Celia's *Shape, her Face, and Mien*; yet knowing no Man Loves (and eſpecially you have a peculiar Niceneſs that way) to have his Miſtreſs blown upon, I will deferr it till I ſee you upon Engliſh Ground, where liberty of Speech and Writing is allow'd. To which place, God, in his infinite Mercy, quickly bring

*Your Servant,*

ARTEMISA.

'For my part (ſaid *Grave*) I can't perſwade my ſelf to believe theſe Letters are 'penn'd by any Woman; the Spelling is 'every where ſo true, the Language ſo good, 'the Similes ſo pertinent, the Satire ſo exact,

'the

'the Thoughts ſo gay and takeing. And this
'laſt (purſu'd *Temple*) diſcovers her Know-
'lege in Things VVomen are very ill ac-
'quainted with. Right (aſſum'd *Fountain,*)
'moſt of the Allegories being drawn from
'the Law. The truth on't is (continu'd
'*Winter*) the faireſt way to convince us,
'and, by our means, the VVorld, is, to make
'ſome of us ſo happy as to wait on her,
'if a VVoman be the Inditer of them.
'Twou'd vex me (ſaid *Chappel*) to have form'd
'all thoſe noble *Idea*'s of *Artemiſa* in vain,
'to have fancy'd her Beautiful and Young,
'as well as VVitty; not nicely Coy, not
'looſely Fond; an Abhorrer of Fools, and
'a Lover of Men of Sence: after all, to have
'her transform'd, like *Iphis* on the VVeding-
'day, with a more ingrateful Metamor-
'phoſis, from the gayeſt *Venus* Imagina-
'tion e'er dreſs'd out, into a Man. Thou
'art not the Firſt Amorous Dreamer
'(ſaid *Brook*) that haſt been waked from
'thy Ideal Amuzements, and found a
'Devil in thy Arms inſtead of an Angel.
'But taking it for granted (interrupted
'*Summer*) that *Artemiſa* is what her Name
'imports, we muſt grant that ſhe is Miſtreſs
'of as much Sence, VVit and Judgment, as
'we have ever met with in her Sex. Right,
'aſſum'd *River,*) for all *Grave* has ſaid of
'her Performance, is, in my Mind, reli-
'giouſly true. Her Character indeed (pur-
'ſu'd *Church*) of the Impertinence of the

Old

'Old Maids is very well expreſs'd, and her 'Letter is a juſt Satire on all thoſe unac-'countable Animals. 'Tis odd, I muſt 'confeſs, (concluded I,) that they ſhould 'envy Youth the Enjoyment of thoſe Plea-'ſures they valu'd not when young. There-'fore I rather believe 'twas Pride or Intereſt 'obſtructed their Poſſeſſion of thoſe Joys 'when young, which they envy others when 'old; and I wonder the ancient *Mythologiſts* 'made not *Envy* an *Old Maid.* But here 'we muſt, with regret, take our leave of '*Artemiſa*, with Thanks for her generous 'Contribution.

"This next Letter (ſaid *Brook*) is ſub-"ſcrib'd *Philander*, and directed

## LETTER V.

*To the* Great Patroneſs *of* Wit, Vertue *and* Honour, *in this Age, the Divine* Aſtrea; *who having been recommended to accept of a* Peeviſh, Old, Gouty Husband, *in Reverſion; was adviſ'd, by ſome of her falſe and intereſted Friends, to reprimand the briſk and more conſtant Attacks of a Younger Lover, as inconſiſtent with her* Honour *and* Conſcience, *tho' not with her* Happineſs; *ſince thereby they might hope for the* Loaves *and the* Fiſhes *from the Old One.*

*MADAM,*

YOU are pleas'd to ſay, That *Aſtrea* has forfeited the Character of *Eugenia* (the Name whereby ſhe was *Chriſten'd*, tho' ſince *Confirm'd* by that of *Aſtrea*,) and all upon *Philander*'s account. But I ſee no Reaſon for it; ſince the different ſorts of Worſhip ought to be no Reflexion upon the Goddeſs: *Jupiter* was ador'd in the Sea, by the Name of *Neptune*; in Wars, by the Name of *Mars*; in Wiſdom, by the Name of *Apollo*; and in Amours, by the Name of *Cupid:* yet under all theſe various Appellations, they ſtill meant but

one and the ſame Supreme Deity, *Jove*, acting in his ſeveral Poſts: in the Morning, perhaps, as a Juſtice of Peace upon the Bench; and in the Afternoon, as a General at the Council of War. In like manner, how many Healths ſoever I drink, *Madam*, and by what Names or Titles ſoever dignify'd or diſtinguiſh'd, *Aſtrea*'s Health's the only Health I mean. And whether by the Name of *Celia*, *Eugenia* or *Aſtrea*, you ſtill are, and ever will be adored by all that are not Atheiſts in Wit, Beauty, Honour and good Humour; unleſs by ſome antiquated *Amoroſo*, whoſe Mark of Love is out of his Mouth. A pretty Woman, like a *Goldſmith*, ought to take no Silver but what is Sterling, nor any Coin but what is Currant; eſteeming an Old Gallant, ſtampt with the Impreſs of *Charles the Firſt*'s Reign, in 40, or 41, or perhaps Ten Years backwards, but as ſome of the Vulgar and Smaller Braſs *Roman* Coins, found commonly in Sepulchres and Ruines, valuable only for their Ruſt, and two or three Letters of an *Antoninus* or *Hadrian*'s Name; which may dubiouſly be gueſs'd at by the help of a *Microſcope*. Therefore, for *Venus*'s ſake, *Madam*, have a care of Old *Neſtor*; who is ſo critical an Obſerver of the Ancient *Norman* Law, call'd *Covert-feu*, that you know, and have often laugh'd at it with me, how he not only puts out his Fire and Candle at Eight every Night, but, in a manner, puts out

himſelf too, for he couches at the ſame time with his venerable Importance; and no ſooner *Couchant*, but *Dormant*, (as our Law-Phraſe is.) Or, if perchance, he ſurvives the ſpace of a *Yawn* or a *Hiccough* or two; then, inſtead of a Charge of Love, he ſhall tell you an inſipid, dull Story, how bravely his Friends, the *Parliaments Army*, charg'd the *King*'s at *Edge-Hill* and *Naſeby* Fights: inſtead of Dying in one another's Arms, ſhall give you a dry Relation, how many were ſlain on each Side; whereas his Time would have been much better ſpent, in begetting new Recruits: And when, between the Acts, he ſhould be repeating their ſeveral Beauties, with the many juſt Cauſes he has to preferr and love you above all the reſt of your Sex; he lulls you and himſelf aſleep, by telling how *God's Children* were perſecuted in thoſe Days; together with ſome old ſenſeleſs Relations of *Pim*, *Strond*, and *Ship-Money*: which (with a Sigh backwards and forwards) was, he ſays, the ſad Cauſe of all our late *Civil Wars*; and ſo falls a ſnoring. Beſides, *Madam*, as what I have already urged, might prejudice your Happineſs; ſo have I one Scruple more may reflect upon your Conſcience: For in a Years time, (which may expire long before his Widowhood,) he will be paſt that which the *Royal Harper* (tho' none of his own Country-men) calls the *Age of Man*: And then, what Title or Term to give him, or what Animal to name him,

I judge

I judge not: but ſhall leave him to the *Caſuiſts*; who, I ſuppoſe, will be as ſevere upon *Antiquity* as *Affinity*, in this Caſe: I am ſure, if of your *Ladyſhip*'s Sex, (*the moſt finiſht part of the Creation*,) they would. However, I know the *Title* I wear, and that in the VVorld I am moſt proud of; which is,

(*Deareſt Madam*)

*Decemb.* 16th. now the 19th. 1692. *Your eternally obliged Slave*,

*Burton. Staff.* PHILANDER.

'VVe have a great many (ſaid *Temple*) 'that, with *Chilo*, think that a Juvenile 'Old Age is very deſirable: Tho' in ano- 'ther ſence, (aſſum'd *Grave*,) for theſe Men 'only think of the Enjoyments of Youth, 'and its Follies: Whereas the Philoſo- 'pher (continu'd I) only meant the Viva- 'city of Mind. The Old Men, indeed, of 'our Age, (purſu'd *Fountain*,) as well as 'ſome of the fore-going, ſeem loth to de- 'part from the Vices and Follies of their 'robuſter days: And when they're paſt the 'Uſe (aſſum'd *Winter*) of Money and Wo- 'men, ſet up for Uſurers and Lovers. 'The firſt the more pardonable (reply'd

'*Church*,) ſince their Avarice may be the 'Advantage of their Family. But on the 'other hand, (added *Brook*,) in Loving, 'when the Obligation of Love is quite 'loſt on his ſide, is only to ſacrifice the 'Proſperity of his Family, his own Satisfa-'ction and his God; his Money, to the fooliſh 'Luſt of an impotent Body, and the honour 'of Cuckoldome. And yet (ſaid *Summer*) 'as impotent and unlovely as theſe Grey-'headed Gentlemen are, they meet with 'ſome blooming Virgin or other, with all 'her Spring of Years in view, that by the 'Perſuaſion of her Friends, or her own 'Pride, cloſe with his Autumn. Autumn '(aſſum'd *River*,) a perpetual Winter, you 'mean; in which the poor Creature wou'd 'be frozen to death, like the Inhabitants 'near the North Pole, if it were not for 'ſome auxiliary Warmth gain'd from the 'briſker Flames of Youth; for not one 'glimmer or ſpark does he afford. True, '(concluded *Chappel*,) one might as ſoon 'ſtrike Fire from a Cake of Ice; and yet the 'Doaters will fanſie their teeming Wives 'beholden to them only. But I am of Opi-'nion, That, as the Song ſays, *If for Gold 'ſhe will Wed, ---- For the ſame ſhe will Whore.* 'But I hope the ingenious *Philander* plac'd 'his Affections nearer his own Merits; 'who knew better to diſtinguiſh be-'twixt Things, than to think a thoughtleſs 'old Carkaſs, with all its glittering Bal-

'lances

'lances of Gold, preferable to the all warm 'Embraces of a Man of Youth, and *Philander's* Senſe.

"Here is another from the ſame Hand "(ſaid *Grave*,) on a Subject as intricate and "as deſigning as VVoman; 'tis of *Oracles.*

## LETTER VI.

*To his Ingenious and Learned Friend, Mr.* R. *at his Chamber in the* Inner-Temple. *Being a Diſcourſe of the Ancient* Oracles.

*SIR,* 1692.

AS you cannot lay your Commands upon any Perſon more ready to ſerve you, in all kinds where I am capacitated; ſo in this your Enquiry about the *Heathen Oracles*, you could not have made choice of a weaker and more unable Friend to aſſiſt you than my ſelf, if you reſpect either Learning or Judgment. However, that you may ſee my readineſs to comply with you in all things, I have herein ſent you a ſhort and imperfect Collection, which I made ſeveral Years ago, upon that Subject.

You muſt firſt obſerve the Difference between *Revelations* and *Oracles*: VVhich was only this; That *Revelations*, for the moſt part, were involuntarily obtruded by the Prieſt; whereas *Oracles* were only given *ſciſcitantibus*, to thoſe who demanded them. Now, for the manner of the Delivery of the Oracles, it was perform'd wholly by the Prieſts, who officiated in thoſe places; where pretending that their Gods inſpir'd them, they began with ſome dreadful Sound or Noiſe out of the hollow Caves wherein they lay conceal'd: from whence, with an aſtoniſhing Voice, they deliver'd their Oracles, ſometimes according to their own Sence or Intereſt, and ſometimes according to that of the Magiſtrates, as *Demoſthenes* notes, where he ſaith, *That the Pythian, or Delphic Oracle, did Philippizein*, ſpeak that which *Philip* of *Macedon* would have it. In other places, other kind of *Præludia* were given to them.

It is uncertain when theſe Oracles began: But *Herodotus* tells us, That the Oracle of *Jupiter Hammon* was the moſt Ancient in *Lybia*; and that of *Dodona*, in *Greece*. The Dodonean Prieſts gave this Origine to their Oracle, That Two Doves fled out of *Egypt*; One whereof came to *Epirus*, where, out of a Beech-Tree, ſhe ſpake *Humanâ Voce*, commanding that a Temple ſhould be erected in that very place, ſaying, That *Jove* would preſide therein, and give Oracles. In like manner,

manner, the Other Dove is reported to have fled to the place in *Lybia*, where the Temple of *Jupiter Hammon* was built. Now it has been the Queſtion of ſome Hiſtorians, VVhether *Noah*'s Flood and *Deucalion*'s were not one and the ſame? As alſo, VVhether the Doves that *Noah* is ſaid to have ſent out, alluded not to the Doves here mentioned.

The Temple of *Jupiter Hammon* was among the *Garamantes* in *Lybia*, ſituate in an exceeding hot and barren Soil; near to which was a very lofty and thick VVood, wherein divers Springs aroſe, very commodious for the refreſhment of wearied Travellers. There was likewiſe another Grove of Oaks adjoyning to *Dodona*, which Trees were feign'd to have been Vocal, or Talkative. Now the manner of cloathing the Image of *Jupiter Hammon* was with a Goat's Skin, and cover'd with a Goat's Head: But when the Prieſts demanded Anſwers of him, then they carry'd him forth with a pompous Attendance, ſinging certain Hymns, or *Patria Carmina*, to him. After which, the propitious Image did not Vocally expreſs his Mind, but only by different Nods and Signs, (caus'd, I doubt not, by certain Engines that were mov'd in the hollow Trunk of the Image, as I have ſeen ſome mov'd by Clock-work;) which Nods and Signs the Prieſts interpreted according to their ſeveral Fancies or Intereſts.

The moſt famous Oracles were generally in *Greece*: Of which were the Oracle of *Pythia* and *Delphos*; the *Trophornium*; that of *Amphiareus*; that of the *Branchidæ* in *Mileſia*; and the *Sabaum* in *Phocis*. To all which many repair'd; and when they had receiv'd their Oracles, return'd with rich Gifts for the ſame, to fatten the Prieſts. But the moſt eminent of theſe Oracles, was the *Pythian*; whoſe Temple ſtanding over a deep hollow place, when the Prieſts and others approach'd, the Artificial Vapours that proceeded thence, intoxicated and ſeiz'd on their Brain, enduing them (as 'tis reported) with a Prophetic Spirit; which was a kind of Madneſs or Giddineſs, ſuppoſed requiſite by the Antients, before Men or Women could be capable of Propheſying: Much like what is reported of ſome *Weſt-Indians*, who at this day, by fuming their Heads over the Smoak of Tobacco, will fall into a Trance for four or five Hours, and fore-ſee what Ships are making to their Ports, tho' ſeveral Days ſail off, and report where the Veſſels then are when they awake. This *Pythian* or *Delphic* Temple was vaſtly rich, and therefore often pillag'd by Thieves, as well as by the *Roman* Emperors; for which reaſon, whoever had ſo plunder'd them, and met with the leaſt misfortune afterwards in the whole courſe of their Lives, (tho' never ſo trivial or accidental,) the Prieſts were ſure to make it (as they did *Brennus*'s Death)

a Judg-

a Judgment upon them for their Sacrilege: thinking to ſecure their own Wealth the better, by erecting ſuch a Superſtition in the Minds of Others. As for the Chief-Prieſt belonging to this *Pythian* Oracle, ſhe was always a Woman, and of above Forty Years of Age; becauſe a young Wench being in that Employ, was once raviſh'd for her Beauty.

Now from theſe Oracles became their Religions ſo mix'd, and caſt into ſuch prodigious Forms, that they occaſion'd many Innovations in the ſeveral Nations who conſulted them. So as partly to theſe Oracles, and partly to the Change of Empire, but more-eſpecially, and above all, to Prieſt-Craft, the Multiplicity of Religions in thoſe Times muſt be attributed. Nothing more betrays the Couzenage of theſe Oracles, than the Ambiguities of their Anſwers; being moſtly ſuch as would admit of two different Interpretations. For Inſtance:

*Aio te Æacide Romanos Vincere poſſe.*

OR,

*Ibis redibis nunquam per Bella peribis.*

*Julian* was the laſt Prince that conſulted them; for Oracles yet continu'd Three hundred and thirty Years after Chriſt.

Finally,

Finally, In these Oracles there is nothing considerable to be remarqued, but the Juggling Impostures of their Priests, who enrich'd themselves, and got Authority thereby: Wherefore, neither their Beginning nor Ending can be thought a Miracle, only the People that believ'd in 'em. The Occasion of their Ceasing, was no more but as 'tis with Shopkeepers Breaking, the loss of Credit. And thus we see, when one Trades-man Breaks, some one of another Trade comes and Sets up in his room; the Modes of Religions, as well as of Cloaths, being equally subject to a Change and Period.

Pardon this undigested Account, from

*Your constant Friend,*

*and humble Servant,*

PHILANDER.

'The Ingenious and Learned *Philander* (said I) has given us as true and as good an Account of *Oracles*, as the shortness of the Letter would permit. Right (assum'd *Chappel*,) for 'tis most evident from Mr. *Boileau's History of Oracles*, That they were nothing but the Cheats of the Pagan Priests. And those so visible (continu'd *Brook*) that I wonder the Primitive Fa-

'thers,

'thers, as *Euſebius*, and Others, ſhould 'ever build the Myſteries of Chriſtianity on 'ſome of the *Reſponſa* of theſe *Oracles*. 'For my part (ſaid *Summer*) tho' I remem-'ber what *Boileau* (if that *Hiſtory* be writ by 'him) objects againſt the Fathers upon that 'account, will not reflect on them: for 'tho' I confeſs, 'tis not likely that an *Egyp-'tian Oracle* ſhould have ſo perfect an *Idea* 'and Notion of a Trinity, before any Na-'tion in the World ever had any, and ev'n 'the *Jews* ſeem ignorant of it; yet I think 'the Arguments drawn from thence by the 'Fathers, were good, *ad hominem*, to thoſe 'who believ'd them as Sacred and Divine. 'True, (aſſum'd *Temple*,). St. *Paul* did the 'ſame in *Athens*: for finding an Altar to 'the unknown God, made uſe of what 'they did believe, to bring 'em to the Know-'ledge of the Chriſtian Faith. But how-'ever this Argument might be of force with 'the Common People, (reply'd *Grave*,) 'who were credulous enough of theſe Su-'perſtitions; yet, methinks, it cou'd never 'be of force with the Philoſophers, ſuch as '*Porphyrius* was, who, without doubt, had 'a very weak Opinion of them. What 'Opinion the Learned and Witty had of 'them, (continu'd *River*,) is evident from '*Lucian's Dialogues*: Nay, tis evident, that '*Alexander the Great* was acquainted with 'the Cheat, when the Prieſts of the Temple 'of *Jupiter Ammon* admitted him within

'their

'their Temple, to the view of their *Arcana*, and ſoon after proclaim'd him the 'Son of *Jupiter*. And a good way too (purſu'd *Church*) to ſecure their Intereſt; con-'fining his Diſcovery within his own Breaſt, 'for fear of invalidating that Oracle which 'had beſtow'd the Divinity he ſo aim'd at, 'upon him. Never did a Prieſt (added *Winter*) want a Project, to ſecure his In-'tereſt, in impoſing on the Credulous. 'Your Reflexion (concluded *Fountain*) rea-'ches only thoſe of Pagan Memory: for, for 'Ours, as they have a Divine Religion to 'teach; ſo they ſeek no Reward or Advan-'tage, but what their heavenly Maſter has 'promis'd them; *his Kingdom being not of 'this World.*

But now let's proceed to the next.

LETTER

# LETTER VII.

## *To his Friend* Philander *at* Burton, *in* Stafford-ſhire.

*SIR,* *March* 15. 1692.

I Receiv'd your Letter by the Poſt, and alſo the Parcel by the Carrier; I give you my hearty Thanks for your great Favour. I have often reflected upon the Grand Sentiment of your worthy deceaſed Father, ſince I received your Letter. It ſeems to agree with that of *Triſmegiſt*, the World is nothing but the diſcloſed *Image* of an occult Deity. When God changed *His Form*, all things on a ſudden were revealed and brought to light. All were figur'd in the *Archetype* before, and the Ideal World at length was brought forth into the Material. But may not theſe *Apparitions* of God be Eternal? And in their diſtinct Individuations? We find we are individuated here, my Pain is not anothers, nor my Pleaſure. And may we not be immortal? For God has a great many Worlds more than this to ſhew us. Another Meditation yourLetter put me upon, which I find, *Marſilius Ficinus* entertained himſelf with, *Duo quædam potiſſimum de rerum Principio cogitamus, unum quemadmodum omnia inde profluunt ſemperq; dependent, alterum quemadmodum ipſum interim*

*interim est ab omnibus eminentissime segregatum.* I know there are some Philosophers will no more allow God to be a Person, than the Universe is: 'Tis Certain, no Mortal hath yet removed the Veil of God; it is enough to hint these things to you. *In uno Principio statim percipies plurimas Conclusiones.* All from

*Your obliged Friend*

*and Servant,*

RICARDO.

'Here I must be oblig'd to leave out 'the particular Reflections, made on each of 'these three ingenious Letters, sent by *Philander's* Friend to him; thinking it better to 'do so, than to defer the publishing of them 'till the next Volume; which I must have 'been otherwise forc'd to for want of room. I 'have nevertheless contracted all three into one 'Comment; that it might not be thought 'we pass'd over such Excellent Pieces without 'any Reflections; tho' those, the Letters 'themselves contain, are so fine and so full, 'they require none.

LET-

# LETTER VIII.

## *To his Honoured Friend,* Philander, *at* Burton *in* Stafford-ſhire.

*SIR,* *London, Aug.* 16. 83.

I Received your Letter before I had your Book, but I have it now, and have read it. What the Clergy ſay of it, I will not trouble you with; for it is moſt unreaſonable, that they that do not give themſelves a Liberty of thinking, ſhould take to themſelves a Liberty of cenſuring; others wiſh that at this time you had imitated *Cato*'s Example:

*Servataq; fide templi diſcedit ab Avis,*
*Non exploratum Populis Ammona relinquens.*

And ſome ſay the thing was done already by my Lord of *Cherbury*; and there are ſome think the Subject deſerves a larger Diſcourſe. For Education which is in Man the *Primum vivens*, is uſually too the *Ultimum moriens*, and is not ſo eaſily overcome: Nor the Goſpel ſo eaſily believed to be little better than a Pious Romance, and all Religion (except the Natural) to be *aut Hypocritica aut Hypochondriaca.*

Others

Others think the Notion of *Anima Mundi* hinted in the Book, is but an Artifice to palliate over the Soul's Mortality, the little Drop, *Pluviæ Cœleſtis*, (as *Syneſius* calls the Soul) neceſſarily loſing its being in *Oceam Entitatum.*

Shall I give you a Melancholy Thought? Oh! How vain is Philoſophy that can neither teach us the Beginnings or Ends of things? From them is the Spring of our Fears; if natural Knowledge cannot be a ground of Tranquillity of Mind, then muſt *Faith*: *Faith* is the firſt Almighty Principle of all things; if we be weak, we muſt be ſtrong by adhering to that which is ſtrong: Faith is impoſſible, except we believe of God, that he is *Mens Univerſi*, an Intelligent Being.

It is poſſible I may ſee you in the Country, for I hope to be in *Shropſhire* before the Vacation ends. I tell you no News but of the *Reſpub. Literaria.* We have two Books lately come from abroad may divert you in the Country; one *de Oraculis Ethnicorum*, the other Entituled, *Politicus Sceleratus.* Your *Anima Mundi*, *Diana of the Epheſians*, and *Janua Scientiarum*, I cannot meet with; ſo pray oblige me ſo far, as to ſend me two of each. I am (Sir,)

*Your moſt Affectionate*
*and Obliged Friend and Servant,*
RICARDO.

LET-

# LETTER IX.

*To his Honoured Friend,* Philander, *at* Burton *in* Staffordshire.

*SIR,* *Feb.* 13. 82.

I Am ſenſible how highly you have oblig'd me, in giving me an Account of the laſt Sentiments of ſo great a Perſon as your Father: I remember a Philoſopher of old, being ask'd whether the Soul was immortal, anſwer'd, *ſicut omnia*; for in truth, all *Subſtance* is immortal, and it is as true, that by Death we are reſolved into our firſt Principles: Every thing then goes to its own Tribe and Lineage: ſo as to me it ſeems the Grand Queſtion is whether we preſerve our *Individuation* in Death. However---- *Liceat ſperare timenti.* This is one Meditation awakened in me by your Letter, it put me in mind too what *Plotinus* ſaid he was doing when it was obſerved the Intention of his Mind was extraordinary upon his Death-Bed. *He was endeavouring to lead and unite the Deity in him, to the Deity that filled the Univerſe*: and of what *Campanella* ſays, *Omnis mutatio eſt Mors aliqualis, mori vero eſt mutari in Deum noſtrum enim eſſe non deperditum ſed magnificatum in Oceano Entitatum.*

It

It will be a great Obligation to me, to furniſh me with ſome of your Printed Copies of *Philoſtratus*, and the Tranſcript of *Mahomet's Life*.

If you deſign to make your *Religio Laici* publick, you ſhall command my Aſſiſtance to you in that at the Preſs.

Whatever you direct to me at the *Trumpet* in *Shear-Lane*, will come ſafe to me.

It is a queſtion exerciſes all the Politick Wits at preſent of the Town, where the K. of *France* will beſtow his Army this Spring; he is upon his March in Perſon to the Frontiers of *Flanders*, with an Army of Forty Thouſand; and he has another Army of Thirty Thouſand beyond the Mountains for *Italy*.

The City-Charter is to be argued again the firſt *Friday* next Term. I am (*SIR*,)

*Your moſt Obliged,*

*And Affectionate Friend*

RICARDO.

'Certainly (ſaid *Temple*) the Obſervation the Ingenious *Ricardo* gives us from '*Triſmegiſtus* is true; for the Univerſe is ſo 'plain and ſo viſible an Image of the occult 'Deity, that it has led not a few of the Antient

'tient Philoſophers to the Knowledge of 'one. *Cicero* (continu'd *Grave*) in his '*Natura Deorum*, draws the moſt Subſtantial 'of his Arguments of the exiſtence of a De- 'ity, from this Picture of him in the Uni- 'verſe. To omit other more Philoſophical 'Reaſons (purſu'd *Fountain*) for the Eter- 'nity of our Individuations; I think the 'Puniſhment of Vice, and the Reward of 'Vertue, tho' neceſſary and founded in Na- 'ture it ſelf, could never be effected without 'it. Beſides (aſſum'd *Winter*) it is too 'unaccountable a thing to be believ'd, that 'the Souls of all Men are (as this Quota- 'tion of *Plotinus* hints) only ſeveral Ema- 'nations or Beams of the Deity, which re- 'turn like ſo many Rivers into the Ocean 'of Infinity and Beings; ſince I can ſee no 'Reaſon at all that ſhou'd induce the Deity 'to ſuch ſtrange *Metamorphoſes* of himſelf. 'Yet it cannot be doubted (interrupted '(*Church*) but that all things were Origi- 'naly figur'd in the eternal Mind, and ideally 'exiſted there. Right (aſſum'd *Brook*) and 'ſo far God may be ſaid to have chang'd 'his Form in the Creation of the 'Univerſe. Theſe Speculations (ſaid '*Summer*) lead us beyond our Depths, 'without the Bladders of Reaſon to ſupport 'us. Well therefore (aſſum'd *River*) has 'this Gentleman obſerv'd in his ſecond Let- 'ter, that Philoſophy is *Vain*, ſince incapa- 'ble of teaching us the Beginning or End

'of

'of Things. *Physics*, I confess (pursu'd *Chappel*) are at best but a pleasing Amusement 'of our Reason, seldom feasting the Mind 'with Reality and Certainty; but all the 'thin Diet it affords is but a handsome Pro'bability and guess, and this is the cause of 'those fears it begets, and from which the 'Ingenious *Ricardo* well observes, we can 'only fly to *Faith*. But it will not be al'ways so (concluded I) if we may credit 'Dr. *Burnet* in his *Theory of the Earth*, whotells 'us that all things from the first *Chaos* and 'beginning of the World to the Completion 'of it, as to its History and Changes shall 'be known, and that we are capable of know'ing them; that is, all that relates to this 'interval of Eternity, *TIME*. That is, all 'that's secret shall be revealed. And I'm 'sure, this Knowledge has no little Depen'dance on *Physics*; a perfect System of which 'perhaps we might hope, cou'd some of the 'Rabinical Cabalists furnish us with the Wri'tings of *Solomon* on all the Products of the 'Earth, Air, Water, and the true and *inti'mam Naturam* of those Elements. But 'tho' this part of Philosophy be so dark; 'yet had Philosophy in general, enough to 'make Man happy, and free him from all 'Sollicitude and Fear; Moral Philosophy, if 'we live according to its Precepts, must ef'fect this.

LET-

# LETTER X.

*To Mr.* Alexander Warner, *at the Parſonage-Houſe in* Landbrook.

*SIR,*

I Am inform'd you have *Adventured* to profeſs *Love* to my *Eldeſt* Daughter; Sir, I deſign if I meet a Match to my Mind, to give her a conſiderable Fortune, but expect to ſee *ſomething* for it; and upon Enquiry, I find you cannot make her any *Joynture*. For your *Learning* and other *Qualifications* as a *Scholar*, I know nothing as to them: but 'tis not, *Sir, our way* to give our Daughters to *poor fine-ſpoken Men*; therefore I deſire you would give neither my Daughter nor my ſelf any more trouble on this Subject, for it will be but in vain. I am

*Yours,*

*Gregory Dormer.*

LET-

## LETTER XI.

*To Mr* Gregory Dormer, *Brewer in* Dunſtable.

*SIR,*

I Confeſs my ſelf to have been ſo unhappy, as to fall in Love with an *unintelligible* Miſtreſs, whom in her very Temper I find to be your Daughter, ſeeming to be no better a judge of the *Services* of a *Lover*, than you in the *Qualifications* of a *Son-in-Law*. To ſay the Truth, Sir, I can *ſettle* her in nothing but the Heart of an *Honeſt* Man; but if it muſt be a *Meaner* Settlement that muſt *purchaſe* my Happineſs, I cannot even in *Conſcience* do it; for the Clergy ought no more to *Buy* their *Wives*, than their *Livings*. Sir, I pretend to no more in my *Merits*, than in my *Circumſtances*; yet had I as *many* as I *want*, I am ſenſible they would do me little kindneſs here; ſince you acknowledge that *Tradeſmen* are but *ill Judges* of *them*. *Want* of *Fortune* is with them a *ſufficient* Objection againſt the *Greateſt Scholar*, but the *Ladies* ſhould know *better*. It is not your way, indeed, Sir, (as you write) to give your *Conſiderable Fortunes* to *Poor* tho' *Ingenious* Men, and therefore I own it was a

piece

piece of Vanity in me (who am none of that number) to hope for an *Exception* in my *Favours*. No, Sir, your Cuſtom is to give your Daughters either to *Honour* or *Money*; the one the *Emptieſt*, the other the *Dulleſt* thing in Nature: whil'ſt *Learning* without a *Fortune* in Men, fares juſt as *Beauty* without a Fortune in *Women*; that is, is *ſcorned* and *neglected*; it may fit a Man to be a good *Companion*, a good *Neighbour*, or perhaps a good *Friend*; but not a *Huſband*. All this is true, Sir, but it is a hard caſe that *nothing* ſhould be allowed to have any *Merit* but *Money*. As to my *own Caſe*, Sir, I could wiſh I were Maſter of a *bigger Fortune*, *that I* might lay it at your Daughter's *Feet*; but ſince for want of that, you forbid me *hoping* even to enjoy *Camilla*; I muſt be patient under the *common Lot* of *my Cloth*, and *ſubmit* to the ſame *Misfortune* that *better* and *wiſer* Men have done before me, and endeavour to make my *Loſs* as *eaſie* as I can, in hopes, that in time, either ſhe will think of me, or I ſhall forget her. I am

*Your*

*Humble Servant,*

*Landbrook*,
*Sept.* 25. 92.

WARNER.

'Methinks (said *Chappel*) these sordid 'Traders, and all such as think Money the 'only Merit, shou'd never have any thing that's 'Beautiful spring from 'em. Right (assum'd *Brook*) Nature shou'd form their 'Body, as ugly as the Parents Mind; and as 'nothing but Money (pursu'd *Summer*) 'is to buy her, so nothing but Money 'shou'd sell her. Prithee, Nature wou'd 'do so (interrupted *Temple*) if the ge-'nerous Lads, or their Wives Custo-'mers, wou'd not contribute to the better 'Formation, by leaving the Miser no hand 'in his Children, but the Fathering of 'them. But *Camilla*, you find, (re-ply'd *Grave*) has so much the Soul of 'the Trader, that she slights Wit and 'Merit; where Gold and Joynture's want-'ing. In that (assumed *River*) she inhe-'rits the cause of her Being; for, doubtless, 'she was begot by some needy Stallion, pure-'ly for the Gain his amorous Endeavours 'brought him. Oh! 'tis natural to Wo-'man-kind (said *Church*) to be taken with 'Presents, especially with that of a good 'Joynture, a Fund for the after-game of a 'Gallant; when the fore-game of a Husband 'is of no use to her Pleasure. The truth 'on't is (continu'd *Winter*) this Mercenary 'Devil has possess'd the Sex so many Ages, 'he may now plead Prescription. Right '(added *Fountain*) for *Ovid* in his time com-

'plain'd

'plain'd of it, *Res est, crede mihi, ingeniosa dare*, 'there's a wondrous deal of Wit in giving. 'Well therefore may our Divine prove succeſ- 'leſs (concluded I) ſince if *Homer* himſelf 'attended with all the Train of Muſes '(whoſe Art is to charm the Ear of Gods 'and Men with Mighty Numbers and Migh- 'ty Things) without a Bag of Gold, with- 'out his fertile Acres, the Noble Products 'of his Brain wou'd be of little Advantage 'to him. I therefore think theſe Creatures 'ſhou'd wed within their own Tribes, like 'Jews, and ſo engroſs the Priviledges of 'Cuckoldom to themſelves, and their Gene- 'rations; and by that means preſerve the 'Nobler Families, they are often tranſplant- 'ed into, from theſe Corruptions they ſuf- 'fer.

# LETTER XII.

*To Mr.* Chappel. *To be left at* Smith's Coffee-House, *in* Stock's-Market.

*SIR,* *Octob.* 20. 1692.

YOur Promiſe to inſert what Letters ſhould be tranſmitted to you in the next Volume of, *The Poſt-Boy Robb'd of his Mail*, prevail'd with me to impart theſe following Letters to you, ſince the Perſons they relate to being long ſince marry'd, it can be no prejudice to them, to have this ſecret Amour publiſhed. But 'tis neceſſary to premiſe the Occaſion of theſe Letters: Which was thus: *Lindamor* (for the Friendſhip that was betwixt him and the Great Author of *Seraphic Love*, makes me give him that Name,) was, by the repeated Commands of his Father, againſt his own Inclinations, oblig'd to make his Addreſs to *Clarinda*; the Charms of whoſe Converſation ſoon conſum'd that Sacrifice of Obedience by the flame of a violent Paſſion, converting the Duty of the Son into the Fondneſs of a Lover. Nor ſeem'd there any thing wanting to compleat his Happineſs, but her Conſent; which, at laſt, ſhe gave up to the eager Attacques of ſo prevailing a Tongue, inſpir'd by ſuch a Cauſe. Not ſo juſt were her Parents; who finding *Lindamor*'s Affections

factions engag'd, consulting sordid Gain, more than Honour, resolv'd to save her Portion for the rest of their Children, since *Clarinda*'s Eyes had provided her own, in the power they had given her over the Heart of her Lover. To this end, they encourag'd *Lindamor*'s Father to proceed to the Settlement of Half his Estate on him, and to order the Joynture-Deeds to be drawn; which were all now in the Hands of an eminent Counsel ready for the Seal, a Blank being left for her Portion to be inserted. When his Father came to that Point, desiring Security for their paying the Portion in Twelve Months, and to be as good as their Word; *Clarinda*'s Parents stood off, not denying their Promise, but that, on a better Consideration of the matter, they cou'd not yield to prejudice the rest of their Children, for the Advancement of one Daughter. In short, That what they cou'd give with her, fell short above half: nor cou'd that be pay'd under Two Years time. *Lindamor*'s Father knowing their Estate, it being contiguous to his own, found this to be but a tricking Design; and therefore, on their persevering in their Resolution, he told 'em, That tho' he was sensible how tenderly his Son lov'd their Daughter, yet he question'd not to provide him a better Match, and a Lady not less agreeable to him. Thus they parted; he taking his Coach immediately, left *Clarinda* with her Friends; and removing all the Writings from the

Lawyer, Abſtracts and all, return'd home to his Son; and taking him into his Cloſet, inform'd him of the whole Tranſaction; adviſ'd him to forget *Clarinda*, nor to viſit her any more, for he would ſoon provide him a better and richer Wife. *Lindamor*, ſurpriz'd with ſo unlook'd for a turn, all pale and ſilent, with a low Bow was retiring out of the Cloſet. The viſible Alteration of his Countenance made his Father (fearing ſome deſperate Event,) mildly ask him how he did? *The unexpected News you tell me* (ſaid *Lindamor*) *ſhould, methinks, without my Tongue, inform you.* Then taking Courage from the ſerene Aſpect of his Father, he told him, 'Twas now too late to forbid him to viſite *Clarinda*: That his Commands firſt made him do it: And, That he had, from time to time, acquainted him with the progreſs of his Amour; which he had all along approv'd of, which had made him aſſure *Clarinda* of an inviolable Love: That he was of Opinion, he was contracted as much to her, as if there had been a Thouſand Witneſſes preſent. He concluded, with referring the Conſideration of the Affair to his Paternal Wiſdom, and deſiring him to endeavour to bring *Clarinda*'s Parents to Juſtice and Reaſon; but that let the Event of this Negotiation be what it wou'd, he reſolv'd to marry none elſe, whil'ſt *Clarinda* liv'd a Maid. More to this effect *Lindamor* ſpoke to his Father, and with ſuch Ardour, that he

he was ſatisfy'd his Son unboſom'd the ſecret Reſolutions of his Mind and Inclinations to him; and tho' bent before on breaking off the Match, promis'd him to try what he cou'd do with *Clarinda*'s Parents, and orders him, in the mean-time, to take a formal leave of her, and to acquaint her with the reaſon of it. This *Lindamor*, in obedience to his Father, perform'd, having then obtain'd her leave to write to her privately. And this was the Occaſion of the Firſt Letter.

'I wiſh the Gentleman that ſent us 'theſe Letters (ſaid *Temple*) had inform'd 'us of the Event a little plainer. Right, '(aſſum'd *Grave*,) for we are in the dark, 'whether *Lindamor* and *Clarinda* meet at 'laſt within the Matrimonial Nooze. That 'indeed (purſu'd *Fountain*) wou'd have been 'a Guide to us in our Reflexions. Be't as 'twill (continu'd *Winter*,) *Lindamor* had 'the Fate of many a Man of Sence that's 'Heir to an Eſtate; his Affections made 'truckle to his Intereſt, by the Avarice of 'a Father. His Father was not ſo much 'to blame (reply'd *Church*,) ſince, not the 'ungenerous Cauſe of the Breach. True '(added *Brook*) the criminal Deſign appears 'to be in *Clarinda*'s Parents. But I hope '(continu'd *Summer*) the Daughter was

more juſt to her Lover, than to be obedient at the expence of her Love and Honour. That the following Letters (purſu'd *River*) will diſcover. Marriage (ſaid *Chappel*) is now a *Smithfield* Bargain, ſo much for ſo much, without conſulting the Inclinations, Humours, *&c.* of the Parties. When we intend a good Breed of Horſes, Dogs, *&c.* (concluded I) we are careful to get the beſt qualify'd in the Kind, with the feweſt Imperfections; but in the Propagation of our Families, we have regard only to the Money, not Perſons. This makes ſuch a Pigmy or Effeminate Generation among the Richer, whilſt the honeſt Kind joyning with the kind Laſs he loves, begets a robuſt Race of luſty Boys and Girles.

## LETTER XIII.

*To the Charming* Clarinda.

*MADAM,* *Nov.* 17. 89.

THE leave you gave me, at my laſt unhappy Viſit, to write to you, is ſome Comfort in my Misfortune; and wou'd have been much greater, if you had not confin'd me with that hard *Proviſo*, of writing nothing that ſhould in the leaſt ſollicite you to any thing that might draw on you the Imputation

putation of Undutifulneſs to your Parents. I muſt own my Obligations to be great, *Madam*, that you'll permit me to write to you at all; yet I muſt confeſs how uneaſie I am under the Promiſe this Obligation coſt me, ſince it curbs the Dictates of the trueſt and ſincereſt Paſſion in the World, of that Paſſion, *Madam*, you once indulg'd. So much the awful fear of diſpleaſing her I love, is preferr'd to the extreameſt Satisfaction my preſent Circumſtances allow me. That I may not therefore offend you, I ſhall not complain of the malevolent Planets, nor of ſome of our Relations, who ſeem to conſpire to oppoſe our mutual Happineſs. But I ſhall eaſe the Severity of my Fate, by remembring that this unwilling, forc'd Abſence from her I truly and paſſionately doat on, is neither the Effect of any Fault of Mind, or the angry Doom of my offended Fair One. This Conſideration 'tis, *Madam*, and the Hopes I flatter my ſelf with, of once enjoying the uninterrupted Society of *Clarinda*, with all the freedom and flame of a happy Lover, buoys up my drooping Spirits, and makes my preſent Ills ſupportable with ev'n a ſedate compoſure of Mind, which I once thought greater than I cou'd bear. Yet my divine Fair One, think not this evenneſs of Temper I diſcover in the mid'ſt of the Tortures of a hated Abſence, is owing to any thing but the greatneſs of my Affection: for Tears and Complaints wou'd be the Effects

of a moderate and indifferent Paſſion; the Grief *that* begets eaſily paſſing away in thoſe effeminate Showers: But a Love like mine generates a deeper ſorrow, and is ſilent, as that Grave it leads to; it heaves the diſtracted Heart with inward Pangs, and all the vent it has are Sighs. A Mind and Body ſo well match'd as yours inſpire the extreameſt Paſſion; ſo that all the envious Obſtacles I meet with ſhock not my Reſolution, nor my Love, but encreaſe 'em, ſince I'm ſo happy to be belov'd by her I pay my Vows to. Let not therefore, O my adorable Fair One! this curſed Bar, caſt by our Parents in our way to Bliſs, make you ſo cruel and unjuſt to think leſs of me; for aſſure your ſelf; 'tis not ſo great, but that I ſhall, e're long, maſter its Oppoſition. O therefore recede from your hard Injunction, and ſet me free from that fatal Promiſe you have forc'd from me! that I may propoſe what I have conſider'd, as an effectual Means of removing all that ſtands betwixt us and Happineſs; and know whether you will (and ſure you won't deny it) give your Conſent, and approve of what I ſhall lay down. ---- But I forget my Promiſe, and dare not incur your Anger, by inſiſting on a Theme ſo very grateful to the Soul of,

*MADAM, Your Faithful, Loving*

LINDAMOR.

'I wiſh

'I wiſh (ſaid *Temple*) our Lover promiſe himſelf no more than he ought. Right (aſſum'd I,) for if ſhe love him, as he ſuppoſes, he need not fear being as happy as ſhe can make him. And that's but a tinſel Happineſs (purſu'd *Grave*) Heav'n knows. True, (continu'd *Fountain*,) the Fire of Matrimonial Converſation ſoon makes the Silver vaniſh, and the Copper appear. The Metaphor holds farther, (added *Winter*,) for 'tis then ſcandalous to wear't any longer; a fond Husband or Wife being ridiculous to the laſt degree. At leaſt (aſſum'd *Church*) 'tis thought only Hypocriſie and Deſign, to blind one another's Eyes (purſu'd *Brook*) for the better carrying on an Intrigue. Gad, you are ſuch profeſs'd Enemies to VVedlock (interrupted *Summer*) that 'twill be a Scandal for me, that am a marry'd Man, to keep you company. Prithee, thy Choice (reply'd *River*) exempts thee from all we can ſay: A VVife that's Obedient and Innocent, tho' VVitty; that owes her Chaſtity to her Sence, not mere Education, and notionary Vertue; and —— Hold, hold, (concluded *Chappel*,) thou'lt make him jealous of thy Praiſe; for he that praiſes my Horſe or my VVife, I ſhou'd always ſuſpect had a mind to 'em.

LETTER

## LETTER XIV.

### *Clarinda*'s Anſwer.

*SIR,* *Novemb.* 22. 1689.

I Receiv'd a Letter from you, dated the 17th. in which you ſeem to be mindful of your Promiſe, in that, I confeſs, you pleaſe me; nor can I yield to an Abrogation of it, ſince, alas! I fear I ſhou'd tranſgreſs the Duty I owe my Parents, ſhould I conſent to hear thoſe Propoſals you mention, ſo much my Mind miſgives me. I ſhall only therefore inform you, That as I have, long ſince, reſolv'd never to marry, to diſpleaſe my ſelf; ſo I do ne'er deſign to diſpleaſe my Parents in my Choice, who have ſhewn ſo indulgent a Care for me in my Education. I approve of your Conduct, in concealing the Reſentments you pretended to have on the miſunderſtanding betwixt our Parents. I fear I am criminal, in entertaining a ſecret Correſpondence with you, and therefore you are to expect nothing further from

*CLARINDA.*

' We may read the *Woman* (ſaid *Grave*) ' in this Letter. Right, (aſſum'd *Winter*,) ' and

'and I'm much miſtaken if her Love o'er-'weigh'd her Intereſt. She ſeems indeed '(purſu'd *Temple*) to be ſtoc'kd with juſt Love 'enough for a *Wife*, ſince ſhe can ſo eaſily 'ſacrifice it to the ungenerous Deſigns of her 'Parents. I know not (ſaid I,) I am willing 'to ſuſpend my Judgment of her Integrity, 'till I hear the Event of theſe Letters. I'm 'of your Mind, (purſu'd *Fountain*,) for by 'her fear of truſting her ſelf to his Argu-'ments, ſhe ſeems to diſcover a Combat 'betwixt her Love, and miſtaken filial 'Duty. True, (aſſum'd *Church*,) and her 'Heart *miſgives* her, that a Line of his, with 'any reaſonable Propoſal at the end on't, 'will win the Field. If *Clarinda* (purſu'd '*Brook*) were as Meritorious as *Lindamor* 'repreſents her, ſhe muſt be Juſt to his Paſ-'ſion: ----- As if any Woman (interrupted '*Chappel*) were Imperfect in the Eye of her 'Lover! No, No, (continu'd *Summer*,) 'Love is too partial a Conſiderer to be Juſt 'in his Praiſe. Whether the Lady love, or 'no, (concluded *River*) this following Letter 'will convince you, *Lindamor*'s in Earneſt.

LETTER

## LETTER XV.

### Lindamor *to* Clarinda.

*Dear Madam,* *Decemb.* 7. 89.

I Receiv'd yours, of the 22d. paſt, but this Morning; having been abroad, our *Internuncio* cou'd not meet with me. The Contents of it ſhew, you are ſtill ſo rigorous, as to continue your ſevere Commands; and I muſt ſubmit: Nor dare I call you cruel, ſince you intimate your Reaſon for it. Yet, *Madam*, give me leave to tell you, That your dear *miſgiving* Heart (as you are pleas'd to term it) may poſſibly make you miſapprehend my meaning in thoſe Propoſals I mention'd. For, *Madam*, I cannot conceive, that the hearing or reading of any Overtures of Reconciliation betwixt our Parents can in the leaſt treſpaſs on your filial Obedience. Nor were my Propoſitions at all oppoſite or inconſiſtent with your Reſolution of not diſpleaſing your Father and Mother in Marriage. Permit me, therefore, Divine *Clarinda*, to declare my Sentiments to you, (as if you forbid me not, I ſhall to Dr. *Bridges*, that by repreſenting to my Father my inviolable Love and Reſolutions to marry none but you, till you are diſpos'd

diſpos'd of: That it was my Father's Commands firſt put me into the power of your Eyes; and that as I was his *only*, ſo I have hitherto been his *dutiful* Son: He may bring my Father to yield to the violence of my Paſſion.) I am confident, *Madam*, that my Father, that is a Man of Temper, wou'd agreee to any reaſonable Terms. And Oh! that you, *Madam*, wou'd uſe that Intereſt in your Mother, which you have: for by her means might you bring your Father to an Agreement. Nor is there any Objection they can make againſt me, but what might be anſwer'd as ſoon as known.

Believe me, *Madam*, I am ready to marry you, when-e'er you pleaſe, without one Farthing Portion: For, alas, what are the Treaſures of the *Indies* to the Poſſeſſion of *Clarinda*! Nor ſhou'd the Awe of a Father's Diſpleaſure oppoſe my Happineſs, if you would but yield, tho' it lyes in his power to give above half his Eſtate away from me. But, *Madam*, I am not without ſome probable Grounds to hope that he will entertain you with a civil Welcome in his Houſe, if you would flie ſecretly to my longing Arms, tho' I know he would not give his Conſent, beforehand, that I ſhou'd ſteal you. Ah! pardon the impatience of prolong'd Deſire, if I beg leave to implore a ſpeedy and direct Anſwer to this: for the vaſt Joys I've plac'd in view, are too great to let me long hope in vain, and live. Oh! force me not ſtill to ſo ungrateful

a Sepa-

a Separation from her; a Union with whom is the greateſt Happineſs of,

*MADAM, Your faithful*

*and entirely devoted Servant and Slave,*

LINDAMOR.

'Poor *Lindamor* (ſaid *Chappel*) I find, is in 'Love in good earneſt. Or elſe he were mad '(purſu'd *Brook*) to proffer ſuch a dammable 'Teſt of it. True (aſſum'd *Grave*) as Mar-'riage: And that (added *Temple*) without 'any Portion. The Devil's in *Clarinda* (ſaid '*Summer*) if ſhe takes him not at's Word: 'Eſpecially (purſu'd *River*) ſince that was 'what her Parents aim'd at. Right, (aſſum'd '*Church*) a good and a fond Husband, ſo cheap-'ly. If ſhe have either Wit, Duty, or Love, '(continu'd *Winter*,) ſhe's ſurely his. What 'ſtrange bragging Fools are we Men (ſaid '*Fountain*) that make a buſtle with our Su-'periority over that Sex? And yet (concluded I) 'ſubmit our Reaſon, boaſted Power and Hap-'pineſs, to the imperious Glance of an Eye. 'But pray now let's hear the Nymph's obli-'ging *Anſwer*, ſince poor *Lindamor*, that loves 'ſo well, can't ſure be any longer unhappy.

LETTER

## LETTER XVI.

*Mr. Lindamor,* *Dicemb.* 14. 89.

I Am amazed at your Letter of the 7*th.* preſent, and at your breach of Promiſe therein; you ſay you muſt ſubmit, and immediately afterwards you would intice me to run away from my Parents, on ſuppoſition of a civil Welcome from yours; but I would have you know, I never will conſent to ſuch a thing; for tho' I have told you I would not marry for Money ſolely, I would not marry *Midas* and his Aſſes Ears; ſo neither would I marry any Man without a rational Proſpect of a Comfortable Subſiſtence, for Money is good to keep Love warm, tho not ſo fit to be the Prime Motive thereof: And I pray, Sir, in what a bleſſed pickle ſhould I be, if your Father diſinherit you; and you ſoon after die, and leave me, and it may be ſome ſmall Children, to the Mercy of the Pariſh. In earneſt, I am loth to truſt to Charity in an Age wherein it's ſo cold: Think not therefore to wheedle me into a compliance with your unwarrantable Requeſt, on the bare ſuppoſal of your Father's receiving me; it will be a greater Kindneſs to us both to remain as we are, than to venture on raſh and inconſiderate Marriage; for ſuch I am ſure ours would be, if we married

ried with no greater proſpect of living comfortably than I can yet foreſee. I hope God will give me an Heart to ſubmit to all his Diſpenſations; and if he ſee meet to reduce me to a mean and low Condition, he will enable me to bleſs him, who hath both given and taken away: But I ſhould have it perpetually gnawing my Heart, even the bitter Reflection of my own Folly, who had by going out of God's way ruined both my ſelf and you. It's in vain to think any thing in this nature can be obtained by you, and therefore, as you value my Diſpleaſure and utter Averſion, let me never hear more of it. And to divert you from the proſecution hereof, I deſire your Advice what Books you can recommend as proper for a Perſon of my Age, Sex and Education, to peruſe during a voluntary Confinement, I deſign to impoſe on my ſelf for ſome time at a Relation's in the Country: I know you are able to adviſe me herein, which occaſions this Requeſt of

*CLARINDA.*

'How frail (ſaid *Temple*) is that 'Happineſs that is built upon a Wo-'man's Love! in this Letter indeed (contin'u'd *Grave*) the *Woman* appears in e'ry 'Line, and plainly diſcovers, that 'tis a cer-'tain Proſpect of Intereſt ſhe aims at, not 'his Happineſs. 'Tis indeed very plain (pur-'ſu'd

'ſu'd *Fountain*) that *Clarinda* never lov'd: At 'leaſt not as ſhe ſhou'd (interrupted *Win-* 'ter) theſe prudential Conſiderations are ne- 'ver the Children of that Paſſion. Howe- 'ver (continu'd *Church*) ſhe's ingenuous in 'confeſſing that her Love is not of that kind, 'that can live without being kept warm by 'Money. But (added *Brook*) there was no 'fear of ſtarving, ſince *Lindamor* was not 'only an Only Son, but had a Certain- 'ty independent of his Father. I muſt con- 'feſs (ſaid *Summer*) I can't tell how to ex- 'cuſe *Clarinda*, but only by ſaying, That if 'ſhe had but little Love, ſhe had a great 'deal of Cunning. Right (purſu'd *River*) 'ſhe ſeems indeed too viſibly to have been 'an accomplice of her Parents. And her 'Letter (added *Chappel*) ſeems to have been 'Endited by the Father and Mother, for 'all her pretence of their ignorance of it. '*Lindamor*'s Propoſals (concluded I) are ſo 'generous and ſo fair, that the niceſt Ver- 'tue needed not to have been ſo highly of- 'fended at them, if they had been as can- 'did in their Apprehenſion of them, as he 'ſeems to be in the delivery: ſo that I muſt 'confeſs, I cannot at all deny my Aſſent to 'your Surmiſes, for this Letter cou'd never 'be writ by a Woman in Love.

LET-

# LETTER XVII.

*My Charming Miſtreſs,* *Decem.* 25. 89.

I Muſt ſing a Palinode, and ſince there's no Remedy, I cry you Mercy; I humbly beg your pardon for my preſumptuous Lines of the 7*th* Inſtant: I might juſtifie my ſelf by the Example of numerous Hero's and Brave Men, both in Ancient and Modern Hiſtory; but the dire Sentence of never ſpeaking more of ſuch a thing, on pain of your utter Averſion, religiouſly obliges me to a Silence, which I aſſure you ſhall never be broken on that occaſion again. What you mean by a Voluntary Confinement, I know not, but I hope your Ladyſhip intends not to turn Nun, or to live a Recluſe from Humane Kind. But however in Obedience to your Commands I ſhould give Directions, what Books are proper at ſuch a time: Peculiar Books of Devotion are fitteſt for *Monaſtick Ladies*: but I preſume you are not under a *Vow of Virginity*, and therefore I ſhould recommend Poetry as an innocent Amuſement to paſs away the time; but you have read *Cowley*'s and *Orinda*'s Works, and the Great *Waller*; and ſeveral of *Molierè*, *Corneille* and *Racinè*; ſo that I know not what to recommend: I muſt e'en deſire you to read inimitable *Cowley* again, and

and *Sidney*'s *Arcadia*, and *Hudibraſs*; *Milton*'s *Paradiſe loſt* is well worthy your ſerious peruſal, and *Creech*'s Tranſlation of *Lucretius*, and ſeveral Pieces of Mr. *Dryden*, particularly his *State of Innocence*. If you are for more ſerious Studies, let me Recommend a ſmall Book of my ever honour'd Friend Mr. *Boyle*, *of Seraphick Love*; and have a Care of being taxed with *Hermione*'s cold uſage. The Works of the Author of the whole Duty of Man, particularly the Ladies Calling, are very uſeful. Any Books made by *Tillotſon*, *Barrow*, *Wilkins*, *Bates*, *Manton*, *Charnock*, are well worthy your peruſal. You ſee, Madam, I have in Obedience to your Commands, wrote you a Letter without a word of my Paſſion in it: I hope this will convince you how much I can deny my Darling Inclinations, in deference to your Deſires. I am,

*Madam,*

*Your moſt Obedient Servant,*

LINDAMOR.

'What think you now (ſaid I) of your 'Amorous *Lindamor*? Why, Faith (reply'd 'Grave) I hope he's in a fair way of com-'ing to his Senſes again. This Letter indeed '(aſſum'd

'(aſſum'd *Chappel*) carries a greater Air of 'indifference than any of the other. And 'if a Lover (purſu'd *Brook*) once arrive at 'indifference, he ſoon loſes that Name. 'Which perhaps (ſaid *Summer*) may bring 'the Lady over ſooner than his Paſſion. 'Tis pity but it ſhou'd (interrupted *Tem-*'*ple*) ſince now they might marry on the 'ſquare: True (aſſum'd *River*) both being 'equally indifferent: and by Conſequence '(purſu'd *Winter*) the fitter for *Husband* and '*Wife*. *Lindamor* (ſaid *Church*) has well re-'commended Poetry to her Study: Right '(concluded *Fountain*) for that will better 'inſtruct her in Love, and infuſe more gene-'rous Principles into her. And now let's hear how ſhe reſents this Letter.

## LETTER XVIII.

*SIR*, *Jan. 6. 1689.*

I Perceive by yours of *Chriſtmas* Day, that in ſpight of the Coldneſs of the Seaſon, you partake of the Joy of the Feſtival; and by your manner of asking pardon, one would conceive you were indifferent whether you had it or no. I will thank you however for your Advice about Books, and muſt tell you, I take it kindly you Recommend Mrs. *Phil-lips*'s Poems: I know ſome of your Sex will allow

allow a Woman no more Learning, than to come in a-doors when it rains: but I think if they would read her Books, or thoſe of Madam *D' Acier*, they would own Women are as fit for Studies as your Sex; who out of Envy to us, would monopolize the Arts and Sciences, leaving us only the Needle and Diſtaff: I am ready to own the Preheminence of Men above Women; But I think the Trade of Ingroſſing the Liberal Arts is as detrimental to the Nation, as any other Monopoly, which, as I have heard, uſe to be a Grievance complained of in Parliaments. If you would allow Women to amuze themſelves with polite Studies [for I think the crabbed Part of Learning not ſo ſuitable to our volatile Wits] your Sex would be more happy in their Matches. I know ſome Grave Men would count my Notion among the Rankeſt Hereſies; but not meaning to diſturb them in their Buſineſs, I hope they will excuſe me if I tell them, if my Opinion be Heretical, it's ſuch a One, that till I ſee better Reaſon to the contrary, than I have yet done, ſhall be tenaciouſly adhered to by

*CLARINDA.*

'This Letter (ſaid *Grave*) begins with 'another turn of Women: Right (aſſum'd '*Church*) in her former ſhe was angry that 'he

'was ſo amorous; and now (continu'd '*Winter*) ſhe ſeems as much diſpleas'd that 'he ſaid nothing of his Paſſion in his Letter. 'She appears indeed (purſu'd *River*) to be 'neither willing to take him nor leave him; 'I'm of your Opinion, Gentlemen (added '*Temple*) for I can diſcover no Sympathy in 'his Letter with the joy of the Feſtival, as '*Clarinda* diſcovers; except a forc'd indiffe-'rence (interrupted *Brook*) which I think 'ought to have been real, if meaſur'd by 'his Uſage. Well (ſaid I) whatever *Cla-'rinda* want in Love, ſhe makes up in Wit. 'Tis true (purſu'd *Chappel*) her Letters are 'prettily pen'd: and I'm on her ſide (conti-'nu'd *Summer*) in believing that nothing but 'the prejudice of Cuſtom makes the World 'fancy Women ſo incapable of Wit, and 'Judgment. Her Obſervations indeed (con-'cluded *Fountain*) on this Occaſion are Juſt 'and Witty.

"And here, my Friend, I ſhall conclude "this Volume, with a promiſe of imparting "to the Public thoſe other incomparable Let-"ters ſent me by ſeveral ingenious Hands, "in my next Volume, which you ſhall not "ſtay ſo long for, as you have for this; if "the *Book-ſeller* finds his Profit anſwer'd in "the Sale of this. Till then, Adieu.

*E. G.*

*The End of the Second* VOLUME.

## *ERRATA.*

PAge 37. Line 23. for *noble*, r. *ſubtil.* l. 27; for *came* r. *come*; p. 41. l. 9. for *have* r. *has* p. 45. 25. for *who are*, r. *who are for*; p. 98. l. 27. *for old* r. *cold*; p. 114. l. 9. add *that*; p. 144. l. 2. for *do* r. *Doc*; p. 145. l. 20. for *various* r. *vicious*; p. 156. l. 9. for *Mulct* r. *Mulct.* p. 169. l. 10. dele *the*; p. 175. l. 8. add *was*; p. 186. l. 12. for *Affirmation* r. *Confirmation*; p. 197. l. 11. for *con'd* r. *and*; p. 208. l. 8. for *to* r. *ſo*; p. 213. Lult. for *Carmerarius Cammerarius*; p. 235. l. 32. for *repenting* r. *Reverend*; p. 241. Line 13. for *tho'* r. *thus*; l. 20. for *Love* r. *Jove*; p. 255 l. 9. for *Chimy* r. *Ochinus.* Pag. 544. l. 23. for *ſhril* r. *loud*; p. 545. l. 1. for *Converſion* r. *Converſation*; p. 552. l. 14. for *not* r. *nor*; p. 564. l. 14. for *Avis* r. *Aris.* * In the Letter about the Camp, for *Adjutants* r. *Viſitants*; and in the Letter of Advice, in the ſame Book, for *State* r. *Fate.* With other ſlighter Faults: All which the Reader is deſir'd to correct with his Pen, before he reads the Book.

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